

A
COLLECTION
OF
Miscellany Letters,

SELECTED out of
MIST's *Weekly Journal.*

The Fourth VOLUME.



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A
COLLECTION

OF

Miscellaneous Letters

By the Rev. Mr. A. A. A.

With a Preface by the Rev. Mr. A. A. A.

Printed by the Rev. Mr. A. A. A.



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MISCELLANY



MISCELLANY
LETTERS.

LETTER I.

Mr. MIST,

*We hope to find
That Help which Nature meant in Womankind,
To Man that supplemental self designed;
But proves a burning Caustick when apply'd:
And Adam, sure, cou'd wish more Ease abide
The Bone when broken, than when made his Bride.*

Congreve.



H E lamentable Condition of a
Brother Townsman hath put me
upon several Schemes, in order to
render my self serviceable to ease
him (if possible) of that insup-
portable Weight he groans under.
At last I came to this Resolution,
to write to you, to desire you would take the
Matter into Consideration; and, I could wish, that
Vol. IV. B you,

you, or some of your witty Correspondents, could frame some Project or other, that may be of Use, or that might convey some Comfort or Advantage to the unhappy Man. All his Miseries then are derived from a Woman, and a Wife, and such a Wife, that, I durst boldly affirm, can't be parallel'd from her first Parents till this Time. She is a greater Curse to her Husband than ever her great Grandame was to *Adam*; for, tho' the credulous Man lost Paradise by a rash Compliance, with the chymical Prospects that his deluded Spouse represented to him; yet, after this, I never found it in Scripture, that he was dominter'd over by his Wife, or, as we commonly call it, Hen-peck'd; but, on the contrary, was stil'd her Head, her Lord and Master; which Title hath been continued in an uninterrupted Succession to After-Generations; but, as the Devil is always busy, finding Woman still a proper Instrument to execute his Intentions, he hath singled out one of this Town, to break this long Chain, and, to encourage Wives to rebel against their Husbands, (as once against their Creator) to violate the sacred Bands of matrimonial Duties, and utterly to abolish that ancient Prerogative, that Man, in all Ages, assumed over his Wife.

I believe, the poor Man hath left no Way unattempted to see if he could reclaim her, but all his Endeavours prove ineffectual; they only serve to raise the Evil Spirit to a greater Degree of Madness, and aggravate it more, but have not the least Power to lay it again.

She hath given us publick Instances how well she fights, and really (for I love to give the Devil his Due) she fights, as I have been informed, with a wonderful good Spirit. Whenever I see her, methinks, I have a lively Noion of those robust *Amazons* of old; and truly, she is fitter, like one of those fam'd Virago's, for the Bed of one that keeps the World in Awe, than for a private Man. But one Thing falls out fortunately, *viz.* that she lives

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in the Suburbs, and is divided from the Town by the River, otherwise our Ears would be continually dunn'd with the noisy Clamours of her Tongue, our Business interrupted by Day, and our Sleep by Night. But I pity her Neighbours, who make heavy Complaints, whom she treats very rudely; for, you must know, she is an entire Stranger to good Manners, and quite regardless of that inviolable Obligation that God himself made a necessary Part of her Duty, *viz.* to love her Neighbours. You don't know what may be the Consequence of this, if it should get a-cross the Water, it might spread like a Contagion, infect our Wives, stir up the Spirit of Uneasiness, and rouse up all the Female Vigours, which, if once come to a Head, we should all be as poorly off, as the unhappy Men of *Scythia*, whose Wives arrived to such a Pitch of Arrogance, that they kept their Husbands out of their own City, and debarr'd them their own Habitations. We can't be too cautious to prevent it in Time; for, *St. Paul* tells us, that a *little Leaven leaveneth the whole Lump*; and, common Experience teaches us, that *evil Communication corrupts good Manners*.

Therefore you would oblige the Publick, if you would, in one of your Papers, give us an Essay on this Subject, *viz.* the Duty incumbent on Wives to be subject to their Husbands: If it will be of no Use to the Obstinate and Uncontrollable, it may be of Use to them that are to enter upon the married State, by shewing them the Path they are to walk in, and by reasoning them into their Duty and Obedience. Perhaps you may gain some Proselytes; however, I am sure, it will be a Doctrine agreeable to the married Men, and you'll have the general Thanks of every Lover of Liberty, and a peaceful Life, and, among the rest, you'll oblige your

Constant Reader,

And humble Servant,

PETER TRUSTY.

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Aristotle tells us, that *Lycurgus*, Lawgiver of the *Lacedemonians*, having new-modell'd the State, and, with infinite Art and Labour, obliged his Citizens to consent to Laws and Ordinances which they had never been accusom'd to before, took upon him to reform the Women; but here his Skill and Address fail'd him; for, 'tis said, that all his Endeavours proving in vain, he was forc'd to leave them as he found them.

Yet this Task is expected from me, who have not the Power of *Lycurgus*, of causing my Precepts to be obeyed, and every honest Man who is troubled with too much Wife, imagines, I am able to take Part of her off his Hands; thus am I address'd to as to a publick Blessing, to relieve one half of the World against t'other, and the too passive Husband, and suffering Wife, both expect a Cure from my Advice.

Yet I shall not despair of doing some Good; for, I consider, when Physicians meet with a Case for which they know no Cure, their Custom is to try Experiments, so that sometimes they cure, as well as kill; I will follow their Example, and, if I could put here and there a Husband in a Way of reforming one, it would contribute more to the Peace and Quiet of the Nation, than a standing Army.

The common Recipe prescribed in these Cases, is Patience, yet I have known, when a considerable Dose of this has been taken, it has fail'd of Success; for the Raging and Violence of the Distemper has quite overcome the Vertues of the Medicine. An Acquaintance of mine, a sober grave Citizen, and a Man that is never angry, having been a long Time afflicted with this Distemper, call'd, a clamorous Wife; and having tried a great many Remedies, to no Purpose, at length found Relief from the Application of a small Cane, to the Cause of the Disease. It is well known, that before the Use of this Remedy, he enjoyed no Rest, Night or Day,
except

except while his Wife slept; but since that Time, he can crack a Pint with a Neighbour, without being followed, and come Home merry without a Curtain-Lecture; and it has put such a Stop upon his Wife's Loquacity, that she commonly answers in Monosyllables, as Yes, or No. But, as a Flood, when it is damn'd up in one Place, will overflow in another, so her Rage must have Way; therefore, in the Absence of her Husband, she sometimes discharges it upon her Neighbours, who knowing the Husband's Skill in Physick, commonly apply to him to have the Medicine administred; but he being a Man who pays Taxes, stands up for the Liberty and Property of an *Englishman*; therefore his constant Answer upon these Occasions, is, *that he'll beat his Wife for no Man's Pleasure but his own.*

But, to handle this Matter a little more seriously, I believe, nothing will cure this impetuous Humour in Woman, unless Shame will work upon her: Let her consider what a Figure she must make, who is counted the Disgrace of one Sex, and Terror of t'other. When covetous Fathers or Relations would dissuade young Men from Marriage, they set before their Eyes such a Woman as this, as a Kind of Scare-crow, to frighten them from entring into this State; and, if Nature were not too strong from Precept or Example, a few such Women as this, might, in half an Age, be the Occasion of depopulating a Kingdom.

Fierceness and Rage are the Passions of a Tygress, or Panther, but Women's Weapons are Gentleness and Softness. It is with these that she humbles the Proud, disarms the Strong, and makes the Surly grow kind and complaisant; but those other Passions distort the Features, and give so horrid an Air to the whole Countenance, that, if a Woman, in one of those Fits, was to have a Glass held before her, she would be frighten'd at her own Face; the Eyes grows fierce, the Hair stands up, the Brows are knit, and the Complexion turns of a livid Pale;

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so, that she is the Picture of what the Poets feign'd for a *Medusa's* Head. In short, those that give Way to these Passions, contract a Loudness of Voice, and a Sourness of Countenance, which is visible at first Sight; so that it may be laid down as a Maxim, that without good Humour, no Woman can be handsome.

A Man had much better be married to the North-wind than to one of these clamorous Dames. Tempests are calm to her, yet Sir Roger *L'Estrange* tells us, there is no curing the Will, by applying to the Body, and thereupon gives us a pleasant Story of a Taylor and his Wife: The Wife call'd him *Prick-louse*; he beats her, she grows louder in her Cry of *Prick-louse*; upon this, he takes her to the Horse-pond, and dips her in, up to the Chin; this would not do neither, her Clamour increased; thinks he, nothing will quiet this Woman, but stopping her Mouth; whereupon he sowses her over Head and Ears in the Water; her Tongue being no longer at Liberty, she held her Hands above Water, and, with her Nails, makes a Motion as if she was cracking Lice: Nay then, says the Taylor, I have done, for, I find, nothing but *Death can tame a Shrew*.

If it be therefore so difficult to reclaim this Humour, a Man should well examine the Temper of the Person he intends to take for Life; but, as Women are so much upon their Guard before Marriage, that it is not easy to make Discovery, he should enquire into the Education and Behaviour of the Parents of his intended Plague or Comfort. There are some Families where the Husband and Wife have quarell'd from Generation to Generation, and the Children, from their Infancy, seeing nothing else but Contradiction, the Daughters think it Part of the Business of a Wife to thwart and torment the Husband. He who lights on one of these, is wedded to Sorrow, and, I believe, will have Reason to pronounce the same Thing a certain Man said of his Wife who was drown'd.

A

A Man hearing his Wife was drowned by a Boat's being over-set, went up the River in Search of her Body, and enquired of every one he met, if they had seen the Body of his Wife, who was drowned in such a Place below. You Fool, says one to him, you should go down the Stream if you have a mind to find your Wife's Body. I perceive, replied the Man, you did not know her; for her Humour was always to go again the Stream, and, let the Current go which Way it will, I'm sure she'll be against it.

LETTER II.

IF we look into the Condition of a Prince, divided from the *Pageantry* and outward *Pomp* which is assumed to gain him Respect, we shall see so many Cares surround a Throne, that we may pity his Greatness; and he who appears mighty in Wealth and Command, is no more than a Wretch in State.

All his Vices, his Follies, and his Weaknesses, are seen through a Kind of magnifying Perspective. No Person is injured by the false Steps of a private Man, except himself or Family; for, if he proceeds to Outrages or Violences against others, he suffers Death by Law. We have seen many cut off from Life, for taking from others not so much as they would have thrown away wantonly on a Ball, or a Feast, whilst the poor suffering Wretch did it to support Nature. Yet these Examples are necessary for the Good of human Society, and, without them, Men would grow worse than Beasts of Prey; and the *Strong* would worry the *Weak*, till the World became a Desert.

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But as Princes are above *suffering* Justice, they often think themselves above *doing* it; and, as their Wickedness or Follies affect Multitudes, sometimes making whole Nations miserable, it is no Wonder we see them surrounded with Guards, yet all the Guards in the World cannot defend them from their Fears; a Consideration which brings me to consider the Danger of Princes from *Plots* and Conspiracies, as well as the Hazards incurr'd by those who engage in such Designs.

Among the *Gracians*, as we have elsewhere observed, there was a *Reward* fix'd by Law for the *Destroyer* of a *Tyrant*. In this Case the Destroyer ran no Hazard, except in the Execution; after it there could be none, he being secure of Life, as well as of Wealth and Honour. Nay, the very Sword or Dagger, which was instrumental in the Work, was hung up in the Temple, to be reverenc'd as a sacred Relick by Posterity. This, no doubt, was an extream Check upon the Passions of Princes, for many may be kept in Awe, through *Fear*, who have not *Virtue* enough to do Justice for Justice Sake.

But as there is no such Law now in the World, the Man who would make such an Attempt, must be sure to perish by it; for, allowing it should take Effect, the Successor, let him be who he will, must must revenge it, as it is the common Cause of Princes. Yet have there been Men of such adventurous Spirits, that they have given away their own Lives, on a Notion of the publick Liberty; but they have left a doubtful Memory behind them; they are, by some, esteemed *Heroes*, by others, *Mad-men*; but, without determining the Point, it is an Action which, among Christians, is not to be justified, let the Pretence or Grievances be what they will, nor do we find it ever has the End propos'd, if Liberty be the Thing sought for by it; for it takes not from the Successor the Power of exercising Tyranny, who (if the Prince destroyed be his

his near of Blood) may think he has a Right of using Severities greater than were practiced before.

But this fixed and resolute Design of One, to destroy a Prince with his own Hands, cannot properly be term'd either a *Conspiracy* or a *Plot*, because there is neither *Confederacy* nor *Association* in it. There must be more than one to make a *Plot*; but let us call it what we will, 'tis certain, that of all Designs against Princes, this is the most dangerous; for the Secret being confined to the Breast of one Man, and of the Man who is to commit the Deed, it is impossible it should be discovered till the Moment of Execution; and a Prince cannot be so reserved, or guarded, but his Life must be in the Power of a desperate Man, who is resolved to reach it with the Loss of his own.

Next let us consider of *Conspiracies* carried on against the Government of a Prince by *Many*. Tho' these have been very frequent, it is certain few succeed; and the Danger is greater before they come to Maturity; for it being necessary, that great Numbers of Men should be in the Secret, the Cowardice or Treachery of some one amongst them often discovers all; but, should it come to Action, still there is Danger on the Side of the Conspirators; for if the Prince be provided with an armed Force of disciplined Men, he has nothing to fear but a Defection of his Troops.

But all Plots that are to be executed by Insurrection, are vain and fantastick in Countries where Princes are beloved by their People, and have an Army, not only at Command, but One and All sincerely in their Interest, unless the Plotters are well assured of powerful Succours from foreign Nations.

There is another Sort of Conspiracy, which may prove dangerous to the Prince; as, suppose, a Plot should be contrived, and carried on, in a Coun-

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try where a Prince has incur'd the general Hatred of the People. In this Case, when Men see no Hope of Relief, but that they must suffer on, unless they venture to act, if some of the most popular of the great Men should lay a Scheme for subverting the Government, there is not so much Danger before Execution, as in any of the Cases already mentioned; for the Principals do not impart their Design to Numbers, they only contrive and order Matters as secretly as possible for the grand Design; presuming on the Assistance of the People, whenever they come to Action. I make this Supposition, because it was once the Case, when *Brutus* and *Collatinus* put themselves at the Head of the People of *Rome*, to drive out the *Tarquins*. *Tarquin* therefore lost not his Kingdom, because his Son *Sextus* had ravish'd *Lucretia*, but because he had governed like a Tyrant; had incroach'd upon the People's Liberties, despoiled them of their Wealth, made the Senate useless, and fill'd *Rome* with many Examples of his Pride and Oppression. So that the Minds of the People being ripe for Rebellion, or rather eager for Liberty, laid hold on this Occasion of doing themselves Justice.

And if this Violence had never been committed on *Lucretia*, the same Thing would have happened, since they waited only for some honourable *Romans* to lead them on. For, if *Tarquin* had governed like other Kings, his Predecessors, *Brutus* and *Collatinus* would not have appeal'd to the People for Justice, but to the King, and to the Laws, and the Thing had ended there.

The Dangers which are incident to Conspiracies of these Kind are, lest there should be One, or more, Persons in the Secret, who are not of equal Courage to the rest. It is not enough that One or Two of the Heads be Men of great Spirit; if they are not All such, the Fears of some One will betray All just upon the Point of Execution. Secondly,

condly, but on the other Side the Danger is great to the Prince, when the Principals carry themselves with that just and equal Conduct, that Men believe they have nothing in View but the publick Good. This *Brutus* and *Collatinus* observ'd, who did not so much as shed the Blood of the Tyrant, but expell'd him and his vile Race for ever.

But the safest of all Conspiracies is that, which is carried on by Persons in Power and Trust with a Prince: These being Masters of his Strength, and his Treasure, may employ both against him. In this Case there is little Danger before Execution; for it is much in their Power to prevent Discoveries, because none can have Access to the Prince but by their Means; nor is it scarce possible to give him Advice by Letter, since all Addresses to him are seen by them first. Thus *Caracalla*, the Emperor, being in *Mesopotamia* with his Armies, had a Letter sent him from *Rome*, to advise him, that *Macrinus*, his General, and chief Councillor, was conspiring against him: This Discovery was made by *Maternianus* at *Rome*, (as he pretended) by consulting the Oracle; but, 'tis most probable, by his Intimacy with some of the Conspirators; but all Dispatches to *Caracalla* being first examined by *Macrinus*, he found this Letter, which had this Effect, that it brought on the Fate of *Caracalla* sooner than was at first projected. And, if we examine History, we shall find, that almost all the successful Conspiracies have been carried on by the Favourites of Princes, and even by Men who have been his Instruments in oppressing the People. It may be thought strange, that Men should conspire against their Benefactors; but these being Persons generally enrich'd by Rapine, think to oblige the People, and keep what they have got, by contriving the Destruction of the Tyrant.

There

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There is another Sort of Conspiracy, in which the Person, who is the principal Actor, incurs no Danger at all; and that is, where the Prince, having a Mind to discover who are against him, or having a Design upon the Lives of some particular Men, commissions some Favourite, in whom he has great Confidence, to form a Plot against him, in order to draw others into the Conspiracy. This is sometimes a Contrivance of Courtiers to grasp at the Fortunes of honourable Men, whom they suppose discontented at the Misfortunes of their Country. This was practiced by *Dion*, the *Syracusan*, and it had the Effect which so villainous a Piece of Policy deserved; for, having ordered *Calippus* to enter into a Conspiracy against him, to draw in some others whom he suspected; *Calippus*, finding himself safe in all the Steps he should take, went thorough with his Work, and took from the Tyrant both his Dominion and his Life.

Touching the Discovery of Conspiracies, it must be either by Treachery, or Cowardice; and sometimes by the Indiscretion of some concerned, who are apt to drop Words, and give Hints that raise Suspicion. There have been Discoveries made meerly by Conjecture, as, in Countries where Princes have oppressed and injured the People; they are ever suspicious that some or other amongst the Million, are forming such Designs against them, as they are conscious to themselves they deserve. We have an Example of this in the Discovery of *Piso's* Conspiracy in the Reign of *Nero*, when *Malichius*, the Slave of *Scevinus*, who was of the Conspiracy, discovered only that his Master had made his Will, and had ordered his Dagger to be scoured; upon this he was secured, as was also *Natalis*, because he was observed to talk with *Scevinus* the Day before. Such Trifles as these were sufficient to frighten a guilty Prince, and where such ridiculous

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lous Circumstances are laid Hold of, there must be a great many silly Plots. Nevertheless, here it happened to hit right; for *Seevinus* and *Natalis*, being examined separately, and not agreeing in the Subject of their Discourse, each suspected the other had betrayed him, and so both discovered the Treason.

Here there was that Firmness, and good Understanding wanting, which is necessary in Enterprizes of this Danger and Hazard, but Men, before they entrust Secrets of this Importance do not always provide for the dangerous Incidents. There may be many more Things said, concerning the conducting, and also the defeating of Conspiracies, which we must defer to another Letter, this being rather too long already.

To conclude, *Plots* and *Conspiracies* are of dangerous Consequence to Princes, whether they succeed or are defeated: If they succeed, they cost the Prince either his Life, or his Dominion; if they are prevented, and he puts the Principals to Death, 'tis odds but he gains the ill Will of the People; but if he seizes their Fortunes or Effects, the People will not be persuaded, but that either the Avarice of him or his Courtiers, were the chief Engines that stir'd up the Conspiracy.



LETTER

LETTER III.

Mr. Mist,

I PERCEIVE it is your Way, sometimes, to entertain your Readers with Discourses on several Subjects well worth the Reading. I am of Opinion, that you would find your Account in giving the Publick, now and then, brief Abstracts of the History of the Lives of some of the most celebrated Men that have been in all Ages. Nothing is more entertaining to Men of Reading, than to have their Memories refreshed with perusing in a Minute or two, an Epitome of the Life of any great Man, in the reading of which, at large, they have formerly, with Pleasure, employed many Hours.

To such of your Readers as are Christians, none will be more acceptable than the Life of some ancient Bishop, or Father of the Church, and especially of such of them as were Martyrs or Confessors. For, since it pleased God, that they, by their Sufferings, should leave us an Example of Patience and Constancy, we recount, with Thankfulness, the History of those Sufferings, as well as of their excellent Endowments. As many of the best and greatest Men of the *Athenian* Commonwealth did, by the Envy of some of their Contemporaries, suffer an Ostracism; so have the greatest Fathers of the Church of Christ often met that Fate in this World, which our Saviour and his Apostles both underwent themselves, and foretold to his Successors. You may be the more encouraged to publish such true and useful Histories, because the Generality of our People, beginning now to loath the Filth and Falshood of those scurrilous Pamphlets which the *Atheists* and *Free-Thinkers* have now, for
along

a long Time, sent abroad for reviling and depreciating all the Christian Clergy of these Times (and, as they insinuate, of all Times,) will better relish now any Thing that tends to recover a Sense of Religion.

I have, for that Purpose, drawn up and sent you, as a Specimen, a very short Abstract of the Life of *St. Chrysostom*. No Father's Works were ever read with more Benefit and Delight than this, and every Body loves to hear of such Men. He may well be called the Christian *Cicero*, as he was the nearest Pattern of *Cicero*, for Eloquence, and shew'd a like Zeal for the Discipline and Laws of the Church, as the other did for the Laws and Liberties of the *Roman Commonwealth*; for, you will find too near a Resemblance in what each of them suffered from the Envy and Malice, and powerful Interest, of some base Men in their respective Times: Both of them the Ornament of their Time; both of them the Darling of good Men, but hated by such whose corrupt and wicked Aims they exposed; both banished, both recalled by the universal Voice of the People. No Differences, save that *Chrysostom* was not directly murdered or assassinated, as *Cicero* was by *Anthony*, whose Villanies he had detected; but liv'd, (tho' then in Exile a second time) to see, or hear of, the tragical End of those that had been his chief Enemies; both of them were more honour'd after their Death, than in their Life time, which is the general Fate of excellent Men.

No Man ever had so many Writers of his Life as *Chrysostom*, *Palladius* wrote a large and learned Volume of it. *Socrates*, *Sozomen*, *Theodoret*, do, in their Church Histories, give a larger Account of his Affairs and Works than of any other Man. *Petrus*, in his *Rat. Temporum*, and Dr. *Cave*, in his *Hist. Lit.* give short Abstracts of his History: And this of mine is a more concise Abstract out of them.

I have purposely omitted the Accounts that the Historians give of the Discontents and Tumults of the People, raised on Account of his Banishment, and their

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their Curses of *Severianus*, and other spiteful Bishops, who had given the Occasion of it.

John, who for his admirable Eloquence, has been since called *Chrysoſtom*, i. e. *Golden-mouth'd*, was *Anno Dom. 381*, ordain'd a Deacon of the Church of *Antioch*, by *Meletius*, and lived in that State five Years, in which Time he compos'd ſeveral excellent Books, and, amongſt the reſt, thoſe which have ever ſince been ſo much admir'd, his Books *de Sacerdotio*. *Anno 386*, he was ordained Prieſt there by *Flavianus*. In the Year 388, (there happening a great Sedition in *Antioch*, in which the Statues of the Emperor were thrown down, which incited his Rage againſt the whole City) he preach'd thoſe twenty one Sermons *πρὸς Αδελφους*, for quieting the People, and appeaſing the Wrath of the Emperor, which are yet extant in his Works. He continued Prieſt there twelve Years, in which Time the Fame of his excellent Parts was grown ſo great, that *Nectarius*, Biſhop of *Conſtantinople* dying, he was choſen Biſhop of that Imperial City; which Choice was, as *Socrates* and *Sozomen* do both ſay, by the common Suffrage of all, both Clergy and People. *Arcadius*, the Emperor, who thereupon ſent for him, found a Difficulty to get him away from the People of *Antioch*, who had a great Value for him. He was conſecrated Biſhop of *Conſtantinople*, *Anno 398*, and by that time he had been ſeated a Year, he, by his ſharp Inveſtives againſt the Corruptions he found there, ſome among the Clergy, ſome among the Laity, and eſpecially the great Men; and, by the Zeal he ſhew'd for a Reformation of Manners, and of the Church-Diſcipline, procur'd himſelf a great many Enemies. *Socrates* ſays, that ſo long as he diſguſted only the Clergy, the Faction againſt him was but weak; but when he ventured to oppoſe and reprove the Men of great Station, it increaſed to a high Pitch; particularly *Eutropius*, a great Man at Court, and *Gainas*, the Præſect of the Militia, an *Arian* in his Belief, bore him great Hatred; And many other great Men, ſome

some for one Reason, some for another. *Eudoxia* also, the Empress, was disgusted at the too great Boldness and Freedom of his Reproofs.

In the Year 400 he visited the Church of *Ephesus*, which was under his Jurisdiction, and deprived several Bishops there for Simony, and other Crimes. He shewed, all along, a great Zeal in quelling the *Arians*, in procuring the Nation of the *Goths* to be converted from the *Arian* to the Catholick Faith, and some heathen Nations from their Idolatry to Christianity. Anno 402, by the Interest of his Enemies, and especially of *Eudoxia*, *Theophilus*, Bishop of *Alexandria* (between whom and *Chrysostom* there had never been any good Understanding) was sent for to come to *Constantinople*, and, not long after, got together a tumultuary Synod of 45 Bishops at *Chalcedon*, a City cross the Water. *Socrates* says, they picked out such as had Ill-will to *John*, and some on whom he had passed Ecclesiastical Censures: Thither they cited *Chrysostom* to appear; but he having no Opinion of the Authority or Equity of those Judges, appealed from them to a fuller Synod. They not admitting his Appeals, received a Libel against him of 39 Articles. He declined coming to answer such frivolous, and (as *Socrates* calls them) *absurd* Accusations. So a Sentence of Deposition pass'd against him, and an imperial Edict to banish him into *Bithynia*, the latter End of that Year, or Beginning of 403. *Socrates* tells us, that when the Messenger came to execute the Edict, and to fetch him, he being then in the Church, the People flock'd so thick about *John*, that the Messenger could not come at him; but he staying till the Multitude was dispersed, went privately and surrender'd himself to the Emperor, and was sent into Exile. But some Time after, a Tumult of the People, and (as some Historians say) an Earthquake happening, he was soon fetch'd home again in great State; upon the Importunity of Petitioners, *Eudoxia* her self sent her own Servants to invite him back.

These,

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These, says Dr. *Cave*, were but the Beginnings of Sorrows; for he, when he return'd, us'd his wonted Liberty and Zeal, was as resolute and severe as before, which provok'd his Enemies, and especially *Eudoxia*. There was another such Synod call'd, and now his great Crime was, that he had, in Contempt of the former Synod, re-enter'd on his Bishoprick, for which he was depos'd, and Anno 404, sent under a Guard of Soldiers to *Cucusus*, a poor inhospitable Town in *Armenia*. Many Bishops, by their Letters, and many, by personal Addresses, interceded with *Arcadius* for his Return, but all in vain. The People of *Cappadocia*, as he was carry'd thro' their Country, came out in Troops, the Bishops, the Monks, the Virgins, to meet him; crying out with Tears, 'Twere better the Sun should not shine, than that John's Mouth should be stopp'd: He liv'd 3 Years in this last Banishment, being, by Order, remov'd every now and then further off. He dy'd at *Comana*, a City on the Shore of the *Euxine*, or *Black Sea*, Anno 407, and was, for the present, bury'd there. But his Body, some Time after was, with great Respect, brought to *Constantinople*, and intomb'd there in the Church of the *Holy Apostles*. He liv'd in all 52 Years, was Bishop 9; for all Historians reckon the last 3 Years to him, tho' other Men possess'd the See. The first of which was *Arsacius*, who dy'd before *Chrysostom*; and after him, *Atticus*, with whom, *Innocentius*, Bishop of *Rome*, and all the Western Bishops, would hold no Communion till he raz'd out of the Diptychs, or Roll of his Predecessors Names, *Arsacius*, and put in *John*. *Eutropius* and *Gainas*, in a short Time after, came to violent Deaths.

As for any Character to be given here of his great Parts and Piety, or of his excellent Works, we must take Dr. *Cave's* Advice, *De tanto viro, Epc. Of so great Man, rather than say little, say nothing at all.*

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To all the well-disposed Inhabitants of Great Britain,
this humble Petit.on of the distress'd How-de-ye's,

Sheweth,

THAT your Petitioners are a very ancient Family, well known in the World, e'er the *Ult'ma Thule* was found out out; nay, 'tis generally allow'd, that *Adam* himself began his first Conversation with Grandame *Eve* by our Interposition; but, alas! what's Nobility without Means to uphold it? We, who had once the Hats, Hearts, and Purses of the Great at our Disposal, are so far slighted and neglected, that none but formal old Women and Apothecaries, who make Tools of us, to poach for Business, will give us Entertainment. Once one of us visited a Lord the other Day, to enquire after his Health, who reply'd, G——d damme, I'm glad to see you: Another, after Compliments of the same Nature, only sent a Limber-hamm'd *I-thank-ye* of his own, to conduct him down Stairs, so that we can't meet with civil Usage from any one.

We know 'tis all'dg'd, that several of our Family are very impertinent, and pay the same Compliments over and over in a Day, according to *Martial*.

*Sir Pedant, where so e'er we chance to meet,
Me with a formal How-de-ye? does greet;
Of in one Hour he salutes me so,
Which makes me think he nothing has to do.*

Nay, that some of us are actually so rash and inconsiderate as to introduce a Sett of impudent Impertinents, call'd *Duns*; so that many Persons of
Quality,

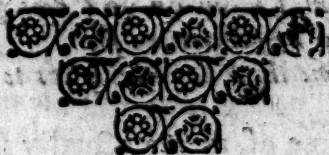
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Quality, when they thought they had nothing to do but return Civilities, have been put to the Blush by a long Scroul of *Imprints's*, *Item's*, *Ditto's*, &c. but we beg you'd please to consider how very few these are, in Comparison of our numerous Race of civil and obliging People. The Heir of every great Family is confess'dly a Fool, how then can our fruitful Progeny hope to escape?

We humbly beg Leave to remind you of the numerous good Offices we are capable of performing; we pray you'd recollect how oft two ingenious Clergymen have disputed with more Heat and Passion than *Snape* and *Bangor*, or *Boyle* and *Bentley*, and would have continu'd to their Life's End, to the great Disservice of Religion, had not a friendly *How-de-ye* interpos'd, and clos'd the Difference. How long might the languishing Lover throw Sheep's Eyes (nay, his own Calve's Eyes into the Bargain,) at his Mistress, without Success, didn't one of us intercept, and bring 'em to a Closer Conference? How long might the intriguing Beau and galenic old Lady sit Tongue-ty'd, didn't our Inquiries after their Health naturally lead the one to a Narration of his Amours, and the other to her learned Dissertations on Plague-Water and Posset-Drink?

For G—d sake therefore, or, (which we believe more prevalent,) for your own sakes, let us meet with civil Usage and reasonable Answers; least you make us (what we can't, from your Incivilities, but take you to be) Fools or Madmen.

And your Petitioner, as in Duty bound, shall ever pray, &c.



LETTER

LETTER V.

Mr. MIST,

MR. Pope, in his Observations on the 16th Book of his excellent Translation of *Homer*, Number 23, Page 298. of the Folio Edition, upon the Words *Dodonean Grove*, Verse 285, takes Occasion to give us an Account of Oracles, which, he says, *was a considerable Part of the Grecian Superstition*, he might have said of the *Heathen Superstition* in general; for, I believe, there was no *Heathen Country* free from that Superstition, sure I am, that it was not confin'd to the *Grecians*. And the Account he there gives us, he tells us, is taken from Mr. Stanyan's judicious Abstract of the *Grecian History*. Now altho' I have a very good Opinion both of Mr. Pope and Mr. Stanyan, and value them for their Learning, and for the useful Works, where-with they have obliged the Publick; yet, as I conceive the Account they have given of Oracles, is, by no Means, just or agreeable to Truth, they cannot take it amiss if I send you some Remarks upon it; for, they say, *It has been branded, as one of the earliest and grossest Pieces of Priestcraft, that obtained in the World, and therefore look upon the whole Business as of humane Contrivance; an egregious Imposture, founded upon Superstition, and carried on by Policy and Interest, till the brighter Oracles of the Holy Scriptures dispelled these Mists of Error and Enthusiasm.* They also say, *'Tis a common Opinion, that they were universally silenc'd upon our Saviour's Appearance in the World.*

Now, I am persuaded, neither Mr. Pope, nor Mr. Stanyan, can find any that have branded Oracles, as *gross Pieces of Priestcraft*, before the latter End of the last Century, when Mr. Vandale, and Mr. Fontanelle, undertook to maintain that *new Paradox*, a Name which Mr. Fontanelle himself gives it in his Preface

to his *History of Oracles*. Nay, he fur her tells us, in the Beginning of his History, That *Mens Opinions are not divided; all the World believes there was something supernatural in Oracles*; so that we have *Fortanelle's* own Testimony, that 'till about the Time he wrote that Book, which was not forty Years ago, Oracles were believed by all Men to have had something more than Humane in them, and consequently were not Pieces of Priestcraft. It was then first branded as such by one that knew very little of the Matter. For, it is evident, that when Mr. *Fortanelle* wrote his *History of Oracles*, he did not know how Oracles were delivered. For he supposes them to have been delivered by the Images of the Gods, and that those who consulted them, fancy'd the Image gave them Answers, or the God himself, speaking thro' the Image; and then tells us of the Contrivances the Priests made use of, to speak to People through these Images, in order to prove his pretended Priestcraft in this Matter. Whereas, in Truth, Oracles were never deliver'd by Images, but by living Men or Women, the idolatrous Priests or Priestesses, who stood openly in the Sight of those to whom they gave Answers, and deliver'd 'em themselves immediately without the Help of Images; appearing transported with that Madness which they call'd Divine, and believ'd to come from *Apollo*, or the Deity that inspir'd them, *Oracles then have been branded as gross Pieces of Priestcraft*; but who was it first branded them? One, who tho' he undertook to write a History of them, plainly appears to have known very little about them. *All the World besides* (as he confesses) *believed there was something supernatural in them*. And, I am persuaded, those who follow him in his Opinion, that they were nothing but Priestcraft, will be found upon Examination, to know as little of them as he did. But Mr. *Stanyan* has discover'd no such Ignorance as this. He knows they were delivered by Priests and Priestesses, and therefore says nothing of the Tricks used to make the Images seem

to speak : He proves this Priestcraft and human Contrivance by telling us, that " The Priest, whose Dependance was on the Oracles, when they found the Cheat had got sufficient Footing, allowed no Man to consult the Gods, without costly Sacrifices and rich Presents to themselves : And, as few could bear this Expence, it served to raise their Credit among the common People, by keeping them at an awful Distance. And, to heighten their Esteem, even with the better and wealthier Sort, even they were only admitted upon a few stated Days : By which the Thing appeared still more mysterious, and for Want of this good Management, must quickly have been seen through, and fell to the Ground." Such Management as this, even in Mr. Stanyan's Opinion, was necessary, or it had been impossible for any humane Cheat to have subsisted so long, and in such Reputation as Oracles did, and I readily agree with him in this Point; though, I am persuaded, that had there been nothing more than human in them, they could not have subsisted one tenth Part of the Time they did subsist, either by this, or any other Management. However, I shall content my self with Mr. Stanyan's own Confession, that they could not have subsisted *without this good Management*, consequently if there was no such Management as he here speaks of ; if there was no Necessity of costly Sacrifice and rich Presents to consult an Oracle ; if the common People were not kept at an awful Distance ; if there were no stated Days on which only the wealthier Sort might be admitted, then there could be no Priestcraft, no humane Imposture in the Case. If some great Princes and States did offer costly Sacrifices and Presents (as it is certain they sometimes did) it was all voluntary, and not of Necessity : For, if any came, who had not wherewithal to make such Gifts, they were not therefore rejected ; no one was required to offer beyond his Ability : So that the common People consulted the Oracles as well

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well as the wealthier Sort, nor were they kept at any awful Distance, as Mr. *Stanyan* pretends, without the least Ground for it: Neither were there any stated Days for this Purpose, but they came to consult them at what Time they pleased, and had their Answer without being put off to another Day. He that will run over the Oracles, which *Eusebius*, and other, both ancient and modern Authors have collected, will find it to be as I say. But I must exceed the Bounds of a Letter if I should enter into Particulars. I shall only observe what I think is a pretty clear Testimony in this Use, that the Priests used no Management in the Matter of Oracles, but acted clearly, and above-board; for they obliged all (as *Pausanias* tells, *L. 9, P. 604. Edit. Hannov. 1613.*) who consulted the Oracle to publish all they had seen and heard. Now if there had been any humane Contrivance or Management in the Matter, they would obliged those that consulted them to have given only a general Account, and to have conceal'd Particulars, lest, by a publick Discovery of those Particulars, the Cheat should have been found out. From whence it appears, that Mr. *Stanyan*, though he has not followed *Fontanelle* in his Mistake about Images speaking, yet has fallen into another of his Mistakes, and thereby given us a Testimony, that he wrote this Account of Oracles before he had made a due Enquiry into the Matter.

Again, if only some poor ignorant People had been deceived by Oracles, as they are sometimes now by Juglers, and cunning Men, (as they are called,) he might have had some Grounds to have imputed them to Priestcraft and humane Contrivance; but, we find by the History of those Times, that the greatest Princes and wisest Statesmen and Philosophers consulted them. Were those so weak and so silly as to be imposed upon by egregious Impositions of humane Contrivance? The great Statesman and Philosopher *Cicero*, who, in his two Books of Divination, has said all that he could think

think of, both for and against Oracles, has not so much as intimated, or pretended, that they were humane Contrivances: Though disputing as an *Academick*, *pro* and *con*; without determining on one Side or the other, he might have urged, that they were Tricks and Contrivances of the Priests (as Mr. *Stanyan* has done) without Danger, and no doubt, would have done it, if he, who lived in the Time when Oracles subsisted, had seen any Grounds to urge such an Argument. And shall we suppose, that *Pandale*, *Fontanelle*, Mr. *Pope*, or Mr. *Stanyan*, who lived not 'till above a Thousand Years after Oracles had ceas'd, and, who, by that Mistake they have shewed in their Account of Oracles, plainly here discovered, that they never made a due Enquiry into the Matter, be thought to know more of them than *Cicero* did, who lived when they subsisted, and who has given us all that could be then surmised *pro* or *con* upon the Subject? But, though *Cicero*, as an *Academick*, disputed against Oracles, as well as for them, yet, when he speaks his real Sentiments, and does not act that Part of a Disputant, as in his second Book *De Legibus*, he there declares, that he admits of Divination in all its different Parts; consequently of Oracles, which Mr. *Stanyan* owns to have been the most considerable Method of Divination, as being supposed to be an immediate Way of Converse with their Gods. We find also in his Life in *Plutarch*, that he himself consulted the Oracle of *Delpbos*. Now this great Philosopher and Statesman would never have consulted the Oracle, or have had any Regard to it, if he had believ'd it of humane Contrivance. *Plutarch* also, a Man of great Learning, and a great Philosopher, has wrote a whole Book to vindicate the Oracle of *Delpbos*, and to give Reasons why *Pythia*, or the Priestess, who gave the Answers, delivered them in his Time, and for some Time before, in Prose, and not in Verse, as she had anciently done. He also wrote another Book, to enquire concerning the Failure of Oracles, to shew why

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so many Oracles had ceas'd, and so few continued, to give Answers in his Time; upon which, he supposes, either that those Spirits who presided over those Oracles, are dead, or that the Exhalations of the Earth which the Gods (as he imagined) might use as Instruments to communicate the Gift of Prophecy to Men, had failed in those Places. But he had plainly no Apprehension of any humane Contrivance in the Case: The Oracles he speaks of had failed, and yet no Priestcraft had been discovered, and several other Oracles continued in Reputation. This was a very amazing Thing indeed, to all the Heathens, and puzzled their wisest Men, as we may be convinced by this Treatise of *Plutarch*; whereas had Oracles been only humane Contrivance, the Learned and the Wise could not have been at a Loss to find out the Occasion of this Failure. The Roman Emperors also consulted them, not only such as *Nero*, *Caligula* and *Caracalla*, whose Follies may give us Cause to think, that it might not be exceeding difficult to impose upon them; but *Tiberius*, *Vespasian*, *Titus*, *Trajan*, *Adrian* and *Severus*; Men of Learning and Wisdom, and of as much Subtilty as the craftiest Priest of them all. And *Trajan*, particularly, being jealous of some humane Chear, in order to try whether the Oracle of *Heliopolis*, which he purposed to consult, was really a God, or that his Priest only counterfeited an Inspiration, sent Tables sealed up, wherein he pretended to have written the Question he would put to him; ordering, that they should be returned to him unopened. The Oracle, in answer, ordered a blank Paper, well folded and sealed up, should be sent him. The Priests were strangely surprized at this Command of the Oracle; however, they did as they were directed, and this gave *Trajan* Satisfaction, for he had written nothing in the Table he had sent; and, being thus satisfied, that there was no humane Contrivance in the Case, he consulted the Oracle on his *Partbian* Expedition. I know it is pretended

ended, that the Priests might have Ways to unseal such Tables, and to seal them again, so as it should not be discovered that they had done it. But can we think that *Trajan* was so silly as not to consider, that his Tablets might be opened, and that he did not take proper Means to prevent it? Or, were the Priests so very cunning in their Contrivances, that no other Men could be cunning enough for them? Was it possible for a wise Man, as *Trajan* undoubtedly was, and who had also many cunning Men at his Elbow to assist him, to be put upon by a few Priests, especially when he suspected them, and stood upon his Guard against them? These Oracles subsisted, and deluded the heathen Nations for at least Two thousand Years, which no humane Contrivance could possibly have done. Had they been by humane Contrivance, they could not have deceived, I do not say all the People and Nations of the Earth, as they did, but even one entire City or Borough, for ten Years only.

However, I grant, that these Oracles were Impostures, but not humane Impostures, but the Impostures of Devils, who pretended themselves to be God, and whom the Heathen worshipped as Gods; for the Scripture teaches us, that the *Jews*, in sacrificing to the Idols of the *Heathens*, sacrificed unto Devils, *Deut.* xxxii. 17. *Psal.* cvi. 37. And that what the *Gentiles* offered to their Gods, they offered to Devils, *1 Cor.* x. 20. Now, if they were not Devils who possessed themselves of the Idols of the *Gentiles*, to seduce them by the Delusions of their Oracles, but only Impostor-Priests, then it was only to meer Images, or to humane Impostors, to which the Idolaters sacrificed on these Occasions. It is certain from the Scripture, that the Gods of the *Heathens* (that is, the Devils) had their Prophets. Thus *Baal* particularly had 450 Prophets, *1 Kings* xviii. 22. Now the Difference betwixt a Prophet and an Oracle, was this; the Oracle was fixed to a certain Place, and was delivered by some Priest or Priests:

And therefore that Part of the Temple of the true God at *Jerusalem*, where the High-Priest received his Inspiration, and from whence he gave the Answers of God, when he was consulted on weighty Occasions, was called the *Oracle*, 1 *Kings* viii. 8. In like Manner the Devil, who is God's Ape, had his Oracles in the Idol Temples, where his Priests gave such Answers as he suggested to them. But Prophets were not fixed to a Place, nor were they always Priests, being occasionally inspired in the Place where they happen'd to be. And such Prophets *Baal* or the Devil had, as well as the true God, as I have shewed; and these were inspired by a lying Spirit, which seduced and deceived those who trusted in them, 1 *Kings* xxii. 22, &c. And, as the Scripture teaches us, that the Devil had his Prophets, who were inspired by him, the Father of Lies; so it teaches us, that he had his Oracles, and mentions one of them, 2 *Kings* i. 2. perfectly like those of the *Greeks*, and other *Heathen Nations*, that is, *Baalzebub* (or *Beelzebub*, the Prince of the Devils, *Mat.* xii. 24.) the God of *Ekron*, which *Abaziah*, King of *Israel*, sent to consult upon his Sickness. Also *Acts* xvi. 16. we meet with a *Pythonefs*, or a Maid, possessed with a Spirit of *Python*, or Divination, who brought her Masters much Gain by Soothsaying, or predicting future Events, or telling strange Things, which she could not know by humane Means. Now what was the Difference betwixt this *Pythonefs* and the *Pythia*, which delivered the Oracles at *Delphos*, but only the *Pythonefs* went about from Place to Place, and *Pythia* was resident at her Temple, and her Tripod. And as St. Paul dispossessed this Damsel, in the Name of *Jesus Christ*, that she could no more go on with her Soothsaying, so when Christianity was fixed at *Delphos*, *Pythia* also was dispossessed, and could vend no more Oracles; the same Name, *Jesus Christ*, which had cast the Devil out of the *Pythonefs*, casting him out of his *Pythia*, his Tripod, and his *Delphick Temple* also.

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also. And in like Manner as Christianity prevail'd, so *Christ*, the Author of that Religion, expelled the Devil out of all his Oracles; for the Presence of any *Christian* making the Sign of the Cross as a Testimony, that he was the Servant of him who died on the Cross, was sufficient, at any Time, to put an Oracle to Silence, as the Fathers have assured us, who often practis'd it themselves, and challenged the Heathen, at any Time, to put it to the Tryal. For, though Mr. *Stanyan* asserts, that 'tis a common Opinion, that Oracles were universally silenced upon our Saviour's Appearance in the World, I believe he may be troubled to find one Author that has said it. That which the Fathers taught us, and that which we say, is, that the Heathen Oracles ceased after our Saviour's Appearance in the World, and that as his Gospel began to be preached, not all at once, but proportionably as he was known of Men, and as his saving Doctrine was every where received.

And therefore as Oracles were from the Devil, and were silenced by our Saviour, as his Religion gained upon the World, so it is certain they never had (though Mr. *Stanyan* has thought fit to say so) a good Effect as to the Publick. But let us see how this learned Gentleman proves this good Effect; he tells us, they were admirably suited to the Genius of a People, who would join in the most desperate Expedition, and admit of any Change of Government, when they understood, by the Oracle, it was the irresistible Will of the Gods. So that desperate Expeditions and any Change of Government, are, in his Opinion, for the Good of the Publick. Well, but, adds he, This was the Method Minos, Lycurgus, and all the famous Lawgivers took. And the Laws of Lycurgus had certainly much of the Devil in them, of which I shall name one or two, mentioned by *Plutarch*, as, That at their solemn Feasts and Sacrifices young Men and Maids should dance naked; That a young Man must steal a Maid, and get her with Child before he might own her for his Wife. That a Man might bring another home to get his Wife with

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Child for him. Or, if a Woman saw a young Man she liked, she might lie with him if she had her Husband's Consent. That Children which were misshapen, lean or pale, should be thrown into a Pit of Water and drowned. And their Boys were to be bred up to Thievery and Stealing. These are the Laws Apollo taught Lycurgus, when he granted his Petition, That he should ordain the best and perfectest Manner of a Commonwealth that ever had been, or should be in the World. I might give Instances of as wicked Laws made by other Lawgivers, if the Bounds of a Letter would give me Leave, which were also made with the Assistance of Oracles, to win the People into a Compliance, as Mr. Stanyan expresses it, yet these are what he calls the good Effects of Oracles. I shall add but one wicked Effect more of Oracles, which I think sufficiently proves them to have been from the Devil, and that is the humane Sacrifices which they frequently commanded. Such Barbarity could proceed only from Devils, Men naturally abhor it. To say to a Father in cold Blood, I advise you to kill your Daughter; or to the Magistrate of a City, I advise you to sacrifice every Year a great Number of your Children, or your Citizens. Could there be Priestcraft in this? What Advantage could the Priests gain by thus depopulating a City, by which they subsisted? Or, if it can be imagined that Priests would be so wicked, as, without Provocation, to advise Men, nay the greatest of Men, Princes and Magistrates, to murder their own Children, nay, their beloved Children, in cold Blood (for some Men are willing to believe Priests worse than Devils,) yet is it possible that Princes and Magistrates should be prevailed with to murder their Children and Citizens in this Manner, without good Grounds that there was something more than Humane which required this from them? Or, were Priests so very cunning in their Tricks and Contrivances, that no Magistrates were able to discover the Imposture, and punish them according to their Deserts, for Two thousand

and Years together? He that can believe this, may believe any Thing.

I could say a great Deal more to prove, that Oracles proceeded from Devils, and were not humane Contrivances or Impostures of the Priests, as Mr. Vandale, Mr. Fontanelle, Mr. Stanyan, and Mr. Pope, would perswade the World that they were, but I have been already larger than I at first proposed, and shall refer those who are not satisfied with what is here said, to the learned *Answer to Mr. Fontanelle's History of Oracles*, and the *Continuation of that Answer*, both translated from the French, and printed by H. Clements in the Years 1709, and 1710, which, if Mr. Pope had read, I believe he would not have given us the Account he has done from Mr. Stanyan. As Mr. Pope's *Homer* is now in many Hands, I conceived it might lead many into an Error in this Point, so derogatory to the Honour of *Christ*, who came to destroy the Works of the Devil, of which Oracles were one of the Principal. And, to suppose them no more than humane Contrivance and Imposture, or, according to the modern Word *Priestcraft*, (which Word, if some were depriv'd of, they would have nothing to say) is to give *Christ* and his Religion very little Honour in extirpating them. A less Person than the Son of God might have abolished an human Imposture, but no less Person could have driven the Devil out of his usurped Kingdom, chiefly maintained by his Oracles.

As therefore your Paper, Mr. *Mist*, spreads it self into all Parts of this Kingdom, I hope that the Publication of this may tend to put a Stop to the Opinion which Mr. Pope's Note may give his Readers concerning Oracles.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

LETTER VI.

The METAMORPHOSIS, or *Harlequin Cato*, a Comedy, as it is to be acted with very great Applause.

Dramatis Personæ.

Myn Heer Van Ticklenburgh, a High-German Doctor.

Worthy, } honest Gentlemen.
Johnson, }

Frisk, a Coxcomb.

Cato, alias *Harlequin Cato*, a Man of the Times.

Scene, an Antichamber in the Doctor's House.

Enter Worthy, Johnson.

JOHNSON.

WORTHY! I'm surpriz'd to meet you here; prithee, what dost thou do upon this Satan's Ground?

Worthy. You know the old Saying, — a Man must sometimes hold a Candle to the D——. There is a Friend of mine in some Distress, and I would set out the Justice of his Case, in order to obtain him some Favour.

Jo. Justice! you make use of a bad Advocate. — But, prithee, what News?

Wo. I think there never was so little News, as since we have had so many News-Papers. — I don't hear a Word; — but I know nothing escapes you. — Prithee, what Revolutions among our weekly Writers?

Jo. There has an Accident happened to one, — an obscure Writer, whom, perhaps, you never heard of.

Wo.

Wo. What do you call him?

Yo. The St. James's Journal.

Wo. Yes, I have heard of him. ——— Prithee, what's the Matter with him?

Yo. He has rendered up the Spirit.

Wo. The Ghost, you mean, for Spirit he had none.

Yo. You are right; ——— but he's dead before he was known.

Wo. Peace be with his Dulness. ——— I have often used his Papers.

Yo. What, did you read him?

Wo. No, no, but I laid his Papers under my Head, to make me sleep, ——— and, I found, they had a very good Effect that Way.

Yo. In his creeping stupid Way, he was pleased to tell us, in his last Paper, that he had no Esteem for any Writer beter receiv'd than himself, that he despised all who write for Bread; for his Part, ——— he did it it for his own Amusement.

Wo. I believe him; for, 'tis certain, it was for no Body's Amusement but his own. ——— Prithee, let's have done with him, ——— Who have we else.

Yo. Another started up, whom, perhaps, you never will hear of after this Hour, under the Name of Pasquin.

Wo. I've seen him too. His Title gave me some Expectation, but I was cruelly disappointed.

Yo. Then how did you find him?

Wo. Like a Tavern with a gawdy Sign; ——— but when you come to taste the Wine, ——— you meet with nothing but poor, dead, aigre, sorry Snuff that turns your Stomach, and half poisons you.

Yo. He'll make a Struggle for a while, like the dying Snuff of a Candle, and, like that too, go out in a Srink at last.

W. Prithee, let's have done with him too.

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Jo. With all my Heart. — What do you think of Cato?

Wo. He rails.

Jo. But he's much above these Creatures in Sense, and Strength of Argument.

Wo. His boisterous Way of Reasoning does but ill persuade: — He seems to me to bawl for a Pension.

Jo. I fancy his Pride will keep him to his Principles.

Wo. His Principles! what are they?

Jo. Nay, faith, that's a hard Question.

Wo. I think he has taken off the Mask. — 'Tis true, he set out with a Pretence of rooting out Prejudices; — but now, it is pretty evident, his Design is to banish Morality, Religion, and common Honesty, from among Men.

Jo. Here he comes; let's have a little Talk with him.

Enter Cato.

Ca. Where's this Villain, this Rascal?

Wo. What, at a Loss to find a Rascal in this wicked Town? — 'Tis good News. — I hope the World is going to turn honest.

Ca. No, Sir, it is the Land of Knavery; it engenders Rascals as the Nile does Crocodiles.

We can stock the whole World with Rogues.

Jo. But not amongst the Great, — good Cato?

Ca. The Great are the vilest of the People. — All Knaveries take their Beginnings from them; there is no Rascal so contemptible as one with a great Estate.

Jo. They would pass for Men of Honour.

Ca. All false Colours. — They are like the Decorations of your Theatres; they must be seen at a Distance. — Come near 'em, and they are not to be endured. — You'd spit upon them.

Wo. Then why do you come here?

Ca.

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Ca. To know them, to set them off in a true Light; and let the World see by *what wretched Fellows they are generally governed.*

Jo. We shall become a By-word to all the World to express Fraud.

Ca. Whence does it come? From above. ———
When the Fountain is corrupted, nothing that is pure can flow from it. ——— Yet, tho' Villainy prevails, I will attack it, ——— nor will I ever make Peace with Corruption.

Wo. A noble Resolution. ——— But who have we here?

Ca. Coxcombs, all Coxcombs; Time was when Fools were inoffensive, and did no Mischief; — but in this ingenious Age they are as corrupt as the Knaves whose Tools they are.

Enter Mr. Frisk, and two of his Companions.

Fr. Your obedient Servant, Gentlemen. ——— *Ah, bon jour, Monsieur Smart.*

Ca. From whence does your Wisdoms come?

Fr. From the House, ——— where there has been such comical Doings.

Ca. How, Sir, comical Doings! Do you make a Jest of the Business of the Nation?

Fr. No, Sir, but there are a Pack of Fellows of the other Party (that, would you believe it) make a Jest of me.

Ca. It is very unjust, for you never made a Jest upon any Man, I dare swear.

Fr. Not I, as I hope to be say'd, ——— but I was so transported to see the ill-dress'd clumsy Crew so out of Countenance, when we carried it by such a Majority.

Ca. And what was the Question?

Fr. The Question! ——— O Lard, Sir, I don't know that; we here never trouble our Heads about the Question; — but I know that we carried it, let the Question be what it will; I danc'd a Minuet

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a Minuet Step out of the House as genteely as ever I mov'd in my Life.

Ca. Have you no Concern for the Good of your Country?

Fr. There it is again; why, I tell ye, we are Courtiers: — Then what have we to do with the Good of our Country? — Let your inquisitive, pragmatrical Fellows of t'other Party disturb their knotty Heads about that. — As for my Part, I am a Director of the Apera; and I am so taken up with the more important Affairs of the Company, that I han't Time to look into such Trifles. —

Wo. Yet you are for setting aside all Guides in Religion.

Fr. Split me, but you may as well talk *Greek* to the wild *Irish*, as *Maxims* to us. — No, Sir, nat I, I'll assure ye; — my Study is Dress, which, I conceive, does the Nation more Honour than your musty *Maxims*.

Ca. O Wretch! lost to all Sense of Shame or Honesty.

Fr. Hancsty! O Lard! there again with your Antidiluvian Manners. Why, Sir, you may as well pretend to make us wear long Beards, like the *Patriarchs*, as use their Customs and Manners. Prithee, dear *Snarl*, don't be such a particular Fellow. — Change thy Principles and thy Linnen, and look like a reasonable Creature; — and then, demme, I shall love thee.

Ca. Love me! it would make me hang my self if I thought I was esteemed by such Wretches.

Fr. Ha, ha, — I shall die with laughing at this Fellow's Obstinacy.

Ca. No, Sir, my Principles are Truth and Constancy.

Fr. Yes, yes, you are constant, I see; so constant, that I believe you han't changed your Shirt these three Months. — O hideous! What a Figure he makes? Dear Brute, reform, and don't be
so

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so *tramontane* to every Thing that's polite and *a-la-mode*.—— I fancy an *Italian* Intreigue wou'd polish him.—— Hearn'e, I'll introduce you to *Cuz-zoni*.

Ca. What, wou'd you pimp too?

Fr. Pimp! yes certainly.—— Why, how must a Man rise and be great, but by pimping? —— What, I warrant now, in your muddy Understanding, pimping is a very scandalous Thing.

Ca. A Roman Slave would not stoop to such an Office.

Fr. I am a Roman Slave's most humble Servant. All that I know of the the Matter, is, that we modern Gentlemen have a little more Sense than Roman Slaves; but, Sir, if these are your beggarly Notions, prithee get into your Garret, drink small Beer, and be a poor snarling Dog as long as you live; but let us enjoy good Employments, and good Company, our own Way; so, dear *Snarl*, your most humble Servant.

Ca. Farewel, Coxcomb.

Fr. *Adieu mes cheres.*

Ca. *Vale venalis Civitas mox peritura, si venditorem invenies.*

Enter *Mynbeer van Ticklenburgh*.

Doc. Who's this? Our *British Cato*; he has haunted this Place like a Crow that has Carrion in Scent. If I don't mistake, he is to be hired. I'll try him. [Aside] How come I by the Favour of this Visit. [To Cato.

Ca. Don't mistake it, it was not designed for a Favour. I come here because I hate you; I come to expose you.

Doc. Yet I love you, and would employ you, gentle *Cato*.

Ca. Why, I'am neither a Spy, an Informer, nor a Flatterer, then what Employment can you have for me?

Doc. A very genteel, honourable Employment.

Ca.

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Ca. To be the Sycophant of those above, and to be employed in oppressing those below me. No, no, I had rather pass my Days among Savages; for when Men liv'd wild in Woods and Forests, they did not devour each other; but since some have been corrupted with Power over others, they are worse than the Lions and Tygers which they left behind them.

Doc. But Power is necessary for the Government of the World, and it is as necessary that that Power should be flattered.

Ca. And so you have found that Employment for me; I had rather be a Dog, or any other vile Beast.

Doc. And how wou'dst thou mend this Condition by that? I'll tell thee in the Words of *Timon*. "If thou wert a Lion, the Fox would beguile thee; if a Lamb, the Fox would eat thee; if a Fox, the Lion would suspect thee, tho' thou wert accused by the Asfs."

Ca. There is a Moral to that Fable, prithee, tell it; but hold, now I think on't, you have renounc'd Morality.

Doc. What is Morality to Clocks, and Jacks, and Wheelbarrows, and such Machines? for, according to you, we are no more. Come, let me give you a little good Advice; look about you, see who hold great Employments, feed high, wear Embroidery, and keep their Coaches, but Flatterers.

Ca. And what is that to me?

Doc. How dull you are of Understanding; can't you guess what I would be at? I'll convince you by Reason, that you ought to flatter.

Ca. By Reason.

Doc. Yes; come hither, and I'll produce a Reason. Hold your Hand, [*gives him Money.*] Do you understand me?

Ca. No.

Doc. No. Hold your Hand again, [*gives him more Money.*] Do you understand me yet?

Ca.

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Ca. No.

Doc. Not yet. Come hold your Hand again. Do you begin to comprehend me now?

Ca. Now I'll consider on't.

Doc. That's well, I have one Argument more that will quite convince you; come into my Closet a Minute. *[Doctor closets up Cato.]*

Go. What will this come to?

Wo. To Roguery you may swear.

Go. I observed he kept the Money.

Wo. Yes, yes, many of the sudden Changes of Men, which are so common, that they are but the Wonders of a Day, are owing to the enchanted Closet, *[Cato comes out of the Closet in a Harlequin's Dress, with a long Purse of Money, followed by the High German Doctor.]*

Ca. Ha, ha, *[clinking the Money]* Ecco L' Argomento. Here is the Argument of Arguments. Here it is that makes some speak, and others hold their Tongues. Dear Doctor, you are the best Friend I ever had in my Life; and the honestest Fellow alive, damme, but how come you to be so damn'd cunning, to know what I would be at?

Doc. It is my Business to know Men.

Ca. It is! then you understand your Business very well; but hearkee, when this is spent, shall I have more, *Seignior*?

Doc. You shall.

Ca. Then I'll keep a Whore. I'll have a Brace.

Go. I'm amazed? Why, sure, this is not the grave cynical Cato turned into a Merry Andrew? What dost thou mean by that particoloured Dress?

Ca. It is the Livery of the World, *Seignior*, Ecco L' Argomento. *[Shewing the Purse.]* Here's blue, yellow, green, red, every Man may chuse his Colour out of my Coat, provided he'll pay for it; observe that, provided he pays for it; and his Religion from my Writings, provided he'll be no Christian.

Enter

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Enter Frisk.

Fr. What pretty burlesque Sort of Figure have we here?

Wo. Your Friend, *Cato*.

Fr. Who, *Snark!* What is he turned *Beau Garcon* upon our Hands?

Doc. He's become one of us now.

Fr. Is he before Gad? then I'll embrace him, *demme*.

Doc. Gentlemen, this is not the stiff, virtuous, ill-bred *Cato*; but the civil, courtly, obsequious

Cato. Now you shall see what a Transformation I have work'd upon him. Come, jump over this Stick.

Ca. Alone [jumps over the Stick.]

Doc. Very well; back again; higher.

Ca. Encore? [Goes over the Stick] Ha, ha.

Doc. Once more,—— [*Cato jumps back.*] So, that's very well.—— What do you think of him, Gentlemen?

Fr. Split me if he has not a great Deal of Wit.——And, I believe, he'll come to be a great Man, *demme*.

Yo. Upon my Word, *Doctor*, you have done as much in a Minute, as a Man would reasonably think could be brought about in a Year.

Doc. It requires a long Course of Instructions to fit up a Man of Honour; but, Thanks to the Dispositions of human Nature, we can sometimes make a Man a Rascal in a Quarter of an Hour.

Ca. Well, but heark'e, *Seignior Padrone*, what must I do now?

Doc. First, Will you promise to betray your Party?

Ca. Upon my Honour I will.

Doc. That's well: Next for my self.—— You must sell me a good Reputation, I'll pay you for it.

Ca. O, Pox, that's more than I have for my self;—— but I'll tell you what I can do for you, *Seignior Doctor*.

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Doctor. ——— I'll steal you one. ——— I'll rob some honest Gentleman, or some Bishop, (for I hate the Clergy) ay, I'll rob some Bishop of his good Name, and give it you.

Doc. But perhaps it won't fit.

Cr. *Pshaw, Plague, Pox, Damme, Zounds,* what Difficulties you make, will you have a new fashion'd Reputation?

Doc. Yes.

Ca. I'll sell you one of the very newest, Dog-cheap; ——— but, heark'e, *Seignior*, it will be a little rotten, tho', ——— but no Matter, I can daub it; ——— I'll paint it over for you.

Doc. Very well, that will do.

Ca. What else would you have me do?

Doc. Let's see who are these coming? Parsons! — I don't like such Company: Abuse those Parsons for me. ——— Hearkee, I'll retire; but, be sure you abuse them.

Ca. I'll do't.

[Exit Doctor.]

Jo. Why have they injured you?

Ca. No, Sir, and what then, Sir.

Jo. Do you know any Thing of them that's wicked, or offensive to civil Society?

Ca. No, Sir, and what then, Sir, ——— I hope a Man, in a free Country, may abuse those he does not like, Sir, for all that, Sir. Ha, *Seignior*.

Enter two Clergymen.

1. *Clerg.* Would you speak with us, Sir?

Ca. Yes, I would speak with you, Sir, — and I must tell ye, you are a Parcel of proud, tyrannical, atheistical, sad, sad Fellows.

1 *Clerg.* What has put you into this Passion, pray, Sir?

Ca. I am in a Passion, Sir, and I will be in a Passion, Sir: And, I say, Sir, that all Priests are a Parcel of Footpads, Highway-men, and Pyrates, and Foxes, and Wolves, and Bears, and Tygers, and Whores of Babylon.

2 *Clerg.* You rave.

Ca.

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Ca. And *spiritual Pimps*, and *setting Dogs*, and *Pigs* in a String.

i. Clerg. let's leave him, he's mad.

Ca. [*Following them.*] And so pox, and rot you, and confound you, and plague, damn you all. [*Exeunt. Cl.*

Fr. Ha, tickling, tickling. — He has put the *Prophers* into a *Mouse-hole*: I never heard so much *Wit* in my *Life*, — flap my *Vitals*.

Wo. How the *Fop's* transported!

Ca. Ha, *Seignior*, have not I knock'd down *Divinity*? You see they had not a *Word* to say for themselves.

Wo. They were not prepared to answer such an eloquent *Argument*; but, I fancy, I could take up the *Cudgels* for 'em, and answer that *Way of Reasoning* of yours.

Ca. You answer, Sir, and how, Sir? Ha, ha, — I'd fain see any *Man* answer such *Reasoning*.

Wo. Here's *Reasoning*, there's *Argument*.

[*Beats Cato about the Stage.*]

Ca. O, *Seignior*! What a *Plague* do you mean! What do you take *Part* with *Priests*? *Murder*! *Po-pery*! *Christianity*!

Go. Prithee give the *Fop* one *Stroke* for my *Sake*.

[*beats Frisk.*]

Fr. Why, as I hope to be sav'd, *Gentlemen*; pray, *Gentlemen*, I shall die. [*Beats them both off the Stage.*]

Ca. Ha, *Seignior*, *Misericorde*.

Wo. Merhinks I have done some *Good* to *Day*, in correcting the *Brace* of *Spaniels*; and now you've seen the *Spirit* and *Honesty* of a *bawling fanatick Patriot*.

Loud in the Cry of *Liberty* and *Laaws*,
These antient Followers of the *Good Old Cause*;
Like *Fish-Wives*, strong provok'd, rail on, and scold,
Until their clamorous *Throats* are stop'd with *Gold*;
Then, changing *Sides* amidst the hottest *Fray*,
We find, that *Switzer* like, they only fight for *Pay*.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

WHEN I have treated upon the Subject of Reading and Study, I have, heretofore, given as my Opinion, that History was the most delightful, as well as instructive, and, whenever I meet with any Thing in this Way, which makes a strong Impression upon me, I cannot forbear communicating it to my Readers, from a Notion, that it will have the same Effect upon them.

The last Book I laid out of my Hand, was the Roman History of *Dion Cassius*, and I just made an End of that Part which treats of the Reign of *Tiberius Caesar*. The Miseries of the Roman People, though so many Ages past, made me grieve, I could not help taking part in their Oppressions; I examin'd other Writers, in hopes of finding this Author contradicted, fancying that either Passion or Prejudice might have provok'd him to represent Things in such black Colours; but in examining *Eckard*, who has collected them all, I find this Description of those Times.

Now secret Spies and Informers were employ'd in all Parts of the City, which caused numerous Disturbances and Cruelties, and the Deaths of many worthy Persons. If a Person of any considerable Merit testified any Concern for the Glory of the Empire, *Tiberius* immediately suspected it was only a Design of subverting his Government: If any other had had an innocent Remembrance of Liberty, he was look'd upon as a dangerous Person, and one who aim'd at re-establishing the Common-wealth, the old Form of Government. To praise *Brutus* and *Cassius*, was a capital Crime; to bewail *Augustus*, a secret Offence; and every Action became liable to forc'd Interpretations: Simplicity of Discourse they

said,

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said, express'd Evil Designs ; a discreet Silence conceal'd mischievous Intentions ; Joy was the Hopes of the Prince's Death, Melancholy an envying his Prosperity ; and Fear the just Apprehensions of a guilty Conscience ; so that to speak, to be silent, to be glad, to be grieved, to be fearful, or assured, were all Crimes, and, very often, incurred the extremest Punishments ; for this Emperor was naturally both suspicious and credulous, Qualities which his Favourite *Sejanus* endeavour'd, all he could, to excite.

It was this wicked Favourite who persuaded *Tiberius* to go and reside at a Place remote from *Rome* : Many were the Advantages he propos'd to himself by this Removal ; as, that there could be no Access to his Prince but by him ; that all Letters being convey'd by Persons at his Devotion, should pass thro' his Hands : That *Tiberius*, now declining with Age, and grown slothful and effeminate, who was, of himself, very willing to throw off all Care of the State, might find that Humour improve in him, by living in a Place which was a perfect Solitude, in Comparison of *Rome* ; and, that all Shadows remov'd, he might grow mighty in Power and Authority.

Therefore, by little and little, he cunningly insinuated to *Tiberius*, the great and numerous Inconveniences of the City, the slavish Attendance and Trouble belonging to the Senate, and the disturb'd and seditious Temper of the inferior Sort ; highly extolling a quiet and solitary Retirement, a Life without Anguish of Mind, free from Envy and Ill-Will, and more fit to think on important and weighty Matters.

Tiberius, whether most prevail'd upon by his plausible Persuasions, or by his own natural Inclinations to Ease and Debauchery, left *Rome* and went into *Campania*, giving out, that this Journey was undertaken about Affairs of Religion, such as dedicating a Temple to *Jupiter*, tho', it was well known, he had

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had no Religion in him; he continued not long there, but went to the little Island of *Capra*, a Place in the *Mediterranean*, within two or three Miles of *Naples*, carrying with him all his lewd Women and Flatterers, and draining the City of a prodigious Deal of its Treasure, which was disposed of to enrich that Place, or squandered away in Riots upon those profligate Attendants. The People, though they did not love him when present, yet murmured at his Absence, because that by it they found themselves aggrieved in their Purfes, so that there was nothing but Discontent during his Reign.

As to the Manner of passing his Time in this Retreat, it was nothing but a Scene of Sloth and exquisite Lewdness, the Particulars of which are too abominable to be described, and this at an Age, when the Hey-Day of the Blood is over, and Nature seems to require a Recess from such Debauchery.

Here he sojourned, wasting the Revenues of a mighty Empire, and continually raising new Subsidies and Taxes upon the People, as if to maintain an expensive War; and, every now and then, confiscating the Estates of Noblemen upon slight Informations.

I will quote the Words of the Historian, as to his latter Character. "Now he openly treated his Subjects as Enemies, because he had offered them Occasion of being so; no Person, tho' never so virtuous or cautious, could be safe; for it was not enough for them to be free from the Corruption of Accusers, the false Reports of Spies, and the Suppositions of infamous Informers; but they also stood in fear of the very Imagination of the Emperor; and, when they justly thought themselves secure from their Innocence, not only of their Actions, but their Thoughts also, they were often ruined by the Malice of his Conjectures, or those of his Favourites."

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In the midst of these Things Flatterers swarm'd like Locusts, so that whenever any Thing was done that was cruel, the Emperor was prais'd for his Clemency; when some unreasonable Subsidy was rais'd, he was complimented upon his great Care of the Publick, and his Love of the People; and when any violent Proceedings were carried on against private Men, he was extoll'd for his extraordinary Justice, so that Flattery became as it were a Trade.

LETTER VIII.

WE have already given our Readers a short Discourse upon Conspiracies, but in considering this Subject, we find, that Matter increases upon our Hands, and one Remark begets another; it is a large Field abounding with strange Productions, in which a curious Man may divert himself, and make many Observations useful to others, nor can any Subject deserve a more delicate Consideration, since Plots and Conspiracies are of such Consequence, that by them Nations sometimes lose, and sometimes recover their Liberty, and Princes are sometimes establish'd, and sometimes destroy'd.

Machiavel observes, that there are but two Sorts of Conspiracies, one against our Prince, and the other against our Country, (for a Design of delivering a Town into the Hands of an Enemy, or of deserting, or such like private Acts of Treachery, are not to be term'd Conspiracies.)

Concerning the first, viz. that against the Prince, it may sometimes beform'd in Favour of our Country, as where a Prince not being content to keep himself within the Bounds of those Laws and Ordinances, which were made to circumscribe and li-

mit

mit his Power, is for introducing others, different from those by which Men have been usually govern'd, whereby he makes himself arbitrary, and, at length deprives the People of their Liberty: This may stir up and provoke some of the Principals of the People to conspire against him, from a Desire, that vertuous Men have of freeing their Country when they see it oppress'd. Of this Kind was that Conspiracy of *Brutus Collatinus*, against *Tarquin* the Proud, (which we have already hinted at) of *Marcus Brutus*, *Cassius*, and others, against *Julius Caesar*, and in latter Days, that of certain noble *Portugueze*, who groaned under the Yoke of a *Spanish* Government, plotted to restore their Country to Liberty, in Favour of the House of *Braganza*.

These Sort of Conspirators sometimes succeed, especially when they are undertaken upon honourable Designs, for in such Cases the Persons concerned will not be tempted, either for Reward, or Fear of Punishment, to betray their Design; but, where it happens otherwise, they are of great Use to the Tyrant, for it gives those Persons into his Power by a Kind of Right, who, at any Time, might oppose his Design upon the publick Liberty.

But since we have named two or three Conspiracies of this Kind, it will be worth our Labour to inquire why that against *Julius Caesar* did not take the desired Effect as well as the rest.

The singular Vertues and good Qualities of *Caesar* were such, that they gained him the Admiration and Love of all Men, whoever was taken in Arms against him, was generally pardoned: 'Tis true, it was not a Crime against the Laws of *Rome* to oppose *Caesar*, therefore his pardoning was a Kind of Mock-Mercy; but, when he overcame, he had a Conqueror's Right, which, whoever presumes to dispute, will find himself in the Wrong: He took away the Liberty of *Rome*, and yet she

hated

hated him not ; so that if we may be allowed to make a familiar Comparifon, *Rome* looked upon him with the ſame kind Eyes that a Woman ſometimes does upon ſome agreeable Lover who has brought her to Shame ; *She loved the Man who had undone her.*

The Conſpirators did not rightly conſider this before they undertook that great Enterprize, ſuch Numbers of People had taſted of the Generoſity and Benevolence of *Cæſar*, and he had laid perſonal Obligations on ſuch Multitudes, that as ſoon as he was ſlain, the People, inſtead of laying hold of that Opportunity of reſuming their Liberty, turned their Rage againſt the Murderers, and, by their Deſtruction, fixed the Yoke upon their own Necks : Whereas, in all Probability, had the Conſpirators waited till *Cæſar* ſhould have fallen by the Hands of Nature, his Succeſſors might have attempted in vain, to impoſe Chains upon the braveſt People in the World.

We ſhall paſs over to other Conſpiracies, and ſhew by what ſlight Accidents they are defeated and diſcovered.

There was a Deſign formed for taking away the Life of the Emperor *Commodus*, by his own Siſter *Lucilia*, and others ; and it was agreed amongſt them, that *Quintianus*, one of the Conſpirators, ſhould lie in wait for him in the Paſſage which led to the Theatre, there to ſtab him : *Quintianus* was punctual to the Appointment, and as the Emperor approach'd him, he came forth from his lurking Place, and with a naked Dagger in his Hand, pronounc'd theſe Words, *The Senate ſend thee this* ; whereupon he was ſeiz'd by thoſe who attended *Commodus* before he could ſtrike the Blow : And the ſame Thing happen'd to another Perſon who conſpir'd againſt *Laurence de Medici*, of the Houſe of *Florence*, for, coming behind him, in order to kill him, he was ſtopp'd, upon his ſaying, *Hold, Traytor*, and the whole Conſpiracy was diſcover'd.

The

The Consideration of the weighty and hazardous Enterprize they had in Hand, had thrown their Minds into such Disorder and Confusion, that they were not aware of what they said ; so that before Men engage themselves in Designs so full of Peril, they should well weigh and consider their own Resolutions, and not mistake their Zeal for Courage ; for few Men can answer for their own Firmness in hazardous Events, before they have been try'd, and 'tis seen what little Slips overthrow the best concerted Designs.

There are many other Things which prove fatal to Designs of this Kind, they being oblig'd to alter the Order or Manner of Execution, or Delays have often occasioned a Discovery : The Conspiracy which was formed against the State of *Venice*, by the Marquis of *Bedmar*, *Spanish* Ambassador, was so often put off and deferred, that *Jaffier*, one of the Conspirators, a Man of a melancholy Temper, formed, in his own Imagination, so many Terrors in the Execution of the Plot, that he went in one of these melancholy Moods and discovered all to the Senate. The Heats and Colds, the Hopes and Fears, that must possess the Mind of a Man under the Weight of such an Enterprize, (if the Thing be long in Agitation) may betray him into some Weakness, he never designed, unless he be a Person of extraordinary Courage.

In some Cases, the Success of an Enterprize has been owing to the Necessity Men have lain under of precipitating the Execution, as in the Kingdom of *Persia*, when it was discovered that one of the *Magi* had seized upon the Empire ; several of the Nobility met together, to consult on Ways to destroy the Usurper ; but there were some amongst them who desired a further Day to consider on that Matter ; upon which, *Darius*, one of the Nobles, spoke to them in this Manner, *Either we will go and kill the Usurper now, or I will discover you all : Whereupon* see-
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ing the Necessity they were under, they went and executed their Design with great Success.

Where Men are well assured of each others Courage, they may proceed with more Leisure, and let Things come to Maturity before they proceed to Action. A certain Person called *Theodorus*, being in a Conspiracy against a Tyrant of *Syracuse*, (if I mistake not, *Getelamus*) was seized upon Suspicion, but he resolutely denied the Fact, and accused the King's Creatures. In the mean Time, his Accomplices were so little alarmed at this Seizure, that not one of them stirr'd, so that the Thing pass'd over: And *Nicholas Machiavel* of *Florence*, famous for his political Writings, was taken up upon Suspicion of being concerned with the *Soderini*, in a Plot against the *Medici's*, he had the Fortitude to endure the Rack, without confessing any Thing, and was immediately made Secretary, and Historiographer of *Florence*.

Sometimes a false Alarm may disconcert a Design and ruin all; as *Julius Caesar* was passing to the Senate House, he was observed to talk apart with *Popilius Lenas*, one of the Conspirators; the rest fancied he was discovering the Design, wherefore some of them were for killing him immediately, and not waiting for his Arrival at the Senate House, and the Truth on't is, had they not all been Men of Stediness and Courage, some one of them would have gone that Minute (in order to secure his own Life) to have joined in the Discovery; but, they fixed their Eyes upon *Caesar's* Countenance, to judge of the Subject of their Discourse, by his Looks and Gestures; and, they observed, that *Caesar* smiled, whereupon they composed themselves again, and executed their Design as it was at first projected.

In Plots against the People the Conspirators run none of those Hazards we have named, because they are Persons in some Power, who, by Artifices and false

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false Pretences, do, as it were, cajole the People out of their Liberties. *Pisistratus*, the *Athenian*, having done his Country some Service in the Wars against the *Megarenses*, came out one Day in the publick Market-Place all bloody, pretending he had been wounded by certain Noblemen of the opposite Faction, and desired of the People that Guards of arm'd Men might be allowed him, for the Defence of his Person, which Request appearing reasonable was granted him, and by the Help of these Guards, he became the Tyrant of his Country. Thus Nations are sometimes duped and bubbled out of their Liberties, by yielding to Things from pretended Necessities of State, which Pretences are never wanting to designing Men, and the deluded People see their Error, when 'tis too late to repent.

As to counterfeit, or sham Plots and Conspiracies, I shall say nothing, there have been such Things trump'd up upon the Subject, and those who are willing to read of them, may examine the *English History* for the last Century.

LETTER IX.

SINCE my first giving the Publick a Letter in *Cyphers*, which I explained, I have receiv'd several others to the same Effect, and some of my Correspondents are so fond of the Humour, that they will write to me no other Way, by which Means it takes me up as much Time and Study to come at the Sense of an Epistle, as it does a School-Boy to construe his Lesson; and if the Whim continues, I shall be obliged to keep an extraordinary Secretary for decyphering, which must cause a Deficiency in my private Civil List, and oblige me to lay a Tax upon the Publick, for the

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Service of the Year, that is, raise the Price of my Paper.

I can assure my Readers, I never had any Notion of Pleasure in a Fox Chace, where a Man rides till he fatigues himself, and then digs to come at the Fox ; I say after he has taken all this Pains, and has killed his Game, he finds the Beast is good for nothing. Thus has it fared with me in some of these Tryals of Skill ; I have pored and studied to unravel all the Intricacies of one of these Letters, and when I have discovered all, I have met with nothing to reward my Trouble, or that could entertain my Readers, so that I have had my Labour for my Pains.

But perhaps, it may be the Fashion now, to invent new Alphabets, and the Modes alter in these Things, as much and as often as in Dress: I remember once a Man was reckoned ignorant, and ill-bred, who, in writing to a Person of any Condition, did not make at least two Thirds of his Paper to consist of Margin, after this Fashion had its Run ; it became a Piece of Rudeness to make any Margin at all, and it was polite to begin the Letter very low, leaving a large void *Area* at Top, so that the first Page of a well-bred Epistle was almost a *Carte blanche* ; and I expect very soon, that some whimsical Person who is considerable enough to be followed and flattered, will introduce a new Mode of beginning the Letter at the Bottom of the Page, and writing up to the Top, as the *Hebrews* were accusom'd to do, and no Time can be more apt to receive such a Custom than the present, when all Actions seem to run retrograde, and Men act backwards in all Things.

But this Maggot of Writing in Cyphers and Figures, is not entirely new, a Whim not unlike it started up some Years since, whence several elaborate Pieces were published for the Edification of the Youth of this City, under the Title of *Tunbridge Letters* ; in which certain Figures were made Use of

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to stand for Words and Syllables; it seemed an ingenious Invention of writing Short-hand, after a long laborious Manner, as if going round about had been the nearest Way home.

Yet this was the Summer's Entertainment of our Beans and Belles, at which Sport, when a Man had taken as much Pains as a *Dutch Commentator*, and was come to the End of his Labours, he discovered a miserable Piece of Nonsense, without Meaning or Design, a Diversion only fit for those who otherwise would pass their Time at the more ingenious Amusement of catching of Flies.

I find this Folly ridiculed by *Ben. Johnson* in his celebrated Play of the *Alchymist*, where *Abel Drugger* causes his Name to be writ upon his Sign, with the Letter *A.* and a Bell painted, for *Abel*, the Letter *D.* with a Rug, and a Dog grinning, for *Drugger*. So that we find this only an old Folly reviv'd.

This Kind of Learning was first borrowed from the *Egyptians*, who used it to Purposes, very different from what our Moderns have done; 'tis said, that under the Figures of Birds and Beasts, the Mysteries of their Religion were couch'd, and that the Magi discovered this Way, in order to conceal them from the Vulgar.

After this, they used the same figurative Way of expressing the Qualities of the Body, or Vertues of the Mind, and particularly upon the Tombs of great Men, as Strength was express'd by an Elephant, Faithfulness by a Dog, and this was their Manner of writing Epitaphs.

We follow the Example in our Days in Respect to the Living, and we find a Way of praising the Qualities of a Man by the Choice of the Presents we make him, as a Lion which is an Emblem of Courage and Generosity, is commonly presented to a King; whereas we give Parrots to Women, and I have known a Monkey sometimes presented to a Beau.

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And in this Way of communicating ones Thoughts, a Man may be satyirical, and give others a Hint of their Vices, as well as by Writing; and when we find our selves vexed and oppressed by Persons too powerful for us to contend with in a lawful Way, we may ridicule their Vices in a Manner not cognizable by a Statute.

I have heard a Story of an arbitrary Minister in France, who was a Persecutor of the Wits, of that Age in general, but he pursued one with a more than common Hatred: The merry Sufferer was every now and then sending his Persecutor something to remember him, as an *Ape* or a *Cat*, or other *Animals*, which are the Images of Malice and Revenge; the ridiculous Presents were always attended with Crowds of People, to the Gates of that great Man, for all Men were pleased with any Thing that ridiculed him; and he was at length convinced, that he had better correct those Vices, that provoked the general Hatred against him, than in the Wantonness of his Power, to crush a poor Man much superior to him in every Thing that's commendable, only for endeavouring by his Writings to entertain and instruct the People.

The *Turks* have a Way of communicating their Thoughts to each other, different from any before-named; it is a Correspondence invented to carry on the Affairs of Love, and nothing is more common there, then for a Lady to receive a *Billet doux* in a Nosegay, which she answers, by sending back another Nosegay, and the Lover knows his Fate, by perusing the Flowers; perhaps it may be thought that he who has the finest Garden may be the most eloquent in this Way of Address; but that does not always follow, for it is not in the Quantity, but in the Choice of the Flowers, and the different Manner of ranging them, by which the Lover signifies the Tenderness of his Passion, and lets his Mistress know his Pain; but be that as it will, it is certain that an Amour is often carried on by

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by an Intercourse of this Kind, and the Lovers perhaps, never talk to one another till they meet to have the Ceremony of Marriage performed.

I could teach my Readers this myſtick Art of making up Love Noſegays, but I forbear it out of a Conſideration, that it may tend to promote clandestine Marriages, and inſtruct young Ladies how to deceive, and outwit their Guardians and Parents, and it is often found that in Love Affairs they are too witty already.

I ſhall conclude this Subject with the Tranſlation of a Letter written by the Pope to King *John* of England; the Original of which may be ſeen in Father *Crœans's* Hiſtory of the *Engliſh* Revolutions. There had been ſome Miſunderſtanding betwixt the Pope and King *John*, and upon their Reconciliation, the Pontiff made his Majeſty a Preſent of ſome Jewels, and the better to explain his Meaning and Deſign, they were accompanied with the following Letter.

The Pope's Letter to King John, written in the Year 1207.

ALTHO' I am perſwaded ſo great a King muſt abound both in Gold and Jewels, yet I have ſent you four precious Stones ſet in four Gold Rings, which I deſire you will receive as a Pledge of my Friendſhip; and that you will be pleaſed with their Signification, rather than their Value; you are to look upon their Form, their Number, the Matter, and their Colour. *First*, The Roundneſs of a Ring is a Type of Eternity, which has neither Beginning nor End: Thus you have in that Figure ſomething to lift up your Thoughts from earthly to celeftial, and from temporal to eternal Things. The Number Four makes a Square, which marks out the Firmneſs of a Heart, not to be ſunk with Adverſity, nor exalted with Proſperity; which always happens when it is ſupported by the four principal Verrues; Juſtice, which is to be exerciſed

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in giving Judgment ; Fortitude, which is necessary to support us in Adversity ; Prudence, which, like a true Guide, is to conduct us thro' all doubtful Events; and Temperance, which moderates the Heart in Prosperity. The Gold, which is the Matter of the Ring, is a Symbol of Wisdom, which excels all other Gifts of Heaven, as Gold does other Metals. Thus it was said of the Messias, that the Spirit of Wisdom should rest upon him ; and, in Effect, nothing is more necessary to a King than Wisdom ; this made *Solomon* beg it of God, as preferable to all other Gifts, and the Means by which he might be best able to govern his People. As to the Colour of these precious Stones ; the Green of the Emerald marks out Faith, the Purity of the Saphir, Hope, the Red of the Garnet, Charity, the Whiteness of the Topaz, good Works : So that you have in the Emerald, what may induce you to believe ; in the Saphir, what may encourage you to hope ; in the Garnet, what may dispose you to love ; and, in the Topaz, what may excite you to act ; that by Degrees being arrived to the Perfection of all Vertues, you will arrive at the Seat of the Lord of Lords in the holy *Sion*.

LETTER X.

*Sumite Materiam vestris, qui scribitis, equam
Viribus; et versate diu, quid forte recusent
Quid valeant Humeri.*

Hor.

WHEN a Man reflects on the Number of new Papers lately started up in the Town, he would be apt to imagine, that Writers and Caterpillars are generated after the same Manner, and that the Sun in this hot Season of the Year, was the common Father of both ; and
I con-

I conceive, it is more than probable, that the first hard Frost will kill half of them, since by the Coldness with which they're writ, they have, it is plain, not native Fire enough to keep them alive a Winter.

But the most common Opinion is, that these Children of a Summer, rather owe their Beings to the *True Briton* than to the Sun; because it is a Maxim, that whenever a good Writer makes his Appearance in the World, you may know him by one Sign, that a Set of little Mungril Wirlings spring up, and join in their Endeavours to pull him down; as if a Monopoly of the Praise of the Publick had been as unfair, as a Monopoly in Trade.

This I take to be the Case betwixt the *True Briton* and his puny Adversaries, his Success has raised their Spleen; they find they may write and write on, but have no Chance of being read, unless he condescends to take Notice of them: To this Purpose they have been very liberal of their Insults, in Hopes he would return them; but it seems, he thinks the overcoming such contemptible Antagonists would be no Victory. Their Condition is bad either Way; if he answers them, he makes them ridiculous; if he spares them, it is worse; for then they must be condemn'd to the vilest Uses, and go out of the World without being heard of amongst Men.

Thus it is we see this Writer attended with a Crowd of inferior Dabblers in Politicks, who follow him in Expectation of his turning upon them again; while like *Jack*, in the Tale of a Tub, they are begging for Correction—Pray, says one, will you be so kind to give a Slap in the Chops—Or will your Honour be pleased to favour me with a great Kick in the A—Pray, your L—kick me first, says another.—This is their present deplorable Condition, and methinks it would be Charity now and then to take Notice of them, in some Manner or other, lest in dying, they should have Reason to say, with *Nero*, ——— *Alas! that we have neither Friends nor Enemies.*

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I have heard of some Authors who have answer'd their own Works, not with Design of pulling them down, but of setting them up, for nothing places a Thing in a more advantageous Light than a silly Answer, it is like a weak Plot against a new establish'd Prince, it helps to fix him safer; many are of Opinion, that certain languishing Essays in Answer to the *True Briton* which visit us weekly, come from that Author, or some of his Friends, and are only a Stratagem to raise his Fame, and to make him shine with stronger Lustre.

Others again are of Opinion, that this Author does not stand in need of having Recourse to such Artifices, and that his Adversaries shew their best Play; thus are Men divided in their Opinions about him.

I have found, by long Observation, that Writers, as well as fair Ladies, have their particular Inamurato's, and the Partizans of a Paper imitate the Heroe in a Romance, who was for fighting every Man who should maintain there was a handsomer Lady in the World, than the Mistress of his Affections: The *True Briton* is, at present, the reigning Toast of the Town, and if my old Friends, the *Whigs*, have no better Writers to produce against him, than those who have yet appeared in their Service, it is in the Opinion of the Town, like setting up a dark Lanthorn to eclipse the Moon.

Thus far the Sentiments of the Publick in Respect to our present Set of Writers; as for my own Part, I endeavour to pick something that's good out of every Thing I can read, and even from the Adversaries of the *True Briton* I can gather Matter for my private Use and Instruction; I say, by studying these Gentlemen, I conceive, a Man may learn the good Art of Reasoning, after the newest Manner, very different from what has been practiced before; according to this Practice, a Man is to avoid answering any Fact or Argument directly, but instead of replying to the Work, attack the Author, whether

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ther you know him or not; when you have so wire-drawn your Reader, and raised his Expectation, as if you were going to give some notable Stroke, then to his great Surprize, you are to throw your Ink directly in your Adversary's Face, and try to make him as black as the Devil.

This is Part of the System of the illustrious Moderns, now living and writing in *Great Britain*, which is as much to the Purpose, as if a Council at the Bar, who was retained in a Cause, should, when it came to his Turn to speak for his Client, instead of entring into the Merits of the Cause, throw a handful of Dirt in the Face of the opposite Council, and think that sufficient to convince the Judge and Jury, that Justice was on their Side. The Adept also in the modern Way is to take Notice, whether his Adversary be young or old, rich or poor, noble or base born; and whether he be one or other of all these, he is still to make it Subject for Scandal, as being Points of great Consequence towards the Discovery of Truth, and the setting Mens Minds right in a Dispute of a publick Concern.

His Manner of defending his own Friends must be altogether as singular. This is to be done by applying to them hateful and invidious Characters, whether they fit or no, and by endeavouring to perswade the World, that every general Remark that is made upon any Vice, is meant at them. So that a great Man who has the Misfortune to have one of these ingenious Writers for his Advocate, incurs the same Fate which sometimes falls upon an Officer in a Battle, who having 'scaped the Enemies Shot, finds himself wounded from behind, by those who pretend to be of his Side.

Thus, tho' I differ from these Gentlemen in my Principles, I have, with the Candor of a true Critick, distinguish'd all their Excellencies, for I love, as the Saying is, *to give the Devil his Due*.

I therefore may, with the greater Freedom, take the Liberty of anamadverting upon their Faults, (*for who from Faults is free?*)

It.

It must be considered, the Writers I am speaking of, are modern *Whigs*, no more like old *Whigs* than I like Hercules. It must not therefore be wondered at, if their Arguments appear a little extravagant; one of their new Maxims will serve as a standing Answer to all Things, that at any Time, even to the End of the World, shall be objected against any Man in Power. It is, that no private Person has any Right to inquire into their Conduct, that is to say, the Persons at the Helm are to sail the Ship where they please; and you see them steering upon Rocks, or running her upon Quicklands, or likely to overset her by carrying too much Sail; tho' your Life and Fortune be at Stake, you are not to intermeddle.

We are to imitate the Conduct of the Man who happened to be playing at Backgammon when a Storm arose, and one came down to the Cabin to give him Notice of the Danger they were in, but he went on with his Game and took no Notice; presently comes down another in a great Fright, and tells him, the Ship had sprung a Leak, and was just sinking: He answer'd very coolly, let the Seamen look to that, as for his Part, he was only a Passenger.

Thus you are to be cast away quietly, rather than call in Question the Conduct or Honesty of the Persons placed at the Steerage.

In Religion this Doctrine would be Popery; for is it not one of the great Charges against the Clergy of the Church of *Rome*, that they deny the Reading of Scripture to the Laity, lest the Innovations they have introduc'd into Religion should be seen by the People? Our Church lays no such Interdiction upon her Sons; and yet I believe, generally speaking, our Clergy have as much Right to Infallibility as any Ministers of State in the World.

But why is this Proposition advanced now? Do these injudicious Scribblers imagine, that any Man in Power will countenance such arbitrary Maxims? Have they Reason of being afraid of having their
Actions

Actions scanned or inspected? Has not the World beheld their Deeds with Wonder and Surprise? — and has their Conduct ever been impeach'd? — Has any Man said to them, Why do ye so?

Their weekly Task of throwing scurrilous Reflections upon Persons of the first Quality is not to be forgot; we see some of our Peers abused with all the Malice that Dulness can inspire. It is true, the Arrows that at them fly over their Heads, and therefore hurt them not, tho' they are dipped in Poyson; but these Vermin should know, that a Peer is never the less a Peer for having been in the Tower; and it must proceed from a great Fund of Generosity, that these noble Persons do not sue out that Punishment against them, which our Law appoints for those who shall insult their Honours.

As to the Justice of the Argument betwixt these Writers, I shall not take upon me to determine on which Side it lies, *non nostrum est tantas componere Lites*, but will inform the Confederates against the True Briton, that let their Cause be never so good in it self, it would receive no Injury, if they would be pleased to mix a little common Sense in their Defence of it; nor would it be disagreeable to their Readers, (if any they have.)

I intended to have gone on with this Subject, but I find there is as much as I can spare Room for in my Paper, therefore I shall postpone it to another Occasion, not doubting but the perusal of my Contemporaries will furnish me with Matter; nor can I think my self unqualified for the Task, since without the least Envy I read all from the True Briton, down to Pasquin and the Flying-Post; that is, from the best to the worst of all modern Writers.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

—Sed Te

Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam.—

Juvenal.

THERE is nothing so common in the Mouths of Men, as to condemn Fortune. We behave, in a great Measure, towards this Phantom, as towards one another, we cannot prevail upon our selves to acknowledge a Favour received; if we succeed in our Affairs, the Merit is all our own, and we claim the Praise as due to our own good Conduct and Understanding: On the contrary, those Things which are the unavoidable Effects of rash and giddy Undertakings, are constantly laid to the Charge of Fortune, as if she were obliged to answer for all the Unhappineffes which Fools draw upon themselves, thro' want of Foresight and Judgment.

Machiavel, in discoursing upon this Subject, gives it as his Opinion, that there is something (call it Fortune, or what you will) that has a strong Influence over our Actions, but he reduces her Power to this small Compass; he says, she is Mistress of half our Actions, the rest are in our own Power; so that whoever perseveres in a prudent and wise Conduct, will, at length, succeed in Spight of Fortune; good Effects must follow good Counsels, though Rubs and Accidents may sometimes intervene.

This is what he has laid down as a Maxim in the Government of Kingdoms and States, when we come to apply it to the private Affairs of Men, we shall find it to hold more generally good: To thrive in the World is the great Aim of Men of Trade and Business, and it is preposterous to think of obtaining this End by the Methods of Folly and Extravagance,

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travagance, therefore when I know a Man that's ruined by a foolish and disorderly Conduct, I count it a *Solecism* to say, he is come to Misfortunes.

If we examine well into Things, we shall find, that Fortune generally sides with the most industrious. In the Art of growing rich, I take it, that Diligence and Oeconomy are the two principal Rules, yet there are others, without which, even these will not be of any great Use. — As for Example, a Man must take Care that he has a Capacity and perfect Knowledge in the Business he undertakes, otherwise his very Diligence will embarrass him, and, like a Beast in a Toil, the more he stirs the more he'll be intangled.

Men of conceited Heads and fickle Minds often forsake the Business in which they have been bred, for something they like better, but do not understand so well; thus have I known a good Taylor turn an ignorant Chymist, and an expert Barber become a miserable Poet.

I do not say this in the least to reflect upon Mr. Allen Ramsey, of Edinburgh, whose Works I have read with Pleasure; I understand he uses Poetry like a Gentleman, that is, only plays with it at leisure Hours, when the more important Business of his Trade is over, he smooths a Verse and a Chin with the same Facility; I have seen of his Work in both Capacities, and confess, I can't help thinking his Perriwigs and his Poetry both very good.

What gave me the Hint of treating this Subject of Fortune was, my taking up a *Spanish* Writer, in which I accidentally light of a Place where the Author relates a Conversation he overheard, betwixt four unhappy Men in an Hospital, whom Poverty and Sickness had intitled to the Charity of the Place.

In

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In the dead of Night, when it was but little suspected that any Person should listen in that melancholy Place, to what should pass there, a poor Poet, who was an Invalid, began to sigh, and break into Reproaches against Fortune, a Mathematician who lay contiguous to him, called to him, saying, Neighbour, what has moved you to make these bitter Complaints? I am complaining against Fortune, replied the Poet, and with a great deal of Justice; Men may well say she is blind, I think she has proved her self so in Respect to me, if she delights in drawing the worthless Part of Mankind from Obscurity to Greatness, she takes as much Pleasure in keeping Merit low. I'll tell you my Case, and you shall judge.

I have observed, to a Tittle, all the Rules which our Master Horace has laid down to the Sons of Parnassus; in short, I've writ a Poem which has taken me up twenty Years, in which the Subject is great, the Invention new, the Episodes excellent, and the Verses eloquent and noble; it is a Master-Piece in its Kind, and would outshine either the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*; and yet, O *Tempora*! O *Mores*! there is not a Prince in the World who is a Friend to the Muses, not an *Augustus* or a *Mæcenæ*s to encourage this Work.

A Chymist, who was also his Neighbour, ask'd him what might the Work be? The Poet answer'd, it was an heroick Poem in a hundred and fourscore and ten Books, which contained a History, told with all the Beauties and Ornament of Poetry. Methinks, replied the Chymist, a Work of that Length might have been treated in Prose. Prose! says the Poet, is faint and insipid, and the sublime Thoughts which, by a poetick Licence, are thrown into this Work, would not be pardoned in an Historian; no, no, added the Poet, it only belongs to Poetry to relate Things nobly.

Well,

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Well, answer'd the *Clymist*, I am not skill'd in this Sort of Writing, and, I believe, you may have Reason for the Disgrace you complain of, for I never so much as heard your Name amongst the *Literati* of the Age, nor do I go into the common Opinion, that you Poets are a Species of Madmen; as to your Complaints of Fortune, I join with you, no Man living has so much Reason to reproach that fickle Deity as my self; as to your wanting a Patron to your Works, I have infinitely greater Grounds to complain, that there is not a liberal Prince in the World, or one that is wise enough to know his own Interest, otherwise, I who am not only poorer than you, but even than the most miserable *Ballad-Maker* in *Grub-Street*, must have been as rich as *Cæsus*, and should have made Gold as plenty as Stones in the Streets, as *Solomon* did of old, who was only Master of the Secret I possess.

I find it is a true Maxim, *That out of Nothing, Nothing can come*, and that a Man must have Gold, in order to make Gold; and tho' there were nothing wanting but Furnaces and Charcoal to produce the grand Secret, yet must a Man have Money to begin with. Judge then of my Misfortune, who never met with a Prince, or other great Man, who had Generosity or Sense enough to venture the small Expence of setting me to Work, in order to make me, himself, and the whole World rich, since in the Space of two Months I would ingage to produce the *Philosopher's Stone*.

The Mathematician spoke to this Effect; Gentlemen, the Hardships you have met with from Fortune are great, yet are they nothing in Comparison of mine; I wanted neither a Patron nor Money to begin my Work, and yet these seven and thirty Years have I studied to find out the *perpetual Motion*; I have wasted my Youth, my Health, and my Fortune in vain. You know that all Nations have offered publick Rewards to the Discoverer of this useful Secret; I forsook an Employment, wherein, by a plain beaten Path,

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Path, I must have grown rich, to hunt this *Chimera*. A thousand Experiments have I made, and a thousand times have I thought my self sure of the Discovery. Thus has my Life been like that of *Tantalus*, who was pining with Thirst, with Water just at his Chin, and famishing with Hunger, with Fruit at his Lips; for now, after all my Pains, I find my self as far from the Secret, as before I learn'd the first Elements of *Euclid*.

The fourth Invalid, who kept Silence all this while, and only made his Remarks upon what the others said, at length spoke to this Effect; Gentlemen, you have either mistaken your own Geniusses, or the Humour of the Times. You, Sir, (addressing to the Poet) complain, that you wanted nothing but a Patron to make you immortal, I will not say you did not deserve one; however, it is something strange, that your Name should never have been heard of amongst Men. As for you, Sir, applying to the Chymist, you think it a Hardship, that no Man would venture his Money upon your Whim of turning Brass or Iron into Gold; whereas, if you had met with any Person credulous enough to do so, it is pretty certain you would have turned his Gold into Smoke. As for you, Sir, (turning to the Mathematician) you have passed your Days in a *wild Goose Chase*, and hunted a Secret which is not in Art or Nature, and yet you blame Fortune for what was the Act of your own free Will.

Believe me, Gentlemen, an Art that will not maintain its Professors, must be a miserable Trade; and you are all at Leisure now to reflect, whether it was Fortune, or your own bad Choice, which put you upon your Studies, which seem as if they were designed to make Beggars of mad Men.

As for my Part, (Thanks to my own Judgment) I was neither a Poet, a Chymist, nor a Mathematician; the Profession I chose, is what, for the most Part, rewards its Followers with Wealth and Plenty. Pray,
says

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says the Poet, what may your Profession be? A Projector, answered he. If it be so good, says the Poet, how comes it that we see you here? *By the Malice of Fortune, and the cursed Influence of my bad Stars,* replies the Projector.

You must now, that I have invented a great many excellent Schemes, which I offered to the Ministers for the Good of the Publick, but they rejected them all, for no other Reason but because there was no Cheat in them. In short, I had made my Calculation so honestly, that half the Money could not be sunk in the telling, and that was Cause enough for their crushing me. But I have something in my Head now that will make me amends for all; for I will apply to the Head, that is, to the King himself, and have nothing more to do with Ministers.

Of what Nature may this Affair be, says the Mathematician? It is (answered he) a Project for paying the Debts of the Nation, without *burthening the People*. I find, replies the Mathematician, this is the Cant of all Projectors, high and low, and the many Millions the Publick now owes, were all raised upon Pretence of *not burthening the People*. But this is Demonstration, says the Projector, and I'll tell you what it is. I propose, that an Edict be passed, to oblige all the People in *Spain* to fast one Day in a Week, which, you know, will save Money to every particular Person. Now I have computed, that one with another, every Person in *Spain* spends three Pence a Day in Provision; my Proposal is, that half the Sum be levied, per Head, once a Week, which will both bring Money into the King's Coffers, and enrich the Subject, and no Person can object against it, except the Physicians and Apothecaries, for this Regimen will contribute so much to Health, that People will have no Occasion for Physick.

This

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This poor Man, who reason'd so well upon the Folly and Extravagance of his Companions and Fellow-Sufferers, did not see into his own, which was more romantick than any of theirs; Pride and Self Love had blinded him, which, I perceiv'd were the greatest Bars to a Man's thriving in the World.

The Observations that I made upon the Circumstances of these unhappy Men, was, that whoever, in the Conduct of his private Affairs, runs into Wildness and Extravagance, will be in Danger of dying in an Hospital, or a Prison.

LETTER XII.

*Fortune a Goddess is to Fools alone,
The Wise are always Masters of their own.* Dryden.

WE are told in Fable, that when the Carrier found his Wheel stuck in the Mire, he fell on his Knees, and pray'd *Jupiter* to help him; but, it seems, the Waggon never stirr'd. Some Travellers passing by, and observing the Fellow's Condition, advis'd him to get up, whip his Horses, set his Shoulder to the Wheel, and then pray to *Jupiter*; he did so, and his Waggon presently got clear of the Ruck.

By the Moral of this Fable we are taught, that the Gods allow of human Means in human Affairs, and that Miracles are not to be wrought upon every little Disappointment: It shews also, that Providence it self is an Enemy to Laziness and Sloath.

As the great Powers which the Vulgar place in this *Chimera*, may encourage Indolence and Neglect in Mens private Affairs, I shall (I hope, without

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out incurring the Censure of Atheism) rob this imaginary Goddess of some of her false Attributes; I will endeavour to pull down her Altars, and set up in their Place those of a much great Divinity, call'd *Industry*, and will venture to assure the World, that whoever shall Sacrifice to this last, will find her much kinder to her Votaries than *Fortune*.

But this I shall defer to another Paper; in the mean Time I shall beg Leave to expatiate a little further upon *Fortune*; and as nothing illustrates a Maxim so well as a Fable, I shall make Choice of one upon this Subject, which I shall translate from a foreign Author.

" Infinite are the Numbers of those who complain
 " of *Fortune*, but very few acknowledge her Fa-
 " vours. This Discontent has passed from Men to
 " Beasts, according to the System of the sage *Æsop*.
 " There is not an Animal so stupid but grumbles,
 " or rather brays at *Fortune*. The Ass, since we
 " must name him, went from Assembly to Assembly,
 " to make the Complaints of his Condition heard;
 " he met with Compassion from his Companions, as
 " his Grievances seem'd to be common with their
 " own. It is said, that at the Instigation of several
 " *Quadrupedes* of other Families, he, at length, pre-
 " sented himself at an Audience before *Jupiter*,
 " where, in an humble Posture, having, in his
 " simple Way, begg'd Leave to open the Business
 " that brought him there; it was granted him; he
 " began in this miserable Way to open his more mi-
 " serable Complaint.

" O most upright *Jupiter*! to whom I address as
 " Judge, not as Revenger, behold now in your
 " Presence the weakest and most miserable of all
 " Creatures; I come not here so much for Revenge
 " for the Injuries I daily suffer, as for some Re-
 " dress. Can your Integrity, O immortal *Jupiter*!
 " allow the Injustice of *Fortune* towards me? If
 " she is blind, it is only to me; to me she is a
 " cruel

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"cruel Stepmother, a perfect Fury. Nature has
 "made me as I am, the most stupid of all Animals;
 "Why then must this Barbarian make me the most
 "miserable? Is not this trampling all Justice under
 "Foot? In me she persecutes Innocence, and in
 "others favours Iniquity. The proud Lion tri-
 "umphs, the cruel Tyger lives, the subtle Fox
 "cheats with Impunity, the Wolf devours the
 "Flocks of others; yet I, who do no Injuries to
 "any, must suffer them from all. As I am pa-
 "tient, I am over-labour'd, and so loaded, that I
 "sink under the Weight. Caresses I never receiv'd,
 "but am corrected even to the End of my Ears,
 "and that as long as my Journey lasts. As to my
 "Diet, even Thistles, the Refuse of all Beasts,
 "are grudged me; I never eat a fourth Part of
 "a Belly full, and if I stop upon a Road but a
 "Minute, I find immediately a Shower of Blows
 "fall upon my Back; besides, I am neglected, and
 "so ill accouter'd, that what with my Ugliness, I
 "am not fit to appear before Persons of Condition,
 "so that I am reduc'd to serve Peasants and Clowns,
 "who use me as they please, and this touches me
 "me more sensible than all the rest.

This Harangue made Impression upon the Audi-
 tors, but *Jupiter*, who is always the same, was no-
 thing mov'd; with a grave and magisterial Air he
 made a Sign, by which he signified his Will, that
 Fortune should have Notice to appear, in order to
 be heard in her Turn, immediately several Persons
 of different Conditions, Men of Business, Scho-
 lars, &c. went in Quest of Fortune, but without
 thinking to inform themselves where she was most
 likely to be found; they searched a thousand diffe-
 rent Places, but found her not; they enquired of a
 Multitude where she lived, but met with no Person
 who could shew them. They ran as fast as they
 could to the lofty Palace of powerful *Credit*; there
 the Confusion was so great, and every one so pos-
 sess'd with his own Business, that so far from an-
 swering

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swering them, scarce any Body saw them. From thence they posted to the Palace of *Riches*, but *Cave*, who stood at the Threshold, told them, in a very melancholy Tone, that Fortune, indeed, had often made short Visits there, but that she always brought with her *Thorns*. Upon this Intelligence our Couriers, without making any Reply, pass'd on, and made the best of their Way to the House of *Wisdom*, there they met with what they did not look for; for *Poverty* was the first Thing which presented her self to their Eyes, who said to them, *Fortune is not here; we await for her, it is true, but not with Impatience.*

In fine, after many fruitless Enquiries, our Travellers, at length, discovered at a Distance, a most glittering and sumptuous Edifice, which look'd like the Work of Fairies; they hasten'd towards it, and when they came near this enchanted Place, they perceived all Entrances to it were shut up. This extream Caution perswaded them they were at the End of their Enquiry; they called out, making Use of the Name of *Jupiter*, whose Deputies they said they were: Then Fortune came forth from a private Corner, whither she sometimes withdrew from the Importunity of Mortals; our Deputies, whom she received with a smiling Countenance, declared their Commission, and then withdrew.

In a Moment *Fortune* convey'd her self to the Throne of *Jupiter*; the Press was very great to see her, but much greater to be seen by her: In the mean Time *Jupiter* spoke to her in the following Terms.

What is the Meaning, *Fortune*, that we are every Day troubled with Complaints of your Conduct? I know it is not easy to content one Man, harder to content many, and next to impossible to content all. I know also, that some, weary of being at their Ease, murmur for some Trifle which they want, while ungrateful to you, they enjoy every Thing else in Abundance. It is strange that Men should see all the Good in other Peoples Conditions, without

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out any of the Evil ; and, on the contrary, all the Evil in their own, without any Mixture of the Good. When Men cast their Eyes upon a crown'd Head, they are dazzled with the Lustre of a Diadem, yet those who wear it are charged with a heavy Burthen. This is the Reason I have given so little Ear to the Complaints of Men always dissatisfied with their Condition, whatever it be.

But the present Complainant again st you, *Fortune*, lays before us a Grievance of a particular Nature, he pretends his Misfortune is without Example, and that you are the Cause. — Let's hear what have you to say in your own Defence.

At first, *Fortune* was tempted to laugh at *Jupiter's* Manner of summing up the Accusation against her, but recollecting where she was, she composed her self, and with a serious Air, said ' Most Sovereign '*Jupiter*, I shall make use of no more than three ' Words to justify my self in what's alledged against ' me, if you will vouchsafe to hear them ; my Ad- ' versary, now present before your Majesty, com- ' plains of his being an Ass ; and whose Fault is that ?

The whole Audience was pleased with this Answer, *Jupiter* subscribed to it, and added a Repri- mand for the Instruction of so silly a Complaint : Poor Creature, you would not have been miserable if you had had any Conduct ; go, and for the future, imitate the Vigilance of the *Lion*, the Cunning of the *Fox*, the Prudence of the *Elephant*, the Precau- tion of the *Wolf* ; and for the future, apply your self to the Means conducing to the End you desire, and you will attain it : Then raising his Voice, let all Men once in their Lives be undeceived in what relates to Happiness or Misfortune, and let them know the Spring of one, is, Wisdom, and of the other, Folly.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

Cunctando restituit Rem.

I HAVE heard a Story of a Prince, who having a Book of Criticism presented to him, observed that the Author had, with great Care, mark'd out and quoted all the Errors, but never touch'd upon any of the Beauties of those Writers upon whom he made Remarks. The Prince, who was a Man of Wit and Penetration, appointed this Author a Day to come and receive his Reward; in the mean Time he commanded that a great Quantity of Corn should be finely winnow'd, and that the Chaff should be separated from what was good. When the Author came, big with the Expectation of a noble Present, the Prince ordered the Chaff to be brought out and presented to him, saying, you presented me with nothing but Chaff, and I give you your Reward in Kind.

Having the Fate of this Author before my Eyes, whenever I take any Hints or Maxims from Books, I endeavour to sift out all the finest Flower of my Authors, in order to present my Readers, leaving all the Chaff behind; I have imitated this Conduct for the Paper of to Day, yet, what I present has all the Charms of Novelty, since it never appear'd in *English* before.

The Subject is such as should naturally follow our last; it is a Thought upon that Quality of the Mind which is most opposite to Giddiness and Precipitation; and as it is every Man's Concern to be possess'd with this true Notion, *That Success in humane Affairs depends upon good Conduct*; and as good Conduct must proceed from Deliberation, I shall present my Readers with a Thought upon this Subject, in the following beautiful Allegory.

Upon DELIBERATION; or, that a Man
should know how to wait.

UPON a Chariot built in the Form of a Throne, made of Tortoise-Shell, and drawn by * *Remora's*, sat *Deliberation*, travelling over the vast Plains of Time to the Palace of Occasion: She advanced with a slow and majestick Pace, without making Haste, or going out of her Way, either on one Side or other: She was supported by two Pillows, given to her by *Night*, those mute Oracles from whence the best Counsels proceed: Her Air was venerable, to which every Day seem'd to add some new Charms, and her Countenance open and serene, notwithstanding her Distresses: Her Eyes were modest, and her Looks guided by *Diffimulation*: Her Nose was Aquiline, a Sign of Wisdom and Penetration: Her Mouth very small, and her Lips closed, lest a Word should escape her: Her Breast was large, that it might contain a thousand Secrets, and bring them to Maturity: Her Stomach was of an incredible Strength, able to devour and digest all Things: Her Heart was a kind of Ocean, where furious Tempest rose, a Sea expos'd to Hurricanes of Passions; but *Deliberation*, always Mistress of her self, was but little mov'd by them: Her Reason, being above all these Passions, prescribed Rules to them, which they could not transgress.

Her Garb was not magnificent, yet it was neat, being the Work of *Propriety*: Her Livery was green, like that of *Hope*; instead of a Crown, a Branch of Mulberry; the Symbol of Foresight, mark'd her Forehead with these Words, *he that knows how to dissemble, knows how to reign*.

* The Name of a Fish, which the Writers of Voyages tell us, can stop a Ship when under Sail.

Prudence

Prudence led up the grave Followers of *Deliberation*; this Troop was made up altogether of Men, scarce a Woman was ever seen amongst them. They marched with a great Deal of Steadiness, like Travellers and Persons in Years. The *Italians* possess'd the first Post, not so much for having commanded the World, as for having known how to command it; there were next to them a great many *Spaniards*, but scarce any *French*, a very few *Germans*, and some *Poles*. In the midst of these different Nations was observ'd a great Vacancy, which, it is said, was formerly possess'd by the *English*, but of late Years, it is observed, that none of that Nation have been seen among the Followers of *Deliberation*. The politic *Chinese* made a Grove of Figures remarkable for the Singularity of their Habits and Persons.

Nearer to the Chariot of *Deliberation* were to be seen the *Chosen* of all the great Men; as she had signalized them by crowning their Actions with Success, she still shew'd them her Esteem, by placing them next her Person. There, amongst others, was to be seen *Fabius Maximus*, who, by prudent Delays, stopp'd the Thunder of *Carthage*, and recover'd the Honour of the *Roman Commonwealth*. After him might be seen the *Fabius* of every Nation. There also might be seen all those Philosophers and Sages, who, by Patience and consummate Experience had made themselves the Masters and Models of others.

Time regulated the March of *Deliberation* and her Allies; *Season* closed the Rear-guard, which was escorted by *Intelligence*, *Counsel* and *Maturity*.

It was now late, when a furious Phalanx of the Enemy came suddenly down alarm'd out quiet Travellers. These Enemies of *Deliberation* were *Haste* and *Rashness*, and a thousand other of the same Kind, all begot by *Imprudence*. *Deliberation* was sensible of the Greatness of her present Danger, for she makes use of no offensive Weapons: Her Militia,

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who are forbid to practice Violence or Assault, are not allow'd such Arms. However, she ordered her Retinue to halt, and commanded *Disimulation* to go out and amuse the Enemy, while they should consider what was best to be done. The Consultation was long, after the Manner of the *Spaniards*, however, it ended with Success.

The sage *Bias*, the Man who was so much Master of himself, and so faithful a Servant of *Deliberation*, advised her to imitate *Jupiter*, who, long since, would have had no Thunder, if he had not known how to temporize. *Lewis* the Eleventh, of *France*, gave the same Advice he left his Successor, in order to govern well; *Let us dissemble*, said he, *I know no better Way to abate the Ardor of our Enemies, and break their Measures.* Don *John* the Second, King of *Arragon*, said, that it was observ'd the *Spanish* Slowness had always succeeded better than the *French* Vivacity. The great *Augustus* kept to his own two Words, *Festina lente.* The Duke of *Alva* only repeated his Thought upon the *Lisbon* Expedition. King *Ferdinand*, the Catholick, enlarg'd a little more, for being an expert Politician, he knew how to deliberate, and *Deliberation* her self is also perfectly vers'd in Politicks; *Let us be Masters of our selves*, says he, *and we shall soon be so of others.* Delay ripens Designs, and produces Success; on the other Side, Haste and Eagerness turns Things upside down. A Vivacity which does not proceed from Consideration is never sure. Things may slip from us as quick as we seiz'd them; and it often happens, that the Noise of a Disappointment is the first Advice we have of an Enterprize fail'd through too much Precipitation. To know how to wait, is the Property of great Men, and the last Effort of our Passions. Common Souls never arrive to the Proof of ore Secret, that is, the Violence which a Man must do himself, never to let a Thing break out till its proper Time.

Charles

Charles the Fifth was appointed to finish the Consultation, he told *Deliberation*, that if she had a Mind to conquer, she had nothing to do, but to fight, as he had formerly done by her Instructions; that is, that she must fence with the Crutch of Time, more sure and effectual than the mussy Club of *Hercules*. *Deliberation* summ'd up the Opinions of all her Council, which she follow'd so punctually, that she got the better of her Enemies, whom *Time* and *Patience* had by this Time put to Flight.

Judgment, who was President of the Council, went some Time after and related the whole Affair to *Delusion*, who was not present, this last resolved to be disabused, and profit by so good an Example.

LETTER XIV.

*Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.*—— Hor.

I HAVE taken Notice already, that the greatest Part of Men in Afflictions are apt to lay the Distresses which their own Misconduct has brought upon them, to the Charge of Fortune; and when I reflect on the Number of Persons, whom in the Space of seven Years, I knew in good Credit, and are since become Bankrupts, I think it incumbent upon me to endeavour to dispossess Men of those mistaken Notions which have contributed to the Miseries of others, *Fœlix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cautum.*

Nothing has contributed so much to Fraud and Idleness as the Trading in the publick Funds, which we call *Stockjobbing*, where little cunning Knaves have rais'd great Estates from nothing,

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upon the Ruin of Thousands unwary Men. The Nature of this Traffick is such, that one Man cannot get an Estate, but another must lose it; the whole Fraternity I take to be divided into two Classes, *viz. Sharpers*, and *Bubbles*, and he that doth not belong to one of these, must belong to the other; however, the Success of some of the former has decoy'd many unwary well-meaning Men into a Notion of getting an Estate at once, to the Neglect of some other Business, which with Oeconomy, had even a Certainty annexed to it.

But to pass over the Business of *Stockjobbing*, I shall make one more Remark upon *Fortune*, and then I shall take my Leave of her for some Time, it is, that, whoever commits the whole Conduct of his Affairs to her, will be ruin'd at last. It is a Maxim amongst experienced Gamesters, that there is no such Thing as *Fortune*, but that the Person who plays the Game with the greatest Skill will certainly prevail at length; but if for Argument Sake we should allow her a Being, it is certain, that the Man who makes it his Business to go in Search of her, scarce ever found her out: though, such are her Humours, she sometimes comes as it were by Chance, where she was not expected; whereas *Industry*, of a contrary Temper, never yet concealed her self from the Man who went in Quest of her, but she is too beautiful to come of her self; it is certain, she must be woo'd before she grants her Favours, but then she's too modest to refuse.

There are two Things essential in the Management of all Affairs, which are, Thought, and Action; a Man should be slow in deliberating, but when he has form'd a prudent Plan for the Conduct of his Affairs, he should be quick and vigilant in the Action; as Men have different Bents from Nature, I should judge, that Partnerships in Trade should be often successful, provided the Dispositions were well paired. If a Person of a slow, sedate Temper, who delighted in Order and Method in his

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his Business, were join'd to a Person of Vivacity fit to put his Designs in Execution, it would be the Life and Soul of Business, and could not fail of Success.

Bramo is a Man of good Sense, he can give you an Account of the Produce and Manufactures of all Countries, and understands their several Interests and Advantages in Respect of Trade; yet all this comes to nothing, he thinks well to no Manner of Purpose, he is eternally upon some Project for the Advancement of Trade; nay, all his Projects are clear and rational, yet when he has brought a well concerted Design to Maturity, he lets it drop, and begins something else; so he runs from Project to Project, his Imagination is ever busy, yet he does nothing; the Truth only is, there is a certain Indolence in his Temper, which is an Enemy to Action; he can only think, he cannot prevail upon himself to execute.

Levis is the very Reverse of *Bramo*, in Temper and Understanding, he was bred to a Trade, and seems very diligent, for he is ever in a Hurry; if you meet him in the Street, he tells you he is so busy he can't stay to speak to you; when you come to talk to him upon this Business he can't tell you what it is, he puzzles and perplexes himself for want of Thought and Method; if he has many Affairs to transact, he's for doing them all at once; he begins one Business, and before 'tis finish'd, enters upon another, and then flies to a third; what is the End of this Precipitation? After he has seiz'd others, and wearied himself a whole Day, 'tis found at Night he has done nothing.

Yet *Levis* values himself upon his active Genius, and says, That Business is not to be done by sitting still; whereas his Vivacity is as much to the Purpose, as was that of the running Footman, who being commanded by his Lord to dress himself in his running Habit, because (says my Lord) you must go twenty Mile off to such a Lord's House, the Fellow did

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so, and hurried away to the Place, but never thought of asking his Lord for his Errand.

Thus the Vivacity of *Levis* is a natural Giddiness, which wants to be check'd by the Advice or Authority of one of better Judgment: *Bromeo* despises *Levis* for his Precipitation and unthinking Manner. *Levis* indeed allows *Bromeo* to be a Man of Sense, because he would not differ from the Opinion of the World, but at the same Time observes, he is not fit for Business; yet, were these two join'd in Partnership, I conceive they might be of excellent Use to one another, provided *Levis* would submit to the Directions of *Bromeo*; the indefatigable Activity of the first, were it put in Motion by the discreet Advice of the last, must produce very good Effects.

If *Levis*, like the Man in the Fable, were appointed to pull off the Horse's Tail, he would hastily grasp it all in his Hand, and pull, with all his Force, so tire and fatigue himself, but never effect the Work; but *Bromeo*, tho' too indolent to set his own Hand to the Work, would instruct him, that by pulling two or three Hairs at a Time, he would soon get the better of it.

It is a Saying of the common People, *That Foresight is better than Work*; but, I believe it will be found, that Foresight and Work must both combine, in order to produce Success in Business; there is scarce any Man so poor in Talents but has a Capacity sufficient to gain a Livelihood, by the Help of Industry, if those Talents are properly applied.

There were two Men who were born perfect and sound, but by the Miseries which humane Nature is subject to, both were cast into such deplorable Circumstances as not to be able to help themselves, one was struck blind, and the other lost his Legs; they were almost reduced to Despair, thinking themselves out of a Capacity of earning wherewithal to subsist Life; when *Industry*, awakened by the
Cries

Cries of their Necessities, suggested to them a Remedy to their Miseries. This Remedy was to give each other Assistance, and to live constantly in a mutual Dependence on one another. 'You that want Light, says *Industry* to the blind Man, lend your Legs to the Lame; and you that are Lame, says she to the other, 'lend your Eyes to the Blind. They listened attentively to what she said, and immediately became her Disciples. The blind Man carried the Lame upon his Back, and the Lame directed the Steps of the Blind; the lame Man called the Blind his *Atlas*, and the blind Man distinguished the other by the Name of his *Star*.

Thus, in the Affairs of Life must Foresight and Action be subservient to each other, one without the other will produce Nothing: What signified the blind Man's Legs, when he had no Eyes to conduct; and what would the other's Eyes without Legs to walk? But where they meet, scarce any Thing is impossible to them.

Thus, as in the Fable before us, *Industry* will instruct a Man to supply those Defects and Bars which he perceives in himself, by some external Aid.

The Failings which commonly ruin private Affairs, are not of the Nature of those in the Fable; they are such as Men indulge in themselves, and may be overcome by Resolution. Did *Bromeo* exert himself, he might get the better of that Indolence, or rather Laziness; and did *Levis* once put his Affairs in a Method, he might trot on in a Road which he could not well miss.

Thought and Action are, as it were, the Fundamentals, or what must be laid down as the first Principals of *Industry*, yet there are many inferior Rules to be observed towards thriving in the World; these cannot be ranged under general Heads, because they vary according to the Circumstances of that Business a Man is engaged in,

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and must depend upon Time and Occasion; we shall treat of them upon another Occasion, not doubting but what we shall offer may deserve a general Attention, since it more or less concerns all. It is, in fine, the whole Art of growing rich, a Condition which is attended with many singular Advantages; and I am the more earnest to expatiate upon this Subject, having some Hopes, that while I am endeavouring to instruct others, I may grow wiser my self.

In the mean time, if any Man can improve upon the Hints I have given, I shall, for the Good of my Countrymen, and the Advancement of Trade, be very willing to communicate his Thoughts to the Publick; so I shall end with the Motto fix'd at the Head of this Paper, as it has been pleasantly translated by a facetious Wit of the present Age.

*If any Man can better Rules impart,
Why, let him do it, with all my Heart.*

L E T T E R X V.

IT is observed, that those Comedies are always most taking, where the Characters are not merely of the Poet's Invention, but are drawn from his Observations on human Nature; and nothing is more pleasing than to see such Humours and Follies well represented upon the Stage, which before we have taken Notice of in the World.

For this Reason I make it my Business to study Men, as well as Books, not doubting, but I may collect Materials for the Entertainment of my Readers from a Night's Conversation, as well as by poring a Week upon an Author.

A Contrast or an Opposition of Characters is what shews Men best; two Men of different Humours

mours and Turns of Mind, are like Light and Shade in Painting, and set one another off in full Perfection. Not long since, I accidentally fell into a Company, where I was so well diverted, that I could not forbear committing the Conversation to in Writing, Hopes it may give the same Amusement to my Readers.

It is an old Remark, that the Discourse amongst *Englishmen*, generally begins upon the Weather, so it happen'd in the Company of which I am speaking, but even in this, Men differ in their Opinions; for while some were praising the Beauties of the Season, a Country Gentleman, with a florid Countenance, whose frank and hospitable Humour appear'd in his Looks, objected, that thro' the extream Dryness of the Season, the Scent would not lie, so that there was no Sporting worth a Farthing: A Yeoman of *Kent*, who was also of the Company, shook his Head, and said, *It was a very bad Season, for they wanted Rain in the Country for their ploughing.*

Thus, without being able to settle the Weather to our common Liking, we pass'd to other Subjects, and what seem'd naturally to occur, was, concerning the new Distempers, which have so universally visited both Town and Country of late; viz. the Vomiting, Looseness and Gripes; one thought they might be occasioned by eating of Oysters, according to the Opinion which some Time since prevail'd; others attributed the Cause to the excessive devouring of Fruit, which has abounded in greater Plenty this Season than many Years past; the Yeoman was against this last Opinion, for he had sold fifty Maunds of *Kentish* Pippins that Morning, and had as many more to sell; therefore he maintain'd, that good Fruit never did any Harm, especially if People did but observe to take a Dram after it; and it could not proceed from eating of Oysters, for he had seen the contrary in Print.

A young

A young Physician, who was leaning with both Hands upon an Ivory headed Cane, and teaching his Shoulders to stoop to the Weight of a heavy Head, in Affectation of Wisdom and old Age, said, ' Upon my Word, Gentlemen, the late Distemper, which the Learned call a *Diarrhea*, was neither owing to the eating of Oysters nor Apples, but proceeded from the circumambient Air which was impregnated with saline Particles of a pestiferous Nature, exhaled by the Sun from sweaty Heads and putrified Mushrooms, which by the continued Dryness of the Season, being condens'd into a kind of *Sal Volatile*, penetrated the *Tunics* of the *Oesophagus* and *Intestines*, and caused those unnatural Stimulations.'

The Country Gentleman said, ' He did not understand *Hebrew*, but in plain *English*, that he differed from them all, and declared, it was his Opinion, that all this Vomiting, Looseness, &c. was occasioned by taking the Oaths.'

This excited a Laugh, and the Physician desired to know what Grounds he had for his Opinion; his Answer was, ' He observed, it began exactly at the Meeting of the Quarter Sessions, and you all know, added he, what a Pickle we've been in ever since.'

A grave looking Gentleman in a stiff Band and broad Hat, who sat over against him, looked steadfastly in his Face, and shaking his Head, cried out, ' Poor Soul! poor Soul! how thy weak Pastors misguide thee! would'st thou hearken to the Truth and Holiness of our Teachers, thou wouldst know that this Opinion was all Vanity, yea, that it was the Vanity of Vanities, and that it was the Foolishness of Folly to believe it.'

' Why, old *Testimony* (replies the Country Gentleman) ' what in thy most sanctified Opinion might be the Cause of it?' The Gentleman with the grave Looks answered, ' That all true Protestants

‘testants were satisfied, that it proceeded from the late horrid Conspiracy.’

This rais’d a second Laugh, and the Yeoman of Kent ask’d him, ‘If he was sure of it?’ He answered, ‘He would not say it for the World if it was not true, for he never told a Lye in his Life. Well (says the Country Gentleman) I never knew a Presbyterian without a Plot, they are as inseparable as the Flesh and the Spirit. I suppose, you found this out by the Light of some Revelation; I believe, thou art one of those Fellows that dream of strange Things when you are drunk, and when you are sober, run about to scuffle them out for Prophecies; we shall never be at rest whilst such canting Knaves are suffer’d to go unpunish’d; hearkee, Sirrah, I tell you one Secret, *If there were no Presbyterians, there would be no Plots.*’

‘Friend, I value not thy Slanders, reply’d the other, ‘thou dost revile me because I am a Protestant.’ You a Protestant! answered the Squire. ‘A canting Fanatick, pretend to be a Protestant! If you call your self a Protestant before me, I’ll break your Head.’

‘Friend, I perceive, thou art a Jacobite; nay, I suspect, thou art a Papist; hast thou taken the Oaths to the Government?’ The other answered with Passion, ‘That, by G——, he never took an Oath in his Life, and never wou’d.’

Finding the Country Gentleman grew hot, we thought it best to divert the Subject, lest he should be provoked to strike the other, who would be glad of an Opportunity of plaguing him with a vexatious Law-Suit; therefore I ask’d him, What he thought of a Project of a certain Gentleman, who had form’d a Scheme for raising Money by laying a Tax upon Oaths, that this would be a great Ease to the Subject; for, if his Notion concerning the Occasion of our late Distemper was true, it would prevent *Vomiting* and *Profaneness*; and
not

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not only so, but take off from the People the Charge of maintaining the Army; for if this Project should take Effect, the Army would, in a great Measure, be obliged to maintain it self; for a Captain, in a quarter of an Hour, would swear off a Month's Pay, and the Subalterns and common Soldiers a great Deal more. He rapp'd out an Oath, and said, it was an excellent Design, for he observed, the Country swarm'd with Officers and Soldiers, and he did not know what they were good for, except for destroying the Game.

The old Fellow lifted up his Eyes at hearing the Gentleman swear, cried out, *Profane! Profane!* and muttered many short Sentences concerning Anti-Christ, and the Whore of *Babylon*.— While he was in the midst of his *Soliloqui*, the Country Gentleman spoke softly, and ask'd me, if this was not L—— the Evidence, to which I answered in the Negative, and told him, he need not be afraid, 'Nay, as to that Matter, answered he, I never in my Life was afraid of any Thing a *Whig* could do, 'except his swearing me into a Plot.'

He had no sooner said that Word, but we heard the Flourish of a Fiddle at the Door of the Room in which we sat; having open'd it, a poor Girl led in an old blind Man, who ask'd us if we wou'd be entertained with Musick; the old Gentleman, without giving us Time to answer, immediately began to examine what Parish the poor Man belong'd to, and whether he did not receive Alms from the said Parish? to which Questions he gave him satisfactory Answers, and assured him, he never receiv'd Alms from any Parish in his Life, but that he gain'd his Bread by his Fiddle. The other call'd him Vagabond and idle Fellow, and was for sending for a Constable to take him before a certain Justice of Peace, whom he call'd an upright Magistrate, the same that was the Terror of Butchers and Poulterers, who presum'd to sell such Things of

a Sun-

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a Sunday Morning as would net keep till *Munday*; and he was for having the poor Fellow sent to *Bridewel*, for being blind, for that was all he could lay to his Charge; but having diverted his Zeal against this Piece of Severity, we represented the poor Man to him as an Object of Charity; then indeed he preached a Sermon to him against *Musick* and *Papery*, but would not give him a Farthing.

The poor Fellow finding nothing coming, turn'd towards us, and ask'd if we would have a Tune, the Squire answered, he liked no Musick but the Cry of a good Pack of Hounds on a frosty Morning; however, as he was a poor Man, he gave him a Shilling towards his Daughter's Portion, as he call'd it, and bid him go mind his Business.

Then looking at his Watch, he call'd to pay, for it was near the Hour, at which a Club he belong'd to, usually met, he ask'd me to go along with him, assuring me they were all honest Gentlemen, and that no *Presbyterian* was ever admitted amongst them, except once, when a Merchant of the City a Member of the Club, brought in two *Jews*, for which he would have been expelled, if he had not begg'd Pardon of the whole Company.



LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Mr. MIST,

THE learned Men of other Nations, as well as of our own, have observed, that *England* has produced Writers excellent in all Parts of Learning, except History. We have abounded in fine Poets, admirable Mathematicians, and profound Philosophers; we have had a *Dryden*, a *Locke*, and a *Newton*; but we cannot boast of a *Livy*, or a *Tacitus*.

If we should enquire into the Reason why we have had such Plenty of Writers in all other Branches of Learning, and been so barren in good Historians; perhaps we shall find it to proceed from the following Cause; that our great Men, who have been engaged in publick Business, and who, if they are Men of Learning, must be best qualified for Works of this Nature, have not had a Sufficiency of publick Spirit to take a little Pains for the Instruction of Posterity. I conceive, that it is to the Disgrace and Exile of the Earl of *Clarendon*, that we owe his History of the civil Wars; and to the long Imprisonment of Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, that we are indebted for his History of the World.

The Person best qualified for this Sort of Writing, is not the Man of Study, who is very learned in Books; he who has pass'd his Life in the Cloister, or in an obscure Retirement, can be but ill qualified to represent such busy Scenes of Action which he has never seen, and cannot understand; nor will he be able to make just Reflections upon Actions and Events, the Nature of which he is a Stranger to. Wherefore, when I read our History of *England*, I mean the last which

has

has been published, by *Echard*, I judge the Author to have been a laborious Collector, but a very ill Judge of that Sort of Writing. As he drew his Matter from other Writers, we might expect something more perfect in his History, than those of his Predecessors; but he has discovered little Skill or Art in his Choice of Facts and Circumstances, and often dwells upon Things which no Way instruct the Reader, or illustrate the Work.

The Man who has pass'd his Life in the busy World, and thereby acquired a Knowledge in Men and Things, with a competent Share of Learning, is certainly most equal to this Sort of Work. It is he that examines into the secret Springs which give Movement to the most remarkable Actions. 'Tis he, who being an Observer of the Passions of Men, can sift into and unravel their Characters. It is he who takes the Mask off from the Face of the Mock-Patriot, and lets you see, that all his Actions are influenced by Ambition and Avarice. These are the Excellencies of the Earl of *Clarendon's* History, and which makes it more perfect than that of any of his Countrymen.

I have somewhere read, that there was a Law amongst the *Romans* which forbid any Man, under the Degree of a *Roman* Knight, to write History. Thus it was the Care of the State, that Actions should be carried down to Posterity with all possible Advantage; for they looked upon it, that a Man of that Rank might himself look into the Actions he related, and be acquainted with the Men whose Lives and Characters he drew; which must give him a Power of making better Reflections than one who related Facts from the Report of common Fame, or borrow'd them from the Writings of others.

The Man who would acquire Fame, says *Gracian*, must first perform honourable Actions, and then secure a good Historian; the first will make him deserve

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deserve Fame, but it is the last that must give it. By a good Historian, he means a Man whose Veracity and Judgment will not only gain Credit with the Age in which he lives, but also with Posterity: Such a one alone can make him immortal; for a Flatterer will never be able to preserve the Memory of his Patriot. The Archbishop of *Cambray*, in his Dialogues of the Dead, introduces *Leavis* the Eleventh of France, discoursing with *Philip de Comines*; and, in a great Passion reprimanding him, because that in his History he had not allowed him a better Character. The Historian desired to know if his Majesty could charge him with any Thing that was untrue? The King makes no Answer to this Question, but is still provoked at the Badness of his Character. *Philip*, in his own Defence, tells the King, that he did not leave one good Action of his Life unrecorded, and had he concealed the bad, his History would have pass'd for a fullsome Piece of Flattery, and Men would not have believed the Good of him, which was really true.

When I read this judicious Remark, which that learned Bishop has put into the Mouth of that grave Historian, I cannot forbear reflecting, with Scorn and Indignation, on some weekly Historians, whom I shall not honour so far as to name, Persons, who are writing the Lives and Characters of Men while they are alive. The Town is cloyed two or three Times a Week, with some of the most nauseous Flattery that Sycophants can stoop to. Here you find Men prais'd for Vertues that were never heard of, complimented for Actions they never perform'd, and cleared of Imputations which were never laid to their Charge. It is true, the Persons are not named, but you receive Hints, to let you know they are Men in Power.

But lest the World should be any longer puzzled to find out who they mean, without any Key, I will assure them, they mean no Man whatsoever: All this Fawning is made to the Employment,

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ment, not the Man; and were the common Executioner in the same Place, he would have the same dirty Incense offer'd him.

These are Persons who will turn Authors in Spight of common Sense, only because they hold some inferior Employment; it seems, it is their Way of making their Court, and they pay a slavish Adoration to others in Employments over them, for the same Reason which induces the poor *Indians* to worship the Devil, out of Fear.

Such Writers as these cannot bestow a good Name, for the World will not receive it from them; this their Dawbing is so coarse and unelegant, that the Beauties of a great Man's Characters are thrown into a disadvantageous Light by it, so that it would be a Misfortune to be praised by them, were it not that they are so little read.

As Flattery disguises Truth, Malice and Hatred will do the same Thing; a Man who had been disappointed of a promis'd Employment which he had long waited for, and turn'd out of one he possess'd, is not qualified to write the Life of the Great Men who had used him so.

I have read an old Poem, which was published soon after the Death of Queen *Elizabeth*, called, *Leicester's Ghost*, which contains the whole Life of that Favourite. The Author sets himself a Rule which may serve for the Instruction of all Writers of Lives, wherefore I shall quote it.

*I am not like to those incens'd with Hate,
And I as plainly write, so do I strive
To write the Truth, not wronging his Estate,
Of whom it may be said, and censur'd well,
He both in Vice, and Vertue did excel.*

It is necessary, that Partiality and Prejudice should both be dead, before the Life of a great Man should be writ, which, perhaps, will not be till a considerable Time after he has made his

Exit

Exit from the Stage of Life. If in a few Years, another *Clarendon* should write a History of the late and present Times, I have been considering in what Manner he will speak of the late Earl Cowper.

He will not pretend to say, that his Life was without Error, for that would not raise, but destroy his Character; he will first describe the Virtues and Failings of his private Life, for he must not omit a Quality or Circumstance which may give us a Light into the Nature of the Man; he will observe the Politeness of his Conversation in private Companies, which discovered it self in his Looks, his Voice, and a certain familiar Complacency towards all; he will take Notice that it was free from that litigious and contradicting Turn, which often spoils the Conversation of those who have pass'd their Time in the Study of the Law; he will tell us, that her Majesty, *Queen Anne*, of blessed Memory, who had her self the most exquisite Taste of good Breeding, took a singular Pleasure in the Conversation of this noble Peer, that his good Manners had something more engaging, than could be found in others, (the Creatures of a Court) who had studied nothing else their whole Lives; as his was attended by a fine Wit, and excellent Judgment, whereas their's often runs into Trifling and Impertinence.

When he comes to speak of him in a publick Capacity, he will observe, that his profound Knowledge in the Laws of his Country, drew the Eyes of the World upon him at his first Appearance at the Bar; that he possess'd, in the highest Pitch, all the Qualifications of an Orator; that he delivered the finest Things, in so engaging a Manner, that they received a double Beauty from the Grace of his Delivery and Action; that he was Master of the Passions of his Auditory, and could convince Men they were in the Wrong, tho', by the Corruption of the Times, he could not persuade them

them to mend; that he did not by slow Degrees arrive at high Honour, because he was at first looked upon to be equal to the greatest which the Robe could possess; that at his first acting in that high Station, tho' he did not join in Actions, which in his Judgment, he must conceive not to be for the publick Good, yet he did not sufficiently oppose them; that at length he began to have the Good of his Country more and more at Heart, and that every Year which was added to the Life of my Lord Cowper, made him a better Man; that at last, when he could not dissuade Men from such Things as it was impossible for him to approve, he was resolved to oppose them.

Something like this, and perhaps a great Deal more, I imagine, an impartial Historian will deliver of this noble Lord, but when he comes to speak of the latter End of his Life, he will describe a Scene of true Honour; here he will have Room to draw the Character of the Patriot; I say, when he has summed up all the honourable Actions of his last five Years, no Doubt, he will conclude with some Remark like this, *That my Lord Cowper could never have died in a better Time for his Honour, nor in a worse for his Country, for he never wanted him more.*



LETTER XVII.

THERE is a certain Superiority join'd to the Words and Actions of some Men, and seems to accompany them in all they say and do. This Superiority is of great Use to those who apply themselves to publick Business, and they often make themselves considerable by it; in Senates, and at the Bar, 'tis what gives Authority to all they deliver: But it is necessary, before we go any farther, that we should inquire what this Superiority is, and why it is so often attempted, and yet so rarely seen.

It must be observ'd, that human Nature is not like that happy *Pandora*, which the Poet *Hesiod* feign'd; *Pallas* does not always endue it with Wisdom, *Mercury* with Eloquence, *Mars* with Valour, and *Jupiter* with that noble Superiority which we so much admire in the Few who possess it: Yet, by Reflection and Application, much may be done, and we may bring those Talents to Light, of which we had no more than the Principles or Seeds within us, and by these Means some Men arrive at a certain Dignity and Ascent (as it were) to overlook others.

I say, Nature must do something towards it; after this, the Authority which a Man gains by his own Merit, and a certain Assurance which may be acquir'd by Habit, will go a great Way towards doing the rest.

The most part of Men, at their first Appearance upon the Theatre of publick Business, give into one or other of the two Extrems; these Extrems are Fear or Timorousness on the one Side, and Confidence and Presumption on the other.

Some

Some Men are so distrustful of their own natural Parts, so intimidated and Brow-beaten by the Ill-nature and Arrogance of others, that they begin to think themselves incapable of saying or doing any Thing which may deserve the Attention of an Assembly: An ingenious Man of this Kind is like a Miser, who, being in Possession of a great Treasure, has not the Heart to use it, only with this Difference in the Comparison, that the Miser knows himself rich, but the ingenious Man believes he possesses nothing. If such a One is to undertake Business, he sees a thousand Rubs and Obstacles in his Way: If he is to harangue, the lively Idea he has of his own Insufficiency makes him tremble, and keeps him in continual Perplexity: He is irresolute what he should say, or what he should do. In fine, he gives up his Opinion to others, and often suffers himself to be govern'd by Men of less Sense than himself.

This is commonly the Failing of the most ingenious Spirits; and where it is not corrected in Time, it disguises the brightest Qualities of the Soul. I say, this Diffidence of a Man's self, produces such a Disorder, that he who is possessed with it, when he is about to harangue, either in the Senate, or at the Bar, frequently finds all the Functions of his Soul, as it were, suspended; his Conception is shut up; his Tongue trembles; his Presence of Mind forsakes him; his Memory is disturbed, and his very Judgment lost; though, upon other Occasions, he were a Torrent of Eloquence.

Nay, it sometimes shews it self in private Conversations, and there it leaves behind it a very disadvantageous Idea of the Person in whom it appears; for a constrained Air seems to bespeak a low Education, and a bashful timorous Way of speaking is commonly look'd upon not to proceed from good Sense.

On the other Side, there are Men so Self sufficient, that nothing can embarrass them, or put them out of Countenance. They are charm'd with their own Wit; their own Manners; their own Language; their own Conduct, and their own Projects. These are your true *Narcissus's*, eaten up with Self-Love; or we may compare them to foolish Parents, who are the sinder of their Children in Proportion to their Ugliness. There is nothing but what they think themselves capable of, and they take Care, by their Behaviour, to let you know they think so. If one of these presents himself to speak in Publick, he begins with an Air of Confidence and Triumph; if he blunders, he goes on without hesitating; if he gives Offence by the Impertinence of his Argument, and his Hearers, by their Looks, endeavour to let him know it, he still proceeds; and when he leaves off, it is with an Air of Success, for he does not know what it is to be dissatisfied with himself.

There are many of these Orators, of late Years, sprang up among us, and we see them listened to, with Attention, which is owing to the Vice of Party. The most absurd Thing, when it is spoken in Favour of that Side which bears the Majority in the Assembly, meets with Approbation; and the Persons who deliver it become Favourites; nay, some of these have done their own Business very well, that is, they have got Preferment by such Qualities as are shocking to good Sense, for they have owed it to their Assurance; that is, their want of Shame.

These are the Tools of a Party, who never convince, but bawl for their Stipends; and tho' they have no Sense of their own, they can put the Man who has, out of Countenance; and their Province is to bear down Persons of Understanding of the other Party, with Words and Noise.

'Tis certain, that even Riches give a Man Assurance, and add a Boldness to the Spirit; and such is the slavish Disposition of the Times, that Men can find out some Colour of Reason in the worst Arguments, when they come from a rich Man. Thus the ridiculous Sentiments of the Rich are applauded, while the Oracles of the Poor are not so much as heard.

But there is a Medium betwixt these two Extreams, in which consists the Superiority of which we are speaking: First, a graceful Person, a good Mien, and just Action are great Advantages; they make the first Impressions, and prepossess an Assembly in Favour of a Man before he speaks; the two first are the Gifts of Nature, the last may be acquired. There should also appear an easy Freedom, a generous Firmness, free from Confidence on the one Side, and from Fear and Confusion on the other, which we may conceive a Man of Sense may bring himself to; and, methinks, those to whom the Education of Youth is committed, should fall into the Practice of the Jesuits Schools Abroad, which, we may assure them has nothing of Popery in it, since it is imitated by *Westminster* School at Home; I mean, the Custom of making the Youths act the Plays of *Plautus* and *Terence*, as well as modern Plays, in the Mother Tongue, and also to speak Orations in Publick; by these Means the natural Bashfulness, which is the Fault of ingenious Minds, is by Degrees worn off, and young Men of Parts come to the publick Service with all the Powers of Orators.

There is something even in the Gentleness of the Look and Tone, and the Rise and Cadence of the Voice, which greatly contribute towards insinuating a Man's Opinion into a Crowd, and drawing them over to his Party; an assured and domineering Look may affright, but will hardly ever persuade; a Man's Opinion is not at his own Command, much less can it be at the Command of

another; it may be drawn by Art but cannot be forced: Therefore, when a Man is really Master of his Subject, he should not assume, upon that Score, an Air of Confidence and Command; for it is sufficient to prejudice Men against Reason, to have it imposed upon them.

A Man's Oratory should be suited to his Rank and Figure in the World; in a Pleader at the Bar, it should be strong, yet modest; in a Judge, or first Magistrate, it should be serious and grave; in an Ambassador, something haughty, yet smooth and civil at the same Time; in the General of an Army, bold and resolute; in a Sovereign, majestic, grave and easy.

It is certain we know this Superiority when we see it, tho' it is not so easily described; of late Years it has seldom appeared amongst us, because another Way has been found of touching the vile Passions of Men, in which Oratory has no Share; but, if I should be ask'd to give a more exact Definition of it, I should answer in a Word, *That it was the late Lord Cowper.*

LETTER XVIII.

THAT ingenious Spaniard Don Balthasar Gracian, being desired, by a Friend, to give him his Advice, in what Manner a wise Man should pass his Time, answer'd him in an Epistle to the following Purpose.

A wise Man divides his Time in such a Manner as if he had both a short and a long Time to live; for Life, let it be never so short, if it is not properly divided, is like a long and tiresome Journey, without a baiting Place. Nature, as if it were to instruct us, has furnished us an Example, in dividing the Year into four different Seasons; and this Variety

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Variety in the Universe sets before us the Diversity in the Stages of Man's Life. The Spring, which buds forth tender Flowers, is our Childhood, which gives us only the Promise of what we may come to hereafter. Summer is our Youth, a tempestuary Time, when the Passions are thrown into violent Agitations, by the Heat of the Blood. Autumn, crowned with Fruits, is the Season of ripened Manhood, the Age of Wisdom, Experience, and good Counsel. In fine, decrepit Winter, which is our old Age, succeeds; then the Eye begins to lose its Lustre, the Teeth drop, the Hair grows grizzelled, the Blood freezes in the Veins; the whole Man trembles every Step he makes, and is ready to fall into the Earth, which gapes to receive him.

This Diversity of Ages and Seasons in the Order of Nature, the wise Man sets before him as a Pattern for the Order of a moral Life. The first Part of his reasonable Life, that is, his Youth (for I omit his Childhood, when he knows nothing,) he converses with the Dead; the second, that is, his Manhood, he entertains himself with the Living, and the last, with himself.

To explain this little *Enigma*, I must inform you, that the wise Man employs the Beginnings of his Days in Reading. This I don't call a Business, it is only an Amusement, fitting a Man for Business. The most noble Entertainment of the Mind is to instruct it self; and it is Knowledge which sets one Man above another. Books nourish and adorn the Mind; however it is necessary to chuse the best, in order to which, a Conversation with Men of Letters is of absolute Use.

After a Man has attained the Knowledge of the Latin and Greek, he should study the French, Italian and Spanish Tongues. This Science of Languages is necessary, in order to excel in other Sciences. It gives a Man a Power of examining and comparing what the great Genius's of all Nations have thought upon the same Subject.

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After this, he should enter upon History, with this Caution, that he should chuse such as will both divert and instruct the most : As to the Order, he should begin with the Antient, and end with the Modern. The most Part of Readers take the contrary Method, which I look upon to be reversing the Order of Things. We are not so much interested in the ancient, as we are in the modern History ; and should we defer the Ancient to the last, perhaps we should not go to it with so good a Gust. As to the rest, a Man should attach himself to the most exact, rather than the most florid Writers, whether sacred or prophane, whether foreign, or of his own Nation.

In fine, lest the Notions and Ideas of what a Man reads should lie confus'd in his Head, he should range Things in some Order or Method, to help his Memory ; he should mark down the Centuries, the Ages, the Extents of Empires, Kingdoms, and Republicks, their Progress, Revolutions, Changes, Rises, and Falls ; the Number, Order, and Characters of Kings ; and also their most remarkable Actions both in Peace and War. He that does this, will speak with a thorough Knowledge of his Subject, and not confound one Thing with another, as is common with those who learn Things by halves.

From hence a Man should pass into the delightful Gardens of Poetry, not so much to practice the Art, as to gather some of its Beauties. The reading the Poets is not only a great Pleasure, but of singular Profit to the Mind. A Man therefore should read all those who have excelled ; their Works abound with judicious Sentences, sublime Thoughts, noble Sentiments, eloquent Turns, and happy Expressions ; and, in fine, with all the Beauties which may serve to form and embellish the Wit. And tho' a Man may meet with both Profit and Delight in the reading all the Poets that are excellent, nevertheless, every Reader will have his particular Favourites amongst them. — *Horace and Martial* are such to me ; the
first

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first I look upon to be a standing Model of good Sense, a delicate Wit, and polite Taste; and the last for his happy Turns; and for seasoning a Thought with some strong Point of Wit, excels all other Poets, ancient or modern.

By these Means a Man lays in a Stock of polite Learning, which serve to illustrate, and set off the most profound Sciences.

After this, he should turn himself to *Philosophy*; and first, he should begin with the *Natural*. He should study the first Principles of Things, the Structure of the Universe, and that of humane Bodies. He should consider the Properties and Instinct of Beasts; the Vertues of Plants; the Qualities of Mines and Minerals. But above all, he should apply himself to moral Philosophy, which is, indeed, the true Food of the Soul, and perfects it in all the Vertues of Humanity. To this Purpose he should dip into the Axioms and Sentences of the wise Men. He should come acquainted with *Seneca*, *Plato*, *Epictetus*, and *Plutarch*; nor should he despise the sage and diverting *Æsop*.

Next he should study *Cosmography*; he should learn to measure the Land and Sea; to distinguish the four Quarters of the World, their Provinces, Empires, Kingdoms, and Republicks, their Situations and Climates. The Advantage a Man gains by this, is, that he should not appear like those ignorant Men who cannot so much as tell you the Latitude of the Country in which they were bred and born. He should acquire a Knowledge of the celestial Globes; know the Motions of the Heavens, which roll over our Heads; count the Stars and Planets, and observe their Influences and Effects.

He should close all these Studies with the Reading the Holy Scripture, the most profitable of all Books, nor is it less entertaining, if you consider the Sublimity of the Style, and the Variety of Matter it contains.

By these Steps it is a Man must merit the glorious Title of *Wise*; for moral Philosophy will make him honest, natural Philosophy learned, History knowing; Poetry will give him a Turn of Wit, Rhetorick make him eloquent, a Skill in Languages will add a Grace to all the rest; Cosmography will render him intelligent, and the Holy Scriptures will make him good, and all together will make him compleat, or the Man of universal Learning.

Thus far he converses with the Dead, now he must begin to converse with the Living, to which Purpose he is to travel; he must visit those Countries most famous for Arts, Sciences, Politicks, and Trade: The Desire of Travel is a happy Curiosity to him who has a Genius to improve it; by Travel a Man has an Opportunity of seeing all the Wonders of Art and Nature, of discovering with his own Eyes the Falshood of some Writers, and the Veracity of others.

If I were asked what Countries I would have him visit, I should name *Spain, France, Germany, Muscovy*; but, above all, *Italy*: Here he should make his longest Stay; here he will meet with many Remains of the Grandeur of the greatest People of the World; he will observe the Boldness and Skill of modern Architecture in their Churches and Palaces; he will meet with every Thing that's rare and wonderful in Gardens, Terrasses, Fruits, Pictures, Statues, and Libraries; he will have an Opportunity of looking into the Wisdom and Policy in the Government of its several Commonwealths; of observing the general good Sense of its Inhabitants; and, above all, the Politeness, and delicate Wit of its Men of Letters.

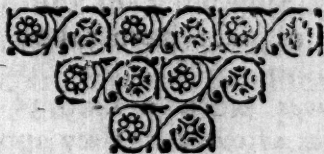
But there is another Article which the Traveller is not to neglect; that is, the visiting the Courts of great Princes, which are of easy Access to Persons of any Figure; here he will have an Opportunity of conversing with Men, the first in Arms and Politicks; as also with the most excellent in
Arts

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Arts and Sciences, which the Encouragement of a wise and generous Prince draws round a Court : But, especially, he should be very inquisitive into the Laws and Ordinances of the Countries he visits ; he should make Remarks upon their Errors and Excellencies, in order to improve those of his own ; for an honest Man in all he does should have an Eye to the Good of his Country.

And now we are come to the last Part of a Man's Life, when he is to converse with himself, when he is to consider and meditate on what he has seen and read ; he is now arrived at an Age, when the Senses being no longer hurried away by the Passions ; the Mind is at greater Liberty to think and judge without Prejudice ; now he examines, weighs, and looks into Things with a most penetrating Eye ; he distinguishes the True from the False, and the Solid from the Trifling ; all Objects affect him in a Manner quite different from what they did before ; he tries every Thing by the Touchstone of Reason ; and, this is the Man that's qualified to serve both his Country and his Friends.

Thus, my Friend, to undeceive one's self, and rectify one's own Notions and Ideas, is the Perfection of Wisdom and Philosophy : The chief Point of which I have not yet nam'd, which is, That *Man should often meditate on Death, in order once to die well.*



LETTER XIX.

O Imitatores, servum pecus. ——— Hor.

IT is now a considerable Time that we have left the Theatre to it self; nor have we, of late, given our Readers any Discourse, either upon the Actors, or the Drama: The Truth on it is, the Stage, for this Season, has crept on in so indolent a Way, that it has not ministered Occasion for any new Essay upon the entertaining Subject of Plays.

But as the Old House has lately attempted a Drama, after the Manner of the ancient *Pantomimes*, it falls naturally within our Province, as a Paper of Entertainment, to make some cursory Remarks upon it.

I must premise one Thing by Way of Digression, that I chuse to come out thus late with my Animadversions on Purpose, lest what I remark should prepossess any Persons in Prejudice of an Entertainment before they see it, that the Thing may have its full Run, and the Theatre makes its Markets before we give People the true Value of its Ware; which Method I propose to my self as a Rule, both now and hereafter.

But before we descend to Particulars, it will not be amiss to say something of these Sort of Spectacles, which, of late have taken so much with the Town.

The *Pantomimes* were a kind of Actors originally *Gracian*, but afterwards they appeared amongst the Romans. In the Time of *Augustus*, *Pelides* and *Bathyllus* were famous in this Sort of Acting; they, with others, separated themselves from the rest of the Comedians, and form'd a Company of their own, which were extremely admir'd, and followed by

by all *Rome*. They represented compleat Drama's full of ingenious Turns and Incidents, in which they made the whole Story understood to the Audience, by ingenious Gestures and Dances, and by significant Looks and Actions.

It must be observed, that their Excellence did consist in playing Tricks, without Meaning or Design, or bringing down a Machine, or shewing a well painted Scene, which was no Way essential to the Conduct of the Story; where an ingenious Piece of Mechanism is shewn without contributing to any Incident in carrying on the Story, we may admire the curious Hand of the Artist which made it, but we despise the ridiculous Imagination of the Inventor.

The Reader already may perceive that I have my Eye upon *Harlequin Doctor Faustus*, where there is some Transformation in Scenery, but we cannot tell to what End; for we see no Intrigue carrying on, nor no Plot designed; but these Things are shewn only for the Sake of shewing them; therefore I advise the Managers, whenever they give one of these unmeaning Entertainments again, that one of them should stand upon the Stage, and, before they begin, tell the Audience, *Gentlemen and Ladies, the next Trick we shall present you with, &c.* as is practiced by Mr. *Fawkes*, and other ingenious Persons, who shew Tricks, and nothing else.

Perhaps they will answer, that these Things are not to be criticis'd upon by the Rules of the Drama, in which I agree with them. I have already hinted, that the Stage, while it is shewing one of these Entertainments, is a Piece of enchanted Ground, where every Thing is to appear as surprising as if it was done by the Power of Magick: But all these amazing Changes and Turns must produce some remarkable Event or Incident, either towards carrying on, or unravelling the Plot and Design of the Piece, otherwise the Tricks of a Legerdemain Man are full more diverting.

There are some Persons who have not Heads for producing an ingenious Design, and when such happen to be in the Management of publick Diversions, it should be their Business to consult others of better Taste. There is something in the Legend of *Dr. Faustus* too mean for the Stage. The Theatre should not descend to borrow its Entertainments from the Puppet-Shew. The Fictions of the Poets, which we read with so much Pleasure, would furnish Variety of elegant Subjects for those Sorts of Entertainments, such as *Pan* and *Cyrinx*, *Apollo* and *Daphne*, or, *The Fall of Phaeton*; where there might be a just Pretence for Decoration: The Palace of the Sun might be shewn in all its Splendor, according to the beautiful Description of *Ceid*, on which there might be Work for the Imagination of an ingenious Painter; all the Wonders of Scenery might be expos'd to View, as Ornaments properly belonging to the Story. It might be intermixed with some low Episode, or Under-Plot, in which there would be Room for those pleasant *Harliquinades*, or that Sort of Play which the *Italians* call *Lazzi*, that is, a Kind of burlesque Mimickry in the Way of Dance. A Thing thus manag'd, would be an agreeable Addition to a good Play, and divert People of the best Sense.

But the introducing of Tricks which seem to tend to nothing; the bringing of Devils and Heathen Gods upon the Stage in the same Entertainment, where they have no Parts but to appear and dance, must proceed from an Invention altogether silly and ridiculous, and has not the least Resemblance of the Representations of the antient *Pantomimes*.

The Poetry inserted in this Entertainment is just as extraordinary as the Contrivance, and seems to be stole from the same Place from whence the Fable was taken, viz. some Country Puppet-Shew. I shall give a short Specimen of it, as much as I could carry away by Memory.

Celestial

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*Celestial Powers haste away,
At Phœbus's Call who rules the Day.*

Which of the Mythologists, besides our Author, even suppos'd *Phœbus* the Herald to summon the Gods? Or what Occasion has he to inform them, that it is *Phœbus's* Office to rule the Day, and considering that it is Night-time, how comes *Phœbus* upon the Stage at all? I take it for granted, the Scene is laid at Night, for I find the Moon is invoked to rise in Poetry, matching the former for Elegance and Propriety.

*Haste, Diana, Queen of Night,
With the Silver Crescent bright;
Thy borrowed Light obscured no more
By the great Enchanter's Power.*

In the Name of Nonsense what does all this mean? I have read the Poetry of my Neighbour and Fellow-Citizen the Bellman; I have perus'd the Verses of the Boys of the Charity-School of our Ward, but have not met with any Thing equal to this Stanza. Prithee, dear *Keyber*, next Time let us have Songs without Words; or, if we must have Words, let us have a little common Sense. Why must thou imitate the *Italian* Opera in this Stile? Their Poets may write any Thing; for they have the good Fortune not to be understood by the Audience; — and, indeed, upon second Thoughts, so hast thou too.

I address to thee as the Author of these Lines, from a natural Presumption, that no Man alive could have Countenance enough to introduce such Poetry upon the Stage except thy self. — Canst thou not be content with stealing from *Shakespeare*, *Fletcher*, *Dryden*, *Congreve*, *Shadwell*, *Farquhar*, and even from poor barren *Phœbe*; but thou must purloin from *Punch* too. — Poor *Punch*!

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Punch! a facetious Drole, who was only ridiculous by Design.—— His Audience consisted of Cookmaids, Nurses, and Children; and if he was absurd or silly, it was because he was obliged to humble his merry Vein to their Capacity.

O *Keyber*! If Poppets had Souls, what must thou expect for these thy Larcenies; must not thy Nights be haunted by a thousand Pigmy Ghosts? Would not the fat Spirit of Punch open thy Curtains in the Dead of the Night? Would he not call upon thee? And in his usual hoarse Accents reproach thee for the Injury thou hast done his Memory? Would he not leave thee with thy bristly Hairs erect, all seiz'd pale with Horror and Breathless, and changed to Brass or Copper by the Act of Fear?

As to the calling of *Diana* Queen of Night, I always took *Diana* to be a terrestrial Deity, and Goddess of Hunting; and could have been positive, that whenever the Planet of the Moon was intended by the antient Poets, she was called *Phœbe* or *Luna*.—— But for once, I shall give up my Opinion to these great Masters in Poetry, Theology, Machinery, and Pantomimity.

Doctor *Faustus*, I find he lived long since Christianity, and practiced the Art of Magick or Conjuratation in *Germany*; but it being a *Roman* Name, and having a *Latin* Sound, our Managers in their great Learning might well be mistaken, and have supposed him to have lived in the Times of antient *Paganism*; and therefore, to give a Variety to the Entertainment, and to surprize the Audience with something, they could not expect, they thought fit to bring on *Apollo*, and *Mars*, and *Mercury*, and *Diana*, and a Train of other Gods and Goddesses; besides, there was a Necessity for Decoration, and what Characters are so proper to be made fine, as Gods and Goddesses.

I am

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I am sorry this Excuse did not occur to me at the Beginning of these Remarks, however, it may serve for hereafter; and if they should happen to lay their Scene in *China* or *Bildulgerid*, they may lug in the same Stock of Gods and Goddesses, according to the same Rule of Propriety.

It must be confessed, that *Lady Luna* is a pretty Dancer, and if there was no Part fit for her in the Entertainment, the bringing her down in a Machine to dance was a notable Contrivance: However, lest the Audience should hereafter puzzle themselves in looking out for a Meaning where there's none designed, it will be necessary that *Keyber* should stand at the Corner of the Stage, and bespeak what is to come. ———

As, *Gentlemen and Ladies*, the next Figure we shall present you with, shall be the Moon dancing a Jig. When she comes upon the Stage, he must proceed in the Rhetorick usual upon such Occasions.

———— As observe Gentlemen, how the Figure moves. ——— See those Legs, those Arms, not moved by Wires. ——— No Puppets. ——— No Bits of Sticks. ——— Alive, alive, ho! ——— All our Figures are alive, Gentlemen.



LETTER

LETTER XX.

NO sooner is the Death of a great Man made known to the World, but immediately my worthy Cotemporaries, and Fellow Labourers, the Historians of a Day, fall to Work upon scanning his Character; and, we see such shrewd and critical Remarks made upon his Actions, and such ingenious Conclusions drawn from them, as are only worthy of their profound Authors.

When I read a Piece of Biography in a *Flying-Post*, or a more stupid *Pasquin*, it puts me in Mind of the Coxcomb in the *Comedy*, who expatiating upon the Praises of one who was absent, says, 'He is certainly a most ingenious Person, and one that knows how to distinguish Men, for he is most particularly civil to me.

Thus these illustrious Moderns examine how far a great Man was a Favourer of the Faction in which they are lifted, whether he looked kindly upon their *Contrivances*, their *Plots*, their *Chicaneries*; and, accordingly pronounce him either a *Fool*, or a *Philosopher*.

What produces this Observation, is the Death of the late *Regent of France*, whom they are pleased to compliment upon some Part of his Conduct, which they know nothing of, and only speak of by Guess: As we have received some Memoirs of the Life of that Prince this Week from *Paris*, which we may venture to say, are more authentick than any Thing which has hitherto appeared in Publick; as they came from an intelligent Hand, we shall present them to our Readers, for the Entertainment of this Day.

MISCELLANY LETTERS. III

It is said, that one of the Maxims which Cardinal *Richlieu* left for the Government of *France*, was, that the King should keep a strict Eye over the Princes of the Blood, and not commit such Governments and Employments to their Charge, as might give them a Power or Interest in the Country; a Maxim which was founded upon woful Experience, from the Wars and intestine Shock which that Kingdom had suffered from the Ambition of the Prince of *Conde*, during the Reign of *Lewis* the XIII, and Minority of *Lewis* the XIV.

However that be, it is certain the latter of these Princes made this Maxim his Rule, and no Persons were in so few Secrets at Court, or had so little Interest in procuring Employments for their Friends and Creatures, as the Princes of the Blood, and not one of them was admitted of the Cabinet Council.

It must be observed, that the Brothers of *France* have a Royal Allowance for their Support, which is called an *Appenage*, but when they die, it does not descend to their Children, but is vested again in the Crown, and goes to the Support of the Brothers of the next King; so that if these Princes do not amass Wealth, or purchase Lands, their Families must be entirely depending upon the King's Favour and Bounty.

Upon the Death of the Duke of *Orleans*, Father of the Regent, and Brother of *Lewis* the XIV, this Royal Allowance ceas'd of Course; but upon the young Duke's marrying the natural Daughter of the King, it was continued to him as long as that King lived.

Now, tho' his Revenues were great, his Expences far exceeded those Revenues, and even his Generosities did not a little contribute towards rendering him necessitous; for whenever Men of Merit in Arts and Sciences came in his Way, he gave with a liberal Hand; it is certain he presented like a Prince, as well as lived like one; however,

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ever, betwixt both, he not only run himself greatly in Debt, but so far exhausted his Credit, that it is said, upon a certain Occasion, when he gave a great Entertainment, the Baker refus'd his Servants to trust him with Bread.

In his Youth, he had served with great Reputation, as a Voluntier in the Army, and upon all Occasions of Danger, distinguished himself by an uncommon Bravery; yet the King who was a strict Observer of Mankind, and look'd thro' Men, could see in his Mind the Seeds of a most aspiring Ambition, and a most arbitrary Disposition in his Temper; and, perhaps, this might be one Reason why he was so little trusted with a Command, which his personal Courage and Conduct might have rais'd him to, if he had not been born a Prince.

However, the King at length, gave him the Command of the Army in *Italy*, and *Mareschal Marfin* was appointed to serve under him, as the Duke thought; yet the latter had a secret Commission, superior to that of the Duke's, which he had Instructions not to shew, unless upon some Affair of great Importance, the Duke should be for acting contrary to his Opinion.

Whether this was done lest the high Courage of this Prince should push him on some hazardous Enterprizes, which might endanger the Loss of the Army, or for other Reasons, is not known. But Things went on successfully while he was obeyed, which was till the Siege of *Turin*, when Prince *Eugene* made that wonderful March, to its Relief, in which, he might be said to have out-done *Hannibal*.

Upon Intelligence of the Prince's Approach, a Council of War being called, the Duke proposed, marching out of the Trenches to meet the Prince, and only leaving a Body behind sufficient to Guard them from the Sallies of the Besieg'd. *Mareschal Marfin* oppos'd it, and was absolutely for remaining in the Trenches, and receiving the Prince there; but

but the Duke being resolute in his Opinion, the *Mareschal* produced his secret Commission, wherefore his Opinion was obeyed, to the Ruin of the whole Affair; the *French* received an entire Defeat, *Mareschal Marfin* was killed, and died before he had the Mortification to see the Destruction which his ill Conduct had caused; the Duke did as much as Man could do, he did not command the Men to go and fight the Enemy, but bad them follow him; he charged himself at the Head of the Horse, he received two Cuts of a Broad-Sword, and several Shots thro' his Cloaths; and not a Man of any Rank in the Army exposed himself more, or behaved with greater Gallantry that Day.

This Defeat rais'd his Reputation, for the World saw now, that his Skill and Conduct in military Affairs, were equal to his Courage, and the Disposition he propos'd, was according to the most approved Maxims of War; whereas that which was followed, put the Army into such a Situation, that not one Part could succour another, when it was distress'd, having Prince *Eugene* at their Front, the Garrison sallying upon their Rear, while the Duke of *Savoy* attacked them on their Flank.

He returned to *Paris* with as much Honour as if he had gained a Victory, yet it was suspected he had some secret Heart-burnings, for the Contempt he thought put upon him by this secret Commission; however, to make him amends, he had the Command of the Army in *Spain* given him, where, as soon as he was arrived, it look'd as if Fortune was envious of his Glory, and was resolv'd to defraud him of the Victory, for the Battle of *Almanza* was fought the Day before he joined the Army.

Yet this gave him no Disgust at the Duke of *Berwick*, tho' ambitious Men can seldom forgive those who are any Way instrumental in diminishing their Glory; but he had good Sense enough to
examine

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examine the Necessity that General was under of engaging the Confederates.

Some Time after this Defeat, the Earl of *Galway* was recalled, Count *Staremburg* was sent to *Spain* with a Body of *Germans*, and General *Stanhope* to command the *English*, the Duke of *Orleans* still continuing the Command of the *French* and *Spanish* Armies. At this Time a considerable Discovery was made, which caused no great Noise in the World, as perhaps it was not the Business of either Parties to make it publick.

Marquis *de Torci* found out, that a Correspondence was carried on betwixt the Duke of *Orleans* and the Confederate Generals, in which Proposals were made for dividing the *Spanish* Monarchy betwixt the said Duke and the present Emperor, and so ending the War; which they had it in their Power to effect, by joining those two Armies. When this was communicated to the old King, he could scarce believe it; wherefore a Stratagem was contriv'd for intercepting the Duke's Letters, which was effected with great Cunning, and the Letters under the Duke's Hand-wring shewn to the King, who was well acquainted with his Hand.

Upon this flagrant Proof he was immediately recalled; and tho' by the Laws of all Nations his Life was forfeited, yet he received only a private Reprimand, and no farther Notice was taken of it.

After this Experience of his Ambition, it is no Wonder if the old King, by his Will, took Care to check his Power; and considering, that by the Renunciation of the King of *Spain*, there was nothing but an Infant betwixt him and the Diadem; it was not without Reason the King seemed to dread what the Lust of Power might tempt him to do after his Death.

The King was no sooner dead but the Council met, and the Duke of *Orleans* being present, insisted upon it as his Birth-right, to be acknowledg'd
Regent,

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Regent, before the Examination of the Will; some were for having the Will read first, but the Majority, thro' Fear, or to curry the Favour, consented to his Demand. Thus was the King's Will set aside before it was seen.

Their Proceedings gave a Jealousy to the People, which was improv'd by keeping the Army standing; and the great Industry which he used in filling military Posts with his own Creatures; and the Pains taken to caress and oblige the Soldiery in general, which made thinking Men suspect, that some Things were intended, which could not be done without having the Army at his Devotion.

The Kings of *France* having made the Acts of their Council a Law, had used the People to raising and lowering the Value of the Species at the King's Pleasure; and the Crown Piece which was paid into the *Exchequer* at four Livres, had often been paid out at five; but this was done as a more expeditious Way of raising a Tax, to supply the Necessities of an expensive War, and seemed no more grievous than a Tax of another Kind; but in Time of Peace to have it paid in at four, and then paid out at twelve Livres; to have Arrets come out to call in all the current Gold and Silver; to make it Confiscation of Goods, and the Gallies, for any Man to keep more than forty Livres by him; and to make a Paper Money current instead of Gold and Silver, look'd as if the Regent resolved to engross all the Treasure in the Kingdom into his own Hands.

The Confusion occasioned by these strange Proceedings, is almost incredible; the People were enraged almost to Madness, and the *French* are not the most reserved in their Tongues; so that a Man could not walk thro' the Streets of *Paris*, without hearing the Regent curs'd at every Corner; and several Papers were scattered about
the

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the *Palais Royal*, in which were writ these Words;

<i>Raviliac dort</i>		<i>Raviliac only sleeps,</i>
<i>Mais il ne pas mort.</i>		He is not dead.

Yet he valued not these Menaces; for he knew (if I may be allowed to borrow the Expression of the Poet,) *That the French bear Anger as the Flint does Fire, 'tis but a hasty Spark, and then 'tis cool*; so that he went on in his Way, and never troubled himself about what was said: And when he was told what a Rage was spirited up against him about the *Arrêts* for making Paper current, and how openly the People threatened him, he answered coolly, *Les Francois ressemblent aux Chiens a Garde, Ils aboyent, mais ne mordent pas.* The French were good Watch-Dogs, they would bark, but not bite.

About this Time, a Design was formed of seizing his Person, and running away with him into *Spain*; the great Men concerned in it, were well assured, that it would be pleasing to all *France*, otherwise, the very succeeding in it would have been dangerous. In fine, the whole Plan was projected, and proper Persons and Horses laid upon the Road, but it was discovered before it was ripe, as it is thought by a Woman; the Prince of *Cellamare*, Embassador of *Spain*, was immediately commanded away, and some Gentlemen executed near *Nantz*, and it was found out to be one of Cardinal *Alberoni's* Mines.

When a Prince once loses the Favour of his People, they are easily induc'd to believe any Thing of him, that's wicked. Thus was it with the Regent at this Time; nothing could dispossess the *French* of a Belief, that he had Designs upon the Life of the young King: It was a Notion that prevailed, even beyond *France*.

Some of those about the King went so far, as to let the Regent know he was suspected; which, 'tis thought, was done as the most politick Means for pre-

preventing any Attempt. This appeared at a Visit the Regent made the King, when, presenting him his Box to take a Pinch of Snuff, a certain Duke, who was present, took the Snuff from between the King's Fingers, before he could get it to his Nose, saying, *I told your Majesty Snuff was not good for you.*

But the Sentiments of the People, concerning the Regent, appeared more publickly, when the King fell ill of a Fever, occasioned by an ill Digestion; for so general a Consternation was never seen upon any Calamity whatsoever: They said, openly, the Blow so long apprehended, was now struck; and were loud in their Threats against the Regent, as is common with that People, upon the first Provocations of their Anger; yet, two Days after, they were surprized with an unexpected Piece of good News, which was, that the King was out of Danger: Upon which Occasion, the City of *Paris* rung with such Acclamations of Joy as it has not been known in the Memory of Man.

Thus the King went on in good Health, 'till his Majority was declared; a Time much longed for by the *French*, because they expected it would produce some Change in the Administration of the Government; but they found themselves mistaken; for the Regent only resigned the Name of Regent, and still kept all the Power, making his Creature, Cardinal *du Bois* first Minister: Upon the Decease of this Prelate, they hoped there would be no more first Ministers, but the Regent took it upon himself; which was looked upon as a Sign that there was not a Man out of the Army that he could venture to trust.

His sudden Death put an End to his further Designs; whether he had any which were sinister, must be left to the great Searcher of all Hearts, yet his Life and Conduct gave some Grounds for Suspicion; which was the more observable, as he was a Man of great Discernment and Reason.

As

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As to his Person, he was of a middle Stature, handsome fac'd, and a very good Mien, of a quick Wit, and ready Apprehension, knowing in all Parts of polite Learning, well skill'd in the Mathematicks, and in Chymistry; had a delicate Taste in Poetry, Painting, Architecture and Statuary; so that it may be said, there was nothing of which he was ignorant; yet with all these Accomplishments he was an Example, *That all human Perfections in the same Prince, cannot make a People happy, unless he joins to them a Command of his Passions.*

LETTER XXI.

IT is a Maxim allowed by all, that the Wealth and Strength of a Nation consists altogether in the Number of its Inhabitants. It is not a wide extended Empire, or a vast Tract of Country, which creates either Power abroad, or Plenty at home, but Towns and Villages well filled with Men, and Hands sufficient to cultivate the Land.

The Case with a Nation and with a private Gentleman, is much the same: He who has a Village of five hundred Families upon his Estate, receives, at least, five Times as much Rent for the same Quantity of Land, as another whose Land is only employ'd in feeding of Beasts; so the Revenues of a Kingdom arise from the Number of the Inhabitants, not from the Extent of Land. Little *Holland* has five Times the Strength of *Sweden*, tho' it has not the tenth Part of its Land, but it is crowded with People as thick as Ants upon a Molehill.

Therefore all wise Nations have taken such Measures, and framed such Laws as might tempt the Inhabitants to stay at home, to increase and multiply,

ply, and fill the Land; and in those Countries where a Policy, contrary to this, has been followed, they have soon found the dismal Effects of it. What has *Spain* got by the Expulsion of the *Moors*? Her Revenues are exhausted, her Places lie uncultivated, and her Cities are now but half peopled. It may be answered, perhaps, it was done for Religion; but had the *Moors* continued in *Spain* to this Day, what Religion would they have professed? Certainly Nineteen in Twenty of them would have been of the Religion of the Country: They would have become one and the same People: They would have made her wealthy within, and terrible abroad: Arts and Sciences would have flourished, and the poorer Sort would not have neglected the learning of Trades, as they do now, because they cannot expect to live by them.

France has but little Reason to boast of the Advantages she has got by driving the *Hugonots* out of *France*; for by these Means *England* and *Holland* have learned several useful Manufactures, which we formerly took from her, which employs their Hands, and keeps Money in their Countries. By these Means her Trade is lessened, the Estates of her Gentry grown worse, and the Revenues of her King impair'd: Whereas if we may be allowed to argue from the Frailty of human Nature, it is pretty certain that if they had been suffered to have remained in *France*, there would have been but few of them who would have continued Protestants to this Day. The natural Gaiety of their Tempers is such, that the young Men of Fortunes for the Sake of being distinguished in their Countries, for being received and caressed at Court, would by Degrees have followed the Crowd: The younger Brothers, in order to qualify themselves for Posts and Employments, and the Commonality are but too apt of imitating the Vices of their Betters.

We

We may venture to presume, this would have been the Case from what we see has happened in all Nations, where the Religion established by Law, has, in the Succession of a few Years, drawn over the greatest Part of the Inhabitants to its Worship; the little Discouragements which are shewn them is sufficient, so that there is no need of Persecution. Religion is something like the Palm-Tree which grows by Oppression, Persecution not only begets a Hatred, but an ill Opinion in Men of that Religion which exercises it; so that Men adhere more strongly to their own Opinions, and their Religion appears more amiable to them, when they see it pursued with Malice and Violence.

Thus *Montezuma*, Emperor of the *Indies*, conceiving a Horror at the *Spanish* Cruelty, when a Fryer was preaching to him upon the Mysteries of the Christian Religion, and explaining the Joys of Heaven and Torments of Hell, ask'd the Fryer if the *Spaniards* went to Heaven? The Fryer answering yes; *Montezuma* told him, that for that Reason he would go to Hell.

I conceive the *French* above all People may be easier drawn over by Temptation, Gaieties and Pleasures, than forced by Persecution; When the Reformation began in *France*, it was not long before a Spirit of Fanaticism shewed it self amongst their Preachers; they then began to preach against Things in themselves inoffensive, as if it were of more Consequence to appear sanctified, than to be really good; and like the Fanaticks of this Day, seemed to think that Religion consisted in demure and sower Looks: Then they began to inveigh, not against Murder and Adultery, but, against Musick and Dancing as prophane and abominable Vices.

Heylin and several other Authors are of Opinion, that this was what hindered the Reformation from spreading in *France*, for the natural Vivacity of the

French,

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French, is such, that they would not be of a Religion which made Dancing a Sin.

We have the Examples of these Nations so fresh before us, that they serve us, as Warnings from running into the same false Steps: The *Roman* Catholics are the only obnoxious People amongst us, yet we only take such Precautions against them, as may serve the Church established by Law, from any Attempts they can possibly make against it; we would not for the Sake of indulging a fiery Spirit of Persecution, give the Publick so great a Wound, as by *unreasonable Taxes*, or other Severities, put them under a Necessity of forsaking their native Country. We and they are one and the same People, closely united by strong Alliance of Kindred, and Ties of Blood; and, if the greatest Part of us, have discovered Errors in that Religion sufficient to justify our leaving it, we pity, but we do not hate those who have not: We know it is but looking a little while back, and we were all of that Religion: If the *Roman* Catholics err, they can plead Prescription for it; it is *errare cum Patribus*, and it is neither consistent with the Doctrine of our Church, nor the Nature of an *Englishman*, to persecute People only, because they are not wiser than their Ancestors.

It is sufficient, that their Nobles are excluded from giving their Voices or Dissents, to the National Laws; that their Gentry and others, whose Vertue or Parts, might entitle them to share the Posts of Honour in their Country, are rendered incapable of them by Law; and that there is no Way of arriving at Honour and Preferment, but through the Doors of the National Church; I say, we find these Discouragements have had such an Effect, that since the Reformation began, which is less than a Century and a half, the *Roman* Catholic has lost so much Ground, that now throughout the Kingdom there is not one Person in two hundred, who professes that Religion.

Yet, I have somewhere read, (and, if I mistake not) it was in Sir *Thomas Moore's* Eutopia, an Account of a certain *Island* situate far Westward in the *Atlantick* Ocean, whose Inhabitants profess'd different Kinds of Worship, which were distinguish'd by the Names of the Old and New Religion: The latter of these, had obtained the greatest Credit, with those who were at the Head of Affairs, and therefore was made the national Worship; yet, greater Numbers of the People still continued to bow to the Altars of the old Gods, than to those of the New; wherefore it was thought politick as well as just, to use no Severities towards them, but rather by gentle Methods draw them over, and only put them under certain Disadvantages in Respect of Power and Authority in their Country, and to exclude them from Offices of Profit, whereby they might have no Opportunity of enriching themselves; and it was found, that this Method of proceeding had such an Effect, that in the Space of a few Years, great Numbers of them were received into the national Temple, by which Means, they were render'd qualified to serve their Country, and promote its Interest.

Yet certain Persons amongst them, were alarm'd at this, their Change, for they found, that the beneficial Professions and Employments, which before were engross'd by few, were like to be divided amongst many; and therefore having their particular Interest more in View, than the general Good, they published an Edict, that none, who after that Time should forsake their own Gods for the other, should enjoy the Advantages before gained thereby; and, about the same Time published another Edict, inflicting severe Penalties upon them, in Case they still continued in the Worship of the old Religion: These Contradictions look'd like forcing them forwards towards their Temples; but if they had a Mind to enter, it was shutting the Doors in their Faces.

They

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They also grew haughty and imperious, and when they met the others they would not salute them by the Name of *Countrymen*, pretending they were descended from another Tribe, and from another Land, calling themselves *Lords* and *Conquerors*; and, it seems, many of them were sprung from certain Vagabonds, who in the Time of a civil War, being tempted by the Hopes of Plunder, came into this Country, (no Man knew from whence) and as in civil Broils, the very Sediments of Things will rise uppermost, so they got into large Possessions, a Circumstance which they had Reason to wish might be buried in *Oblivion*; yet, while they denied themselves to be of this Land, so odd was their Fate, that no other Land would own them.

What made these Proceedings the more wondered at, was, that they seemed inconsistent with that System of Worship these Men profess'd, which, it seems, taught a more extensive Charity, so that it was commonly said, they did not believe in their *own Gods*, and that they had in their Hearts erected Altars to *Avarice*.

But these Things must not be understood in the least to reflect upon Religion at this Day, for, it must be observ'd, these Men were not Christians! No, the learned Author, from whom the Story is taken, observes, that it was long before the Days of Grace.

What happened hereupon, was, that these who were oppress'd, carrying with them their Treasure, Wives, and Children, and their Household Goods, forsook their ungrateful Land, and explored new Countries, some settling in one Place, some in another, improving the Lands, which received them by Traffick and Navigation, while others of them grew famous for their military Vertue, and were esteemed in the World as honourable Men: In the mean Time, their native Land was impoverished by their being forced away, insomuch, that a Traveller might pass a great Extent of Country, with-

out seeing a human Face, except a single Shepherd watching a poor Flock: Thus was the Country impoverish'd by their narrow Politicks; and if those who went abroad were honoured, those who staid [at home] were as much despised, insomuch, that the Country, upon their Accounts, was called, the *Land of Goatham*.

LETTER XXII.

THERE are two Sorts of Writings which seem to be of no Use to the World, except in advancing one Branch of our Trade, I mean that of the *Stationers*.

One of these are *Novels*, in which the Author sits down and invents Characters that never were in Nature: He frames a long Story or Intrigue full of Events and Incidents, like the Turns in a Comedy; and if he can but surprize and delight you enough to lead you on to the End of his Book, he is not so unreasonable to expect you should believe it to be true; no, he has no Design of imposing upon Mankind: His only Aims are to divert the Publick, and to get a little Money to pay his Taylor.

But your Writer of *Memoirs* is stirr'd up by another Motive, *viz.* his Vanity; he is fond of being taken Notice of by the World; and, lest the Historians of the Age should neglect him, or at least not give him the Praise he is so greedy of, he sounds his own Trumpet himself. This Kind of Writing, not long since, became a Fashion among the *French* People, as vain and giddy as any upon Earth; and not an Officer, who had served two or three Campaigns; not a Page, or a Pimp to any great Man, or a Lady of Intrigue, but what were accusom'd to publish their *Memoirs*.

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In this Sort of Writing the Author is to set out with great Professions of Truth and Sincerity; but he must not, for the Sake of Truth, neglect the Diversion of his Readers; therefore he is to fill his Work with a great Deal of what the French call the *Merveilleux*, or the *Wonderful*; yet every strange Event he relates, must be turn'd, in some Manner or other, to make him appear more considerable; for it must be observed, that here *the Writer is himself the Heroe of his own Romance*.

I find that Bishop Burnet, in the Memoirs lately publish'd in his Name, has kept up pretty well to these Rules; (I call them *Memoirs*, because I find that no Man now will allow them the Name of a *History*.) He, like the rest of these Writers, is particularly fond of speaking in the first Person. This Figure, the Learned, from a Contempt of the Vanity of it, have term'd an *Egotism*. I could quote a dozen Lines out of these Memoirs of Burnet, where it is repeated near thirty Times; it grates the Readers Ears; and were it not for the Curiosity Men have of seeing how the vain Opinion a Writer conceives of himself, differs from that which the World entertains of him, these Writings could not be read with any Patience.

It is true, they also let us into a Man's Character: for the Writer often discovers his own Infirmities, through an eager Desire of making himself considerable; of which, we shall give an Instance well worth observing, in the Memoirs of this Prelate.

Speaking of the unfortunate Lord *Russel*, Page 558, he has these Words:

"He thought it was necessary to leave a Paper behind at his Death; and because he had not been accustomed to draw such Papers, he desired me to give him a Scheme of the Heads fit to be spoken to, and of the Order in which they should be laid; which I did; and he was for three Days employed, for some Time in the

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" Morning, to write out his Speech. He ordered
 " four Copies to be made of it; which he sign'd,
 " and gave the Original, with three of the Co-
 " pies, to his Lady, and kept the other to give to
 " the Sheriffs on the Scaffold."

I shall take but little Notice of the ingenious Reason he gives for my Lords desiring him to draw up the Heads of a Speech, *viz.* that his Lordship had not been used to draw dying Speeches; and, I believe, all the Men who have been put to Death before and since his Lordship, might have said the same Thing: But the Reflections in this Work are generally so censur'd, that they should never be taken Notice of, except when a Man is in a Humour for *Ridicule*, therefore we shall confine our selves to Facts.

Here the Doctor gives you to understand, that he made my Lord's Speech; let us repeat his Words once more: He gave a *Scheme of the Heads fit to be spoken to, and set down the Order in which they were to be laid*; but my Lord spent some Time in the Morning, for three Days, in writing it out. Thus he does not, by any Insinuation or Innuendo, give you Reason to guess, that he had a Hand in my Lord's Speech, but, in plain Terms, he asserts it.

Now let us examine a little further, and see what he says of this Speech upon another Occasion.

A little after, having given some Account of the Death of that unfortunate Lord, he says, his Speech was printed so quick, that it was sold about the Streets in an Hour after his Death: Upon which, the Court, being offended, sent for Dr. Tillotson and himself, being the two Divines who had attended his Lordship; that they apprehended that he had penn'd the Speech; that he was ask'd several Questions about it; — but lest we should be misunderstood, it will be best to deliver it in his own Words.

" He

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“ He (the Lord Keepeer) then ask’d me, if I
 “ had not studied to dissuade the Lord *Russel* from
 “ putting many Things in his Speech? I said I had
 “ discharged my Conscience to him very freely, in
 “ every Particular; but he was now gone, so that
 “ it was impossible to know if I should tell any
 “ Thing of what had pass’d between us, whether
 “ it was true or false; I desired therefore to be
 “ excused. The Duke ask’d me, if he had said
 “ any Thing to me in Confidence, that was enough
 “ to restrain me from speaking of it, only I of-
 “ fered to take my Oath, that the Speech was penn’d by
 “ himself, not by me.

I suppose the Reader will not desire I should go any further. — This offering to take an Oath, is one of the most *Cavalier Flights* that I have met with in any Memoirs, *French* or *English*. — But to speak of it more seriously, it is hard to say, whether the Folly or Wickedness of it were greatest; we will suppose the best of him we can in this Case, and that his *Salvo* lay in the Word *Penn’d*, because it was writ over by my Lord, or some other for him, What shall I call this? I don’t know whether to term it a *Quibble* or a *Conundrum*, or what disdainful Name to distinguish it by: But here our Writers avows the same Doctrine which the Enemies of the Jesuits charge them with, in order to make them detested by Mankind.

But some, in his Excuse, are pleased to urge, that no Man is obliged to accuse himself. — Thanks to the Excellence of our Constitution, it is so with us; and may it ever remain so. And therefore the Inquiry of this Proceeding is the more amazing. He had neither Racks nor Gibbet before him; he need not have answered, if the Question had been put directly to him; and if he had owned it, the worst that could have befallen him, would have been the Displeasure of the Court; yet, of his own Accord, he is for calling all that a Christian holds sacred, to test fy a Falshood.

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Perhaps it will be expected, that after this I should say no more of him; yet I cannot forbear taking Notice of another Paragraph, because in the Falshood he advances, he has left himself so open to Conviction; speaking of the Duke of York's Residence in *Scotland*, he has these Words:

Page 523. "The Duke had Leave given him to come to the King at *New-Market*, and there he prevailed to come up and live again at Court: "As he was going back to bring the Dutcheß, "the *Gloucester* Frigate, that carryed him, struck "on a Bank of Sand; the Duke got into a Boat, "and took Care of his Dogs, and some unknown "Persons, who were taken from that earnest Care "of his, to be his Priests: The Long-Boat went "off with very few in her, tho' she might have "carried off above Eighty more than she did; "one hundred and fifty Persons perished, some of "them Men of great Quality: But the Duke took "no Notice of this cruel Neglect, which was laid "chiefly to *Leg's* Charge.

The malicious Turn which is given to this whole Story is plain, but before he shed his Venom, he should have informed himself, what Number of Men the Long Boat, of a fifth Rate Man of War could carry, that his Story might not have appeared so monstrously beyond Truth; then he would have known that fifty Men were the most that could possibly be cramm'd into such a Long-Boat, even in the calmest Weather; and the Malice which he had in his Heart against that Prince, might have been vented elsewhere.

In Opposition to this Account, we shall quote the same Passage from *Echard*, a Writer who never spared King *James*, where his Subject gave him the least fair Pretence for rendring him odious.

"Shortly after, his Royal Highness had an Occa-
"sion of going once more, and the last Time into
"Scotland, designing to bring his Dutcheß and Fa-
"mily from thence, and to make but a very short
"Stay.

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" Stay. Accordingly on the third of May he de-
 " parted from *Windsor*, accompanied with several
 " Persons of Quality, and went down in one of the
 " King's Yachts, to embark on the *Glocester*, com-
 " manded by Sir *John Berry*, and attended by the
 " *Dartmouth*, the *Ruby*, and the *Happy Return*. But
 " on Friday Morning early, May the 5th, the *Glo-*
 " *cester* Frigate struck upon the Sands, called, the
 " *Lemon and Oar*, about 16 Leagues from the Mouth
 " of the *Humber*, tho' the Weather was fair, and
 " one *Ayres*, reckoned the best Coaster in England,
 " his Pilot. His Royal Highness being awakened
 " out of his Sleep, and perceiving Danger, still
 " staid as long as he could safely on Board, will
 " having Notice given him, that there was above
 " seven Foot Water in the Hold; he put off in his
 " *Pinnace*, with as many of the best Persons as fit
 " would well hold, and saved himself on Board of
 " the *Mary Tatch*; other Boats were immediately
 " sent, to save the Men in the sinking Ship; but,
 " before any Service could be done, the Duke and
 " the rest, to their unexpressible Grief, saw the
 " Vessel sink to the Bottom of the Sea; by which
 " the Earl of *Roxborough*, in Scotland, the Lord O
 " *Brian*, the Laird of *Hopton*, Sir *Joseph Douglas*,
 " Lieutenant *Hyde*, Brother-in-Law to the Duke,
 " with several of the Duke's Servants, and about
 " a hundred and thirty Seamen were miserably
 " lost; the Commander, Sir *John Berry*, hardly es-
 " caping by a Rope over the Stern, into Captain
 " *Wyburn's* Boat. We are told something very re-
 " markable concerning the poor Seamen in the
 " sinking Ship, who, in the midst of the Difficul-
 " ty and Confusion, when they saw their old Master,
 " the Duke out of Danger, they expressed a parti-
 " cular Joy and Thankfulness for his Preservation,
 " while they themselves were in a dying and
 " deplorable Condition."

LETTER XXIII.

S I R,

TH O' I am perswaded that those who have perused the Animadversions lately publish'd on *Burnet's* secret History, must be convinc'd, that such a Heap of Contradictions, Inconsistency, and Scandal, never appeared in any Age, as that History, and that in lieu of faithful and impartial Relations, the World is presented with malicious Invectives. I must yet crave Leave to make some further Reflections on that Work, and its Author, after another Mode, and will endeavour to demonstrate, that no Man was ever so ill qualified for writing History, as the late Dr. *Gilbert Burnet*.

This, at first View, may, perhaps, be thought paradoxical, since it is universally allow'd, that this was the only Branch of Literature in which that reverend Divine discover'd any Genius, and that his Memory was strong and tenacious.

But I am far from arraigning the Doctor on these Articles; I agree his Abilities were not contemptible, but this I aver, that he wanted the Soul, or, as the Logicians phrase it, the *forma informans* of a Historian; that is, in plain *English*, he wanted Integrity, without which, all his other Qualifications were no more than a Rope of Sand.

No less Man than *Cicero* (in his Book *De Oratore*) lays it down as an inviolable Maxim, that no Ingredients are so necessary in an Orator, as Candor and Honesty, and that without them he can never succeed; how much more requisite are these Virtues in a History-Writer, will best appear by comparing these different Characters.

An Orator is allowed to range through all the Sciences, and to exercise every Kind of Artifice, in order to gain his Point. The Historian, on the other Hand,

Hand, is confined to a faithful Relation of Facts, whereof he is supposed to be an Eye-Witness, according to the Etymology of the Word *ισοπα*, which, in the Greek, signifies to see; or, if this cannot be strictly comply'd with, he is indispensably obliged to deliver nothing of Importance, without authentick Memoirs in Writing, otherwise the Performance will be nothing but Fable or Romance.

The reverend Prelate has been so far from those Rules, which have been established in all Ages, that the greatest Part of his Work is taken from Hearsays, at the second or third Hand, or notorious Falshoods, in Opposition to Histories that have been received with universal Applause.

But whatever Disputes may arise about the Abilities of this sincere Doctor, I am perswaded none will deny, that he was a compleat Master in the Art of Dissimulation; and that he had Judgment enough to catch every Opportunity of promoting his Designs.

There cannot be any clearer Proof of his Cunning this Way, than the Caution he took for publishing this Romance at a Time when he had Reason to believe, the great Men from whom he pretends to have received his Hearsay-Intelligence, might be gone to sleep with their Fathers; and that consequently, whatever he was pleased to report of them, must be taken *pro confesso*, as the Lawyers call it.

But this was not the only Artifice of *Burnet* to procure some Reputation for his posthumous Fables; his Management on this Head is, indeed, extraordinary, and it teaches us, that neither Gratitude, Duty, nor any other Consideration, would stand in Competition with his revengeful Temper.

Nothing less than the Memory of one of the greatest Kings that ever sway'd the *British* Sceptre, must be sacrific'd to this End, the immortal King *William*; he charges that Prince, among other Faults, with a Crime which he kept very secret; and, tho' I am entirely perswaded nothing can be more groundless than this Imputation, it may not yet be proper

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per to enter on its Defence in this Place ; but I would have it observed, that it was not a Regard to Truth that induc'd *Burnet* to leave this Piece of secret History to the World. No, he had other Views ; for, by this Contrivance, he propos'd in the first Place, to establish the Reputation of this Work, and, at the same Time, to lash the Memory of that Prince, for denying him the See of *Canterbury*, when he was Competitor with Dr. *Tennison* ; for, says the *Sophister*, none surely will challenge my Veracity, when the very Prince, to whom I am indebted for all I possess, cannot escape the Severity of my Pen.

This was, indeed, a *coup de Maître*, and worthy of the reverend Author ; and by a little Observation, it will be found, that this whole Work is nothing else but Contrivances of the same Complexion.

Tho' it must be allow'd, that Dr. *Burnet* was remarkable on many Accounts, it will, however, be acknowledg'd, that it was his peculiar Talent never to forgive an Injury, or Disappointment ; his Behaviour to King *Charles II.* is a memorable Example of this. No Clergyman in the Church of *England* magnified the Doctrine of *Passive Obedience* with so much Zeal and Vehemence as Dr. *Burnet*, witness most of his Discourses in that Reign, particularly the famous Sermon preached at *Whitehall*.

But that Prince had too much Penetration not to see thro' the Disguise ; he saw clearly, that the Doctor's Words were nothing but Flattery, to procure a Miter, which that Monarch would not be prevailed with to confer on a Man of the Doctor's Sincerity.

But the King soon felt the Effects of the Doctor's Resentment in the *Anti-Sermon* preached at the *Rolls*, for which he was oblig'd to scamper abroad.

Dr. *Burnet* was particularly fond of seeing Law well executed : If any one is scrupulous on this Head, let him repair to the *Crown* and *King's-Bench* Offices, for the Confirmation of his Faith. But, among all the Sufferers on that Score, none was ever treated

treated with more Severity than Colonel *Chivers*, who happening to let fall some ludicrous Words relating to the Bishop's Gallantries, was prosecuted with the utmost Rigour, tho' that unhappy Gentleman was apparently disorder'd in his Senses; so that neither the Living nor the Dead, nor even the Lunaticks, could escape the Effects of the Doctor's Spleen. How agreeable such a Temper may be to the Spirit of Meekness and Clemency, requir'd in a Christian Bishop, I leave the World to judge.

From the Instances I have given, one might be easily perswaded, that Revenge was the most prevailing Vice of Dr. *Burnet*; but there was another, which, I'm inclin'd to believe, govern'd him with much more Sway; and, tho' I believe he took no small Pains to keep it *Secret*, yet, I can affirm, there are yet living some Witnesses of his Sallies that Way. So true is the old Proverb, that there's neither Religion nor Prudence below the Girdle; but from a Deference to the Character of a Priest, I'll proceed no further on this Topick, tho' it would afford a large Scene of *Action*.

The Morals and Principles of this famous Divine hung so loose about him, that he could accommodate his Schemes to all Times and Seasons. This puts me in mind of one of the Pagan Deities, that was represented with two Faces or Fronts; but, alas! he came far short of the Doctor, who had as many as there were Systems of Politicks, or Religions in the World. He might, indeed, be well called *Gilbertus de temporibus*, Gilbert of the Times. In *Scotland* he was half Presbyterian; in *England* he was every Thing; in *Holland* he was an easy Calvinist, and a strict one at *Geneva*; he made a good Lutheran at several Courts of *Germany*, and Popery would have sat easy upon him at *Rome*, had he received any Hopes of the Bonner.

Even his Sermons were so little of a Piece, that it would be impossible to think they were the Product of the same Brain, without seeing the Title

Pages,

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Pages, which he bequeathed to his beautiful Son *Tommy*: They are a perfect Chaos of jarring Principles, in Politicks, Religion and Morals.

Nothing can give a clearer Idea of the Opinion the World conceiv'd of Dr. *Burnet*, than the Conduct of the Commons of *England* in Parliament, when he was Preceptor to the Duke of *Gloucester*.

That august Assembly were too well acquainted with the Standard of the Bishop's Politicks, and Religion, not to employ their last Efforts towards rescuing that young Prince from the Hands of a Man that would inspire him with nothing but the Art of Dissimulation, Pride, and Treachery; and, lest it should be imagined I deliver Affairs of Importance on Hearsay-Evidence, I refer the Reader to the Votes and Address of the Commons, for removing *Gilbert*, Bishop of *Sarum*, from his Place of Preceptor to the Duke of *Gloucester*.

But, I take it, the World is convinced by several Instances, that Dr. *Burnet* was a Man of no great Integrity, and that consequently this Work ought to be esteemed what it really is, a Lump of Scandal and Forgeries; but, to say the Truth, he has done it with more Efficacy, by appealing to God, according to his old Custom; for, 'tis certain, Men never think themselves upright when they have Recourse to Oaths and Execrations, to support their Veracity; this calls to my Mind a Speech of *Villars*, the last Duke of *Bucks*, in the House of Lords, in which he observes, that a Man may sometimes think himself Learned, when he is not so; but, says he, *whenever a Man thinks himself a Rogue his Judgment is infallible.*

I am,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

*Ultra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet, & glaciale
Oceanum; quoties aliquid de moribus audent,
Qui Curios simulant & Bacchanalia vivunt.*

O proceres! Censore opus est.

Juv.

A MAN who endeavours to entertain the Publick, is under a Necessity of visiting all Places of Resort and Company; he must be present at Diversions, for which he has no Taste, and go upon several Parties where he does not like his Company.

Since I have attempted at this Province, I am ever upon the *Reconnoitre* for Things worthy of Remark; I scour the Town from one End to the other; run my Face in at all publick Places; and, by those who do not know me, am looked upon to be a very busy Fellow, that has nothing to do: Thus am I employed, so that I frequently go to the *Royal-Exchange* for Pleasure, and to the *Masquerade* upon Business.

To explain this seeming Paradox; the Reflections which arise in my Mind at seeing so many Men met together, whose Study is to advance the Trade of the Nation, and employ the labouring Poor, gives me a sensible Pleasure; whereas the Folly and Impertinence one meets with at the *Masquerade*, turns to a Fatigue rather than a Diversion; and were it not that I could not give my Readers a right Idea of it without seeing it out, I should not have pass'd a whole Night there as I did on the 9th of this Month.

This Diversion, which is now so followed, has been propagated amongst us, since the Nation has been honour'd with the Residence of such a Number of Foreigners; and if I may be allowed to give

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give my Opinion, why it is so warmly espoused by a certain Party, notwithstanding the just Representations that have been made against it by the Moral and Religious, I can't help thinking that there's a Plot in it.

It is known, that the greatest Ambition of Women is to be admired; and, it may be observed, that the foreign Ladies now amongst us, are not the most amiable Figures in the World, as to their Persons; it is therefore no Wonder, if they and their Partizans, should be pleased with an Assembly where the *British* Ladies should be obliged to hide their Faces, and conceal their Charms, that they may be upon a Par with them; but it is a little strange, that our Ladies should be taken in such a palpable Decoy; that they should be drawn in to betray the Honour of their Country, by veiling their Beauties to Foreigners, which is as great a Disgrace as to strike the *British* Flag at Sea.

But others are of Opinion, that it is no Plot for concealing such Charms as may be seen, but for discovering such as should be conceal'd; that it is contriv'd to bring about the Designs of the lascivious Part of one Sex, against the modest Part of the other. It is certain, that the Damsels of the Town understand it in that Sense, and endeavour to make a proper Advantage of it; for, I am credibly inform'd, that all about the Hundreds of *Drury* there was not a *Fille de Joye* to be had that Night, for Love nor Money, being all engag'd at the Masquerade; and several Men of Pleasure receiv'd Favours from the Ladies who were too modest to shew their Faces, and many of them still feel the Effects of the amorous Flame which they receiv'd from unknown Fairs.

Perhaps it may be thought, that this is a proper Place for a Man to receive a Taste of the different Humours, and various Turns of Conversation of all Ranks of People, since all State and Ceremony are laid aside; since the *Peer* and the *Apprentice*,

tice, the *Punk* and the *Dutchess*, are, for so long a Time, upon an equal Foot ; but he that should come to this Place to look for Wit and Humour, will be strangely deceived.

The first Noise which strike your Ears upon your entering the Room, is a loud confused Squeak, like a Consort of *Catcalls* ; the whole Company affect this unnatural Tone, in order to disguise their Voices ; but as to the Conversation, it consists in two or three silly Questions, with their Answers, which your Ears are stunn'd with the whole Night together.

Wherefore it seems to me, that if this Diversi-
on were carried on with as much Innocence as the Father of a Family could wish, that yet there is something in it which does not suit with the Genius of the *English* ; the *Dull* make up a great Part of our People ; we may see many Persons with grave Faces and empty Heads ; Men who are very reserved, and silent, not from good Sense, but native Stupidity, according to the Remark of a Man of Wit, *That the gravest of Beasts is an Ass, and the gravest amongst Birds an Owl.*

This meeting in Masks, one would think, should be design'd as an Exercise of Wit and Raillery, so that the Parties, not knowing each other, no Offence should be taken at any Sarcasms or Jest, which may be occasionally thrown out ; but where nothing like this is to be met with, it must appear a very senseless Diversion to one who has no Design of Execution upon the Ladies.

It is no doubt there are Persons of as much good Sense and Wit in *England*, as in any of our neighbouring Nations ; but all we can say is, they are not to be found at the Masquerade ; and a Foreigner, who was to judge of the Understanding of our People, by the Conversation of that Place, would make a very contemptible Report of us.

But,

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But, I find, that those who have nothing to say, endeavour to distinguish their Wit by the Singularity of their Dress, and in this consists all the Wit of the Place; and whoever makes his Court best to Mrs. *White*, or Mrs. *Long*, is the Favourite of the Night; and if the Manager of the New Play-House would lend me the Windmil in Dr. *Faustus* to go in the next Time; I don't doubt but I shall run away with the Hearts of all the Ladies my self.

The Reader must conceive then, that the Diversion lies in the Sight of a Number of different grotesque Habits, and a great deal of scurvy Dancing: These Habits consist in *Harlequins*, *Scaramouches*, *Punchinelos*, *Sherpherdesses*, and whatever else the ingenious Imagination of Mrs. *White* can furnish out, in order to make her Customers exceeding witty; and whoever has an insatiable Curiosity for seeing the Masquerade, and, at the same Time, is willing to save his Money, may go and see the Habits for nothing, at one of these Places, where they are let out, and they'll give him as much Diversion as when they're inform'd with Bodies, and hop about at the *Hay-Market*.

The Humour of the Company appears chiefly in dressing in Characters different from their Rank in Life; I talk'd with a Chimney-Sweeper, whom I discover'd to be of no less Quality than a Duke; and a Person in the rich Habit of a noble *Venetian*, who, taking off his Mask, I knew to be an Apprentice to a Tallow-Chandler.

The most civilized best bred Creature I met in the whole Assembly was a *Bear*; he was, indeed, a gentle Brute, but something shallow in his Intellects: My Curiosity led me to follow him, till by his drinking a Glass of Wine I had a Sight of his Face, and then I knew him to be a Beau, one of those, all whose Thoughts are turned to Dress; however, I could not help thinking

ing him a very good Mask; there were others very well transform'd from themselves: I met a Gentleman disguised with two Heads, who, upon a very slight Conversation might be discovered to have no Head at all; and a certain — of State, turned into what no Body would ever think or suspect, — *a Conjuror*.

In walking up and down the Room, I was often put in mind of *Æsop's* Cat, which being transformed into a beautiful young Woman, yet still retained something of her former Nature; so several of our Masks forgetting their Characters, broke out into something that discovered them. I was very intent upon a *Presbyterian* Parson and a pretty Nun, who were dancing a Minuet, when the Musick happening to play out of Time, the Nun, of a sudden, rapt out an Oath, and damn'd them with a very good Grace, *Mr. Testimony*, not to be behind Hand with her, cursed for Company: I was very desirous of knowing the Order of Religious, which this pretty Nun profess'd; therefore, when this Dance was over, I took Occasion of talking with her, and found her very free of Conversation; in fine, she gave me to understand, that she was of the Sisterhood, and belonged to a certain Convent, of which Mother N — is Lady *Abbeſs*. — She let me know, that *Mr. Testimony* and she were old Acquaintances, that he was a Captain of Dragoons, and formerly a Member of the *Hell Fire Club*.

I saunter'd about the Room, list'ning to various Scenes of Impertinence, and observing what Pains People of Condition took to distinguish their Follies from those of the Vulgar: When I found it grew late, and part of the Company began to file off, as no Person could be more sick of the Place than my self, I went out with the Crowd, and, as several were getting into Coaches, at the same Time, I observed a Cardinal and a Milk-Maid Arm in Arm, and, as it appeared to me,
very

very loving; methought I would have given a good deal for a Sight of the Face of the Cardinal's Mistress, only to prove, whether Church-Men are as good Purveyors in Beauty, as they are said to be: I stept into a Coach behind their's, ordering my Coachman to follow them, as if I had been of their Company.

We had not driven far before we stopt a certain *Bagnio*, that shall be nameless; putting my Head out of the Coach, I saw the willing Milk-Maid, young and buxom, trip out first, presenting her Hand to his Eminence, the Cardinal, who followed her; they went in and called for a Room, and so did I, and made choice of that which was next to theirs; after I had been in a little while, hearing some Buffle, I opened my Door, when I was ready to fancy my self transported into Noah's Ark, so fast did Figures of various Species come in by Pairs; the first that pass'd by me were a Devil, and a very pretty Quaker, (for I saw her Face) Satan saluted me with a whisk of his Tail, which, I suppose, may be the infernal Way of saluting, to which I return'd a Bow; then came a Turk, and a Female Rope-Dancer; then a Judge. and an Indian Queen; *Friars* of several Orders, with fanatick Preachers, all pair'd.

When I beheld the odd Conjunctions, I could not help thinking of those Verses of Mr. Dryden.

*Turk, Jew, and Christian, differ but in Creed,
In Ways of Wickedness they're all agreed.*

However, I retired again into my Chamber, and being eager for making Discoveries, I found a little Hole in the Wainscot, which some Person had pierced thro with a Gimblet, where I had no sooner applied my Eye but I heard the Cardinal sigh, and pronounce in a low Voice. — *Oh, you've undone me!* Yes, like a wicked Eyes Dropper as I was, I heard and saw all, and more than I shall tell.

This

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This raised my Curiosity still higher, and I was resolved, if possible, to find out who they were ; so waiting about an Hour I heard them call to pay, and down they tripp'd, and got into their Coach ; I soon follow'd them, and order'd my Coachman to keep them Company ; at length they stopp'd, and the Cardinal was set down at a House, the Family whereof I happen'd to be acquainted with ; the Milk-Maid drove into another Streer, but I took Care to see her lodg'd too, before I went off. I have been to drink Tea at the House of the former ; and find, if I have Skill in natural Philosophy, that the Cardinal is with Child.

The Reader must understand, that the Person in the Cardinal's Habit, was a prretty young Woman of good Friends, and the Milk-Maid was one of the greatest Coxcombs about Town.

When I reflect on this Adventure, I am no longer at a Loss to comprehend, why this Diversion is so eagerly pursued, since I find it is a kind of Festival dedicated to the Goddess of *Wantonness* ; and that the Rights here, like those paid to her in the Island of *Cyprus*, are too obscene to be disclosed, and are therefore fittest to be perform'd in Masquerade ; and, I am convinced, that the Undertaker, the *Chevalier de la belle Figure*, is no less than the lovely Priest of *Venus*.



LETTER

LETTER XXV.

*Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.*—————

S I R,

IN some of your former Dissertations (if I remember right) upon the Subject of Fortune, you give it as your Opinion, that she was not so blind as commonly represented; nor so unequal in the Dispensation of her Favours, but they might be gained upon the reasonable Terms of Care and Industry. You must pardon me, if I think this Proposition not sufficiently cleared, seeing undeniable Experience shews the contrary: For how many, very many, do we find, Men of the brightest Genius, labouring under discouraging Circumstances, while others of far less Merit and Ability, are buoyed up by the vain and popular Applause; so that when a Man's Name is up, he may, in the literal Sense, lye a-bed, or be as careless as he pleases, he shall still thrive. You have, indeed, said all that could be said for the encouraging Industry. Your Observations are very just and useful, and have ingeniously shewn how People might suit their Tempers so as to be serviceable to each other, by your admirable Simile of the blind Man and the lame. You remark too, that want of Spirit, and Minds properly adapted to put themselves forward in the World, is the Reason that many ingenious Men live and dye in Obscurity, without being any ways useful to the Publick, or serviceable to themselves. But there is one main Point has escaped your Observation, viz. that Indigency and a mean Fortune are oftner the Occasion of it. It was the Observation of a facetious Gentleman, that there were three Steps to be ascended in the gaining of Preferment, which
are,

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are, says he, Impudence, Impudence, and Impudence: And it is certain, that these Accomplishments, however exploded by the discerning Part of Mankind, seldom hinder, but, for the most Part, advance Men in whatever they undertake. Fortune is a Goddess that stoops only to the Forward and the Bold; her Favours must be commanded, and not intreated. Its true, a graceful and a prudent Audacity, that is, such a Boldness as is confined within the Bounds of Reason and good Manners, is a grateful and a necessary Qualification; to the want of which its often owing, that Men of the greatest Parts for Learning and Judgment, in all Arts and Sciences, do not thrive, but suffer the meaner Herd of Talkers to carry all before them; I believe there's no Science so over-run, or that has so many worthless Creatures thriving in it, as that of Physick; and, indeed, there is none so liable to Abuses as this is: For it being a Case where People can't at all judge for themselves, they must yield an implicit Faith, and consequently be subject to the grossest Impositions: For if a Person of this Faculty be never so ignorant, a *quantum satis* of Impudence balances the Matter very well, provided he pronounces his Opinion with a confident Air, the Pertinency of it is of no Consequence; for, with most People, the Matter spoke is not so much regarded as the Manner of speaking. There's another Species of Medicasters, that without proper Applications to the Study of the Art, owe all their Success to the keeping up an Acquaintance, and being in all publick Company. Such a one's *ipse dixit* shall pass (without troubling himself for the Reasons of the Thing) for good Authority, when another of less Note shall gain no Credit to what he says, tho' he demonstrates it by the strongest Reasons. I was, the other Day, speaking to a Gentleman in Behalf of a Friend of mine, and saying, that I believed he understood his Business as well as such a one. Puh, puh, says he, it can't be. ——— And, after a short Pause,

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Pause, very seriously told me, that he had never seen him at the Coffee-House, or upon the Bowling-Green, in his Life. By this I understand what kind of Disadvantages they are my Friend labours under, because he can't afford to be drunk as often as his Opponent, he can't possibly have so good Understanding. This seemed to me to be a new Method of acquiring Knowledge; but, I am informed, that it was not entirely unknown to the Ancients, but that *Hippocrates* and *Galen*, these Fathers of the Faculty, have, in some of their Aphorisms, laid it down as a Rule, that drinking largely, especially of Wine, contributed very much to the right understanding of this Art: Agreeable to which, it seems, our late celebrated Mr. D—fy has brought them in to accompany the Philosophers, and has left behind him a merry Song, called, *The Tippling Physicians*. Claret, in particular, they say, is a noble and instructive Liquor; it bears a near Analogy to the Blood, and, being circulated round a Company, in proper Vessels, and so drunk, has very stupendous Effects: It cheers the Heart, enlivens the Spirit, enriches the Blood, corroborates all the Faculties of the Mind, and gives one all those noble Ideas and Sentiments that are requisite to the right understanding of this Mystery. As for Dice, they being made of Bone, they cause very serious Reflections upon the Articulations, and the various Dispositions of Bones in the humane Frame. And Cards too, however strange it may seem, are very significant, and to them that know how to make the right Application, are the best System of natural Philosophy yet extant. Fineness of Dress is another Qualification of infinite Advantage to the Professors of this Art; for which Reason, young Dr. *Strut*, who dresses much more agreeably than my Friend, has the Advantage of him. He is, of late, wonderfully improved, and charms every Body with the Elegance of his Dress; one magisterial Nod of that understanding Wig gives a Grace to every Thing he utters, tho' never so incoherent.

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coherent. In short, Wit hangs on his Sleeves, and Eloquence flows from his Ruffles; and, you may depend upon't, a Man can't dress so well and be a Fool.

Your humble Servant,
PETER QUILL.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. MIST,

SINCE by the Introduction to your last Journal, you have, with a great Deal of Wit, Humour, and Judgment, detected the secret Practices, Folly, and Ridicule of our modern Masquerades; I cannot omit communicating to you a very extraordinary Piece of Intelligence of the *Beau Monde*. I am informed, that to make the Entertainment of Belles compleat, a perfect new Sort of Gentlemen Masqueraders are to make their Appearance in the *Hay-market* on the next Night of Shewing; some whereof are to assume the Shapes and Countenances of Monkeys and Baboons; others of Bears, Asses, Cormorants, and Owls; in short, a compleat Set of brutal and feathered Features are to be expos'd, to indicate the Politeness of our modern Gentry: And, as I am my self a bulky Man, I am obliged to make the Figure of a Dromedary to grace the Company. I am also told, that not only the Windmill from the *New Theatre*, but also the Dragon, will be there; and that a modish Citizen, with his Ensigns on his Forehead, of an uncommon Size, will attempt Admittance to this great Assembly. The Ladies are to be as whimsical in their Dresses as the Gentlemen, so that there will be Apes, Bears, and Dromedaries amongst the Female Masqueraders; and those who retain hu-

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man Shape, are to wash over, and disguise all remarkable Moles and other Beauties, (at other Times concealed) to prevent their being known by any private Discoveries. There are several other odd Figures to be represented, and Things to be transacted, of which, as you may be an Eye-Witness, I forbear to make any mention, especially since they are all of them abundantly confirming, that this Age is more *singularly polite* in the common Entertainments, than any that has gone before it. I am,

Your humble Servant,

ANTI-MASQUE.

P. S. You are desired to print this Letter in your next Journal, on Pain of our Displeasure.

The BALLS, a TALE, inscribed to
J. James Heidegger, Esq;

THERE was a Reign, as Stories say,
When Britain revell'd Night and Day;
War, Famine, Plague, whatever chanced,
Folks laugh'd and sung, and play'd and danc'd.
Virgins to Midnight Masques would go,
And not a Mother durst say, No;
She pass'd for unpolite and rude,
And Miss would cry, Mamma's a Prude.
To such a Show, (which we shall call,
For Chastity of Phrase, a Ball)
Went One, who (all Things duly weigh'd)
The Sequel proves must be a Maid.

Demure, as if she pac'd to Pray'r's,
Tim'rous she trod the slipp'ry Stairs,
Then peep'd, before she ventur'd in,
And enter'd last for fear of Sin.
Fast by the Door she sat her down,
About her Knees she wrapt her Gown,

And

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*And knit both Hands exact upon her
What, in Heroicks, we call Honour.*

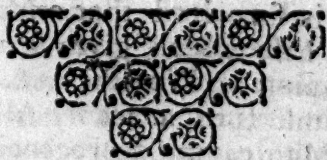
*Comes a smart Touth, who meant to dodge her,
And, I knew you,— Who? Cozen Roger?
The very same: Lord, how you sit!
Not speak a Word! not move a bit!
What makes you stand so like a Post?—
For fear my Honour should be lost.*

*O Child, I'll help thee at this Pinch,
Here's Work, indeed, about an Inch!
But that same Honour shan't be gone,
I'll stitch it up,—— so said, so done.*

*From the dark Room content comes she,
And feels so pure, and grows so free,——
She looks the Vizards in the Face,
And ventures to take half a Glass,
After one Turn, she cries, I doubt,
Roger, my Honour is broke out:
A Stitch or so, I fancy fell——
So back they went; he ——*

*How, if well taught, a Maid advances!
Next Turn, she takes her Man, and dances;
Of Danger now so little Notion,
That all the World admires her Motion.
The Dance scarce over, in her Brain
The Sense of Honour comes again.*

The Remainder of this Poem being a little too arch and ludicrous for this Paper, we omit it.



LETTER XXVII.

THE Renunciation of one of the greatest Princes in *Europe*, has put Men upon the Inquiry into the Cause of so surprizing an Event, and every Man reasons upon it, according to his own Passions and Humour. Those who are captivated with the gawdy Tinsel, and outward Shew of Greatness, will needs impute it to Meanness of Spirit, as if Man's Happiness consisted in having a Crowd of Sycophants eternally fawning upon him, and deceiving him into false Notions of his own Excellence; but those who look farther into Things, know well, that the Prince who is mindful of his high Office, and watchful of his Charge, meets with Cares and Perplexities greater than what are common to private Men; and to such a One, the resigning a Crown is no more than laying down a heavy Burthen.

Our excellent *Shakespear*, in his Play of *Richard the Second*, after the Resignation which that Prince was forced to make, introduces him reasoning upon his own Condition, and comforting himself with this Reflection;

*What was my Crown? — Why, it was my Care:
And what Loss is it to be rid of Care?*

The Miser is surprized that a Man should quit a Condition of Life which gives him such Opportunities of heaping up Wealth, and, instead thereof, confine himself to a scanty Allowance; and the ambitious Man cannot be reconciled to the Notion of parting with Power: Whereas, if we examine into the Nature of Passions, we shall find, that Ambition, as well as Avarice, is a certain Weakness of the Mind; and Examples which
Hi-

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History has furnished us with, of Resignations are of Persons of generous Souls, and uncommon Parts; but your little Minds are always tenacious: And I should think a wise Man should be glad to part with Royalty, were there no other Reason to be given for it than to get rid of Flatterers.

The great Emperor *Dioclesian* had made Experience of the private, as well as regal State of Life; he was meanly born, and, by his Parts and Valour, rais'd himself to the Empire. He was no sooner plac'd in this high Dignity, but he made *Maximian* his Partner and Collegue in the Empire; thus voluntarily parting with half his Power for the publick Good, which he thought too great a Charge for one, no Jealousy or State Intrigues distracted the Commonwealth upon this Junction. *Dioclesian* posted from one End to the other of this vast Empire to settle its Peace; he quell'd Rebellions in *Gaul*, *Britain*, *Egypt*, and *Africk*; so that he planted Tranquillity from East to West, and once more rais'd the Reputation of the *Roman* Name. When this was done, as a Man that has finished his Task, and is weary with his Labour, is desirous of Rest; being in *Nicomedia*, he took a Resolution of quitting the Purple, and resigning the Dominion of the World, and what made this great Event the more remarkable was, that his Collegue *Maximian* did the same Thing on the same Day, in the City of *Milan*.

Dioclesian chose, for his Retreat, a Place called *Salona*, in *Dalmatia*, that being the Country of his Birth: He found this Life so sweet, that he was often heard to say, *He never knew before what Happiness was.* And when, by Letters from the Senate, he was importun'd to come again to *Rome*, and take upon him the Government of the Empire, he return'd for Answer, *Wou'd to the Gods you were to see how finely the Lettice grew which I have planted with my own Hands; and then surely you wou'd not desire me to quit this Happiness!*

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This shews, that he that would seek for Content, must sometimes quit the Throne, and go in Search of her to some lonely Cell. Fear and Suspicion haunt the gilded Roof, while sweet Content takes up her Residence in the humble Cottage. One of the Predecessors of this present *Philip* of *Spain*, I mean the great *Charles* the Fifth, who was Emperor of *Germany* as well as King of *Spain*, after he had attained the highest Pitch of Glory which the ambitious Heart of Man can wish to aspire to, and had experienced how little Happiness dwells with State and Grandeur, resign'd both the Empire, and Kingdoms of *Spain*; the first to his Brother, the other to his Son, and chang'd them for a monastick Life.

The Place he chose for his Retreat, was the Monastery of *St. Justus*, near *Placentia*, betwixt *Castile* and *Portugal*, the Religious of which House are called *Hieronomites*: He added a small Building, consisting of about six or seven Apartments, to the Convent, where he kept a few Servants, and only one Horse.

Some will have it, that he repented his having made this Resignation; and to prove it, they record an Answer which his Son and Successor, King *Philip*, made to Cardinal *Granville*, who spoke to the King in this Manner; *It is, to Day, just a Year since the Emperor, your Father, resigned his Dominions*: It is said, the King should answer, *Then it is, to Day, just a Year since he has repented of it*. Yet by the Tranquillity with which he pass'd his Time, I find no Reason to suppose him discontented. It is certain, a little Chagrin might have seized him upon one Occasion, when expecting a Return of Money, with which he intended to gratify a certain Person, who was an Engineer and Mathematician, and whom he kept to assist him in certain Experiments in Mechanicks, in which this Emperor was very curious; the Payment met with several Delays. This, I say, might stir
up

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up a little Resentment in him against those of the Court, who had thus basely neglected him; but a Man of his Experience and extraordinary Parts, must have known, that it is in the Courts of Princes that Ingratitude sets up her Throne; and therefore it could not make so deep an Impression upon him as to tempt him to wish for Greatness again.

Let us examine how he pass'd his Time in this Retreat, and we may the better judge, whether there was any Tincture of Ambition left in his Soul, or any Lingerings after the Vanities of the World.

It is observed before, that his Residence was with a Convent of Friars; here he amus'd himself with Gardening, a kind of natural Philosophy, in which he made several curious Experiments: At other Times he diverted himself in improving Mechanicks. It is said, he was a great Artist in Clock-Work; and brought Clocks to such an exact Time in their going, that several of them would strike at the same Instant, as if there had been but one Bell to them all, and continue to do so a considerable Time, without being new set. He sometimes would receive Visits from Persons who were his old Acquaintance, provided they came without Retinue, and then he would talk of the Affairs of the World. It happened, that an old Acquaintance was with him, when an Account was brought him of his Son *Philip's* gaining the Battle of *St. Quintin*. He discoursed freely, and made several Remarks upon the Events and Conduct of the Action, and discovered to his Friend wherein his Son had taken false Steps, adding, that at his Age he would have made better Use of a Victory.

This shews that he was still fit for the Business of the World, if he had not been sick of it; it is true, he might have sat still upon the Throne, without taking upon him any Care, and so lived

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like a Drone, consuming the Revenues of his Dominions in Sloth and Luxury, and left the Government to those, who would have fleeced the People at Discretion, as many Princes before him had done; but his Soul was too great, and his Nature too honest to hold it upon such Terms.

He sometimes rid out to take the Air, but without any Attendance, for it is observed, that he kept but one Horse, a Sign he despised all State and Grandeur.— He was very punctual in his Devotions, and kept up to all the Rules of the Convent; in the Exercise of which, something memorable happen'd to this great Prince, with which, it is said, he was greatly pleased, and therefore we shall relate it.— It was the Custom for the Friars to rise to Midnight Prayers, and one watched each Night to call up the rest at the appointed Hour.— This they did by Turns.— The Emperor submitted to this Discipline, also when it came to his Turn.— One Night going round the *Cells*, to wake the *Friars*, he found one so fast asleep he could scarce move him. It was a very young Man, a *Novice* of the Order. The Emperor look'd at him, and judging of the Tranquillity of his Mind by the Soundness of his Rest, was half unwilling to wake him.— However, the Rules of the Order requiring it, at length he rous'd him. The young Man, very drowsy, and unwilling to rise, seeing who it was, said to the Emperor, *Can't you be content with having disturbed the whole World, but you must come to disturb us too, who are out of it.*

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

Vivitur Ingenio.

I HAVE made bold to take down a Motto from the Top of our *Theatres*, to fix at the Head of this Paper; every Man is at Liberty to chuse what Motto he pleases, either for his Wit, or his Coat of Arms, without having Recourse to the *Heralds Office*; therefore I conceive I have as good a Right to it, as those Gentlemen: It is true, they live by Wit, but it is by that of other Men; whereas I am forced to live by my own.

Our Employments are the same in one Circumstance, for it is my Business to entertain the Town, as well as theirs; and I have made it my Study to imitate the Practice of the Stage in its laudable Part, that is, by mixing the profitable with the pleasant, *Utile Dulci*, as you have on the Frontispiece of our other Stage.

As to my Essays, which are miscellaneous, I shall say but little; they have one Beauty, which is Variety, and many of them have had the good Fortune to please and divert the whole Town; thus much a modest Man may say in his own Praise.— But as to the busy Part of our Paper, I mean that which is appropriated to News, we may launch out further in its Commendation, for if it be meritorious to improve Mankind in Knowledge, we have the Vanity to think, that Praise is our Due, since I don't doubt, but all our Readers will confess, that every *Saturday*, after they have read this Paper, — they have known something more than ever they knew before.

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Since I have made a Comparison betwixt a *Theatre*, and a *Journal*, I shall carry it on a little further.—— I have constantly observed the following Sentence at the Bottom of our Play-house Bills.—— *No Money to be returned after the Curtain is drawn.*—— I have studied these Words very accurately, and find a great Deal of useful Learning comprehended in them, and which may prove of singular Advantage when brought Home to my own Affairs.

The Managers of our Theatres signify by those Words, *that no Man must expect to see the Diversions of that Place for nothing*, which seems to be a very reasonable Article.—— For how must Salaries and Decorations be paid? How must Actors, Actresses, Dancers, Musicians, Scene-Men, and Candle-Snuffers, who there dedicate their whole Lives to the Service of the Publick, be maintained, if the Practice of returning Money should be allowed?

Yet this Treatment, as unreasonable as it is, is what I meet with in any Affairs, and tho' my Charges in Proportion to my Prices, are greater than those of my Theatre; nevertheless, a great many People expect to see all my Diversion for nothing; indeed, some pretend that they give a third Part of the Price for Reading, and then return the Paper; but I declare it is a Bribe to the *Hawkers*, and that no Part of it comes into my Exchequer.

I can attribute this to nothing but the general Corruption of the Times; I find the Distemper creeps downwards, and is descended from great Things to small.—— But I must inform my ambitious *Hawkers*, who are so fond of imitating their Betters, that it is a Proceeding altogether irregular, for, according to the Custom of *England*, no Man is to cheat any Thing but the Publick.

Having

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Having found of late, that this Grievance encreases upon me, I have therefore thought fit, by and with the Advice of my Privy-Council,—— Consisting of my *Secretary, Compositor, Press-Men, my Jesuit, and Devils*—— to declare, that from this Day forth, *No Money shall be returned after the Curtain is drawn.*

Lest this should need an Explanation, it must be observed, my Meaning is, that henceforth no Returns will be allowed, and that no more Papers can be given out than are paid for; if this be no Hardship at the Play-house, much less can it be accounted so with me; there you are obliged to pay by the Head, whereas a whole Family or more can be diverted at the same Price by me, and tho' Peoples Tastes commonly differ, some being for Politicks, some for Divinity, and some for Mirth and Humour; every Reader may find something here to please his particular Palate.—— Whether you are for Dr. *Faustus*, or Dr. *Burnet*, I am your Man.—— And many who have spent two Guineas upon the *Masquerade*, have confessed, that they have been better diverted with it in this Paper, than at the *Hay-market*.—— I may add, that after it has entertained a whole Family or more, I may venture to pronounce, that it lights a Pipe as well as any Paper now extant.

Its Vertues are not unknown to the *Pastry-Cooks* of this great City, I could name one who had like to have been ruined by putting *Pasquins* under his Pies, they were all no better than Dough, and the poor Man lost his Trade. As Experience make Men wise, he found at length that the Dulness in those Papers had infected his Goods, and infused a Heaviness into the Paste.—— Wherefore he chang'd them for these Journals, and immediately his Pies were as good, and as well baked as any within the Bills of Mortality; so he still continues the Use of them with very great Success.

But

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But I am satisfied I shall meet with no Opposition from my gentle Readers in this new Regulation; especially, when they are informed of the great Expences I am at in their Service: I have heretofore enumerated my civil List, of which they may compute the Charge by the Number of Persons of which it consists; but there is a Branch of the Business executed by my self, which is also attended with its incident Expences; I am forced to post from the *Exchange* to *St. James's*, and from *St. James's* to the *Exchange*, to catch the first Whisper of a Piece of News, before it is become common; here must be clean Linnen and Gloves, a powdered Wig, and sometimes Coach-hire, without naming what it costs me in Shoe-cleaning when I walk on Foot.

In order to furnish out Matters of Entertainment, I must see Plays, Operas, and Masquerades: It is true, I am admitted into our Play-houses, *Gratis*, by a kind of Poetick Licence; not that I am upon the List of Dramatick Writers, but as a *Virtuoso*, and Critick: Yet, by an unprecedented Behaviour, the Directors of our *Opera* have refused me that Liberty, having found a Blot in my *Escutcheon*, to debar from a Freedom, which, by Prescription Time out of Mind, the Adepts in all Sciences have enjoyed. The Objection is, that *I am an Englishman*: The *Chevalier de la triste Figure* assigns the same Reason, for making me pay for my Masquerade Ticket, adding, *we Foreigners don't come here to make Compliments*.

If I should give a Detail of my Expences, arising from some unlucky Quarter of the Law, it would exceed all Credit: I pay large Bills to Men, I am forced to employ whether I will or no; and others have the Modesty to send me in Bills, only because I do not employ them; but since the great Assembly of the Nation is enquiring into Affairs of this Kind, we shall shortly set forth the Extortions, and other Grievances the Subject

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ject suffers from certain Offices in the Law, which it is impossible the Gentlemen of that House can conceive, or imagine, without being informed of particular Facts.

Thus, as all Men, who have any Thing to do with the Publick, should give an Account of every extraordinary Step they take, so have I laid before my gentle Readers the present State of my Affairs, and the Reasons and Causes moving me to this new Regulation: I find, upon an Examination of my Accouts, such a Deficiency occasioned by Fines, and other Troubles, that if I may use the Words of an ingenious Man to a Lady he courted, who was for enquiring into his Estate, "That all I am worth at present, lies under my "Perriwig; so that, if, by any Accident, I should "have the Misfortune of loosing my Head, I should "not be worth a Groat."

LETTER XXIX.

PROVERBS xxvii. 6.

*Faithful are the Wounds of a Friend, but the Kisses of
of an Enemy are deceitful.*

TO Dialogue a Man into one's Opinion, is merely to cologue and couzen him out of his Senses; and unfaithfully to represent a Conference betwixt two Parties, is a deceitful and treacherous Method to trapan and win the Opinions of the Vulgar; for thus an Enemy, by personating that Side he has an utter Aversion to, under a Pretence of making the most vigorous Assaults in its Behalf (tho' really to expose its Weakness) and of defending it with the utmost of his Power; he, at length, betrays his Trust, and slyly gives

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gives up a Victory to the weak Efforts of a laborious Adversary. We had an Instance of this the other Day in the *British Journal*, betwixt a Clergyman and a Quaker: The Author promised, indeed, to do both Sides Justice, yet, if you please to give me Leave to present your Readers with a Transcript of the same from the Clergyman himself, they will be better able to judge whether he has or no.

Clergyman. I AM glad of this Opportunity of talking with you; it is what I wanted.

Quaker. What do'st want to talk with me about? I have no Business with thee, as I know of.

Cler. But, *I think, I have some with you. I am your Minister, and therefore since I shall, in some Measure, be accountable for the Miscarriage of every Soul committed to my Care, I hope what I do in discharge of my Duty, may not be taken amiss.

Qua. I promise thee, thou art none of my Minister; I will have none but of my own choosing.

Cler. Why then, my Friend, thou may'st, by the same Method, chuse thy Saviour too; but if thou expectest any Benefit from Christ, thou must receive it from Christ's Servants, according to his Appoinment, or not at all. They are of his, and not of thy choosing.

Qua. But if they mind their Pride more than my Salvation, I am likely to expect a great Deal of Benefit from them.

Cler. I don't know that my Behaviour amongst you, gives the least Ground for such a Charge; but, however, will you quarrel with your God, because he hath ordained, that Men should minister unto him? Are not the common Infirmities of Mankind to be wink'd at, in them as well as others? Or will you refuse the Offers of Mercy, because

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because the Channel in which it is conveyed is not quite so straight, or free from Rubbish, as you could wish? Thus to rail against Priests, is to satyryze upon Mankind, and not upon the Priesthood.

Qua. But the Apostles were none of them so high, nor stood so much upon their Dignity.

Cler. The Apostles were endu'd with an extraordinary Share of the Holy Spirit, and consequently were capable of carrying the Man nearer to a State of Perfection, than those who are assisted only by the ordinary Means of Graces; and yet we find, that themselves were not without their Faults, tho' that was never made any Objection against their Ministry.

Qua. But since thou undertakest to clear my Doubts, tell me first, hast thou no Doubts thyself?

Cler. 'Tis true, I have——

Qua. Why then canst thou pretend to direct me in that in which thou art not convinced thyself?

Cler. Have Patience a little, I beg of you: I was going to tell you, that the Doubts I have, are of different Things, and of a different Nature from yours. I am fully satisfied in whatever Points I trust are necessary to Salvation, and in those therefore am able to instruct you, some of which you seem to be altogether ignorant of.

Qua. And I am as fully satisfied too in whatever I trust is essentially necessary to Salvation; so that thee and I are still upon a Level.

Cler. But does this Satisfaction or Conviction of yours proceed from Reason or Prejudice? Is it grounded upon Argument, and a modest inquisitive Search after Truth, or on a proud, obstinate, perverse and willful Ignorance? Have you used all the Means, and embraced all the Opportunities of informing your Conscience right? Or rather, have you

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you not shut your Eyes, and stop'd your Ears against Demonstration it self?

Qua. And prithee, what dost thee ground thy Faith upon?

Cler. Not only from evident and plain Deductions from Reason, but likewise upon the concurrent Testimony of the Church throughout all Ages, as well as on that of all Men who have been famous for Learning and Piety. Was I of a contrary Opinion to all these, I should be afraid of trusting too much to my own Judgment; and not without the weightiest Reasons contradict such Doctrines which have been established by the universal Consent of Mankind.

Qua. But hast thou that universal Consent and Agreement which thou so much boastest of? I could never find any Thing but Jarrings and Differences among thy Writers.

Cler. 'Tis true, there are some Points which are controverted amongst us, but then they are such, which, in themselves, are of small Moment and Concern to the Society of Christians, which God Almighty seems to have concealed on purpose, in order to exercise their Talents, and encourage the Industry of the Learned: Yet this can be no Argument at all against the Validity of those Doctrines in which we all agree, and these are they which you and I are now discoursing upon; nay, it rather confirms and strengthens their Authority, seeing that those Matters which contending Parties allow, are seldom false. And now, is it not the greatest Degree of Folly and Scepticism to argue, that because we can't understand every Thing, that therefore we are certain of Nothing? And, to conclude, that because God has not given us Reason in Perfection, that therefore he has given us none at all.

Qua. But pray, Why is my differing with thee in thy Opinion, worse than your differing with one another?

Cler.

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Cler. Because the Tenets you espouse are more injurious to the Peace and Welfare of Society ; of more pernicious Consequence to the Gospel of Christ, and in the End, detrimental to your own Soul. And now, to explain the whole Matter a little more familiarly to you ; there is no one born into the World with exactly the same Lines and Features with the rest of Mankind ; yet nevertheless, if we should meet with one without Ears or Eyes, or destitute of any other integral Part, we should look upon him as a Monster. So it is with the Minds of Men ; there are some trifling Matters in which they all differ, but, in the main, they all agree ; and therefore a Disagreement only in these substantial Parts, makes a Man a Monster in Soul, as the other does in Body.

Qua. Well, let them be Monsters, or what they will, I promise thee, the God of Mercy will never damn a Man for his Opinion, provided it be sincere.

Cler. Thank our good Bishop for helping you to that Argument ; and truly I hope and trust that he will not : But then, can you assure your self likewise, that you have the same Claim to the Rewards he promises, and as just a Title to Heaven, when thou art wrong in thy Opinion, as well as when thou art right ? Beside, I would have you prove and try, whether you are really so sincere in your Doctrines as you pretend. Do you take those Methods to correct your Judgment which he has prescribed ? Or are you not resolved, dogmatically, to persist in your Opinions, because you are sure a mere Opinion can't hurt you ? If this be your Case, and your Prejudice is grounded upon Fact and Obstinacy, you will find, that God is as just as he is merciful. He has told you before, that he that believeth and is baptiz'd shall be saved ; but that he that believeth not shall be damned. This, one would think should startle the most obdurate Hearts, and make a Person very cautious how he rejects
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any Articles of Faith upon Caprice and Humour; and that Creeds are not such Trifles as a great many would make you believe. And tho' this Text seems to be calculated for those who deny Christianity in general, yet 'tis by Parity of Reason applicable to all such who reject any the minutest Point of Faith, and separate themselves from the Body of the Church, even a Demonstration to the contrary of that it maintains. The original Word in this Verse is *ἀπισδοε*, and may be better translated *disbelieveth*; and so peculiarly adapted to those who deny the Doctrines of the Gospel, when laid before them. Consider with your self, whether you are not one of their Number who now refuse to hear the Instruction of Christ's Ambassador.

Qua. Thou art mistaken Friend, thou art none of his Ambassador.

Cler. Why, does not St. Paul say, We are Ambassadors in his Stead?

Qua. Yes, art thou St. Paul?

Cler. No, but I am his Successor.

Qua. If thou art, where are his Gifts and Miracles to confirm thy Authority?

Cler. You argue very extravagantly, is it necessary think you, that every Priest of God should have all the Gifts that St. Paul had? Were there not others even then which had not his Talents; and yet, at the same Time, were Ministers of the Gospel, as well as he? Or do you think that the same Power is requisite to support the Gospel, as was necessary to establish it, amidst the bigotted Prejudices of the Jews and Heathens? Is the same Force and Strength required to continue the Motion of a Machine, as was at first to set it a going?

Qua. But the Church of God does not want thy Assistance, neither is there any Occasion for thee.

Cler.

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Cler. How then can the Ordinances of God be administred in his House? Are you a better Judge of the Wants and Occasions of the Church of God, than God himself.

Qua. Friend, as thou art a Christian, thou must know that every House is alike to Almighty God, *who dwelleth not in Houses made with Hands*: And as for Ordinances thou knowest the Apostles administred none, every Man did it for himself; and it was done from House to House, there are no bloody Sacrifices in the Religion of *Jesus*, and consequently no Priests, their only Office being to slay Beasts.

Clr. There are three principal Propositions, which in this Answer you seem to assert, which I will endeavour to confute. The First is, That God has no more Regard to one House than another, for his Worship and Service, and this you ground wholly upon the Words of *St. Stephen*, *Howbeit the Almighty dwelleth not in Temples made with Hands*: Now if you please to turn to the Place, you will find that this is spoke with Relation to the Temple of *Solomon*, (which was built by God's own Commandment and Direction) and was intended only to shew the Folly of the *Jews*, in valuing themselves so much in having the House of God in their Land, when they neglected to worship him in Truth and Sincerity. But will you argue from hence, that because to worship God in Truth and Sincerity, out of his House, is better than without them to prostrate our selves before him in his House, that therefore they who worship him in Spirit and Truth any where, please him full as well, as they who worship him in Spirit and Truth in his own House, and according to his own Appointment? This will never go down with Men of Reason, who are vers'd in Mode and Figure.

The

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The second Proposition you maintain is, that God has left no Ordinances to be administred in his Church, which I wonder with what Face you who pretend to be so well vers'd in Scripture can deny: Are not the Epistles of St. Paul full of Directions how the Worship of God is to be performed? Does he not plainly point out the *Desk* and the *Pulpit*, the one for *Intercessions*, *Prayers*, and *giving of Thanks*, the other for *Rebukes*, *Exhortations*, *Admonitions*, *Advice*? &c. Does he not prescribe how the Sacraments are to be administred, and that *Decency* and *Order* is to be observed in several Things, and that *all Things be done to Edification*? But this, I suppose, you asserted for the Sake of your last Proposition, (*viz.*) That in the Christian Religion there are no Priests, because, say you in it, there are no bloody Sacrifices, and consequently no need of Ministers, whose Business in the Jewish Dispensation was only to slay Cattle: But, I think St. Paul says, *No one taketh this Honour to himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron*. Where you may observe, that he accounteth it an Honour to be of the Priesthood, though you please to represent them no better than Burchers. And secondly, that there are Priests of God's calling in the Christian, as well as there were in the Jewish Religion. Look into the Epistles to *Timothy*, and see if you can't find there not only an Order of Ministers, but also different Degrees in the same Order. Is not the Holy Spirit said to be given by the Imposition of Hands? And don't you read that Persons are *sent to Preach*, and *Baptize*? What Meaning can you put upon these Places of Scripture, if you, contrary to the plain Doctrines of all Ages and Nations, flatly, and saucily affirm, that Christ hath constituted neither Priest nor Ordinance in his Church.

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Qua. Well since there must be Priests, and these Offices must be done, why may they not be perform'd by me or another, as well as thee? I think I have full as good a Talent at Preaching and Praying, and can do them as well.

Cler. So could *Korah* and his Company offer up Incense, and go through the Duty of the Priesthood as well, perhaps, as *Aaron* and his Family; but what was the Effect of their Presumption? And now, by the Bye, be pleas'd to consider again, how consistent the Meanness of the Priesthood, as you are pleas'd to represent it, is with the Language of Scripture? Here you find it was Matter of Envy to Two hundred and fifty Princes of the Assembly, *famous in the Congregation, Men of Renown*, who thought that the Priests were exalted too much above the rest of the People; and how you will reconcile this with their Office being no more honourable than that of Butchers, I am at a Loss to tell. I thought they were to make Atone-ment and Intercessions for the Sins of the Congregation, and intreat the Lord to *spare his People*.

Qua. But *Aaron* and his Family were peculiarly appointed by God to the Office of the Priesthood, and therefore, that was directly opposing his Authority.

Cler. And have not I shown you likewise, that God has appointed a Ministry in the Christian Religion? He knew very well that, what was every Body's Business, would be no Body's Business. Does not *St. Paul* expressly say, *how can they Preach except they be sent*? Now consider with your self a little, and see by what Means those Priests (whom you own to be of God's sending) were distinguished from the rest of the Congregation, to offer up Incense, and attend the Service of the Altar. Was it by an *inward Call*, or the *Light of the Holy Spirit*? Or had not God recourse to external Means, and the Mediations of Men? What other Method therefore, can you expect that

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that he should make Use of, in the Gospel-Dispensation, to set apart Persons to serve him in the sacred Ministry of his Church? Beware therefore, lest you incurr the same Punishment with that refractory Crew, by audaciously taking upon them to administer his Ordinances, without any such Call or Appointment.

Qua. Since thou art of God's sending, then thou art to serve him, and not thy self, art thou not?

Cler. It is true, I am, and so I hope I do.

Qua. Why then dost make a Gain of, and sell thy Office?

Cler. What do you mean? Am not I to expect a competent Livelyhood for my Labours? Does not my Employment exempt me from the ordinary Callings of Life, and engross my whole Time and Study in the Service of Religion? And does not St. Paul say, *the Labourer is worthy of his Hire*? And again, *do ye not know that they which minister about holy Things, live of the Things of the Temple; and they which wait at the Altar, are Partakers with the Altar.*—— Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the Gospel, should live of the Gospel. If we have sown unto you spiritual Things, is it a great Matter, that we receive your carnal Things?

Qua. But St. Paul was not burthensome to his Disciples, and made no Demands either of their Figs or Barley.

Cler. True, but still he maintained a Right and Title to a Maintenance from them, amongst whom he preached; and gave them to understand, that it was a Matter of Courtesy and Favour, and proceeded from the abundant Kindness and Affection he bore to them, that he did not make Use of those Privileges as the other Apostles did, to which the Gospel had given them a just Claim; For, says he, in the 9th Chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, *Have we not Power to eat and drink? Have we not Power to lead about a Sister, a Wife, as*
well

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well as the other Apostles? Who goeth a Warfare any Time at his own Charges? Who planteth a Vineyard, and eateth not of the Fruit thereof? Or, who feedeth a Flock, and eateth not of the Milk thereof? Is not this enough to convince you, that a sufficient Provision is to be made for those who labour amongst you in the Word and Doctrine? That they that plough, should plough in Hope; and, that they that thresh, should be Partakers of their Hope. Reflect a little, Friend, and judge from hence, whether it is not reasonable, that we should expect the innocent Enjoyments of Life in this, as well as any other Occupation? And have we any Thing more but what maintain our Families, and keeps us above Contempt in the World?

Qua. They who are rich in Grace, want no other Riches to save them from Contempt; and they who are rich without it, ought to be contemn'd. Riches may render them formidable, but Piety only, and a holy Conversation, can make them revered. Revenues do not place them above Contempt, but only encourage to despise their People. The Poverty of the Apostles was great Part of their Glory.

Cler. You mistake me, I am not a pleading for vast Revenues, or immense Riches; I only show you the Necessity of having a moderate Competency provided for the Clergy, to keep their Authority from being despised. For to imagine that Vertue would be revered in Rags, and that the Dignity of the Priesthood can be supported by Beggars, is a silly and preposterous Supposition, which daily Experience convinces us, amidst the Degeneracy of humane Nature, is impossible. Is the Integrity of Ministers, destitute of all foreign Assistance, either of Books or Learning (which you must own cannot be obtained without some Income) sufficient think you to defend their Religion from such numberless Swarms of *Atheists* and *Free Thinkers*, which every Age infest and perplex it? Can the Discourses of an Order who are depress'd upon a
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Level with the meanest Slaves and Vassals have any Weight and Efficacy with proud and obstinate Sinners, whose Prepossessions far out ballance all Reason and Argument? Would not their Rebukes be saucy? Their Exhortations impertinent, and their Reproofs unsufferable? Can the Spirits of a Man be supported with that Vigour and Resolution, which are necessary to the right discharge of his Duty, only by a melancholy Prospect of having nothing to depend upon, but the arbitrary Wills of a merciless Laity? Would not the real Piety of such Mendicants be branded with the Name of *Hypocrisy*, and their Professions of Sanctity expose them to Ridicule and Laughter? Besides are not some Encouragements requisite to invite Men of Sense and Understanding to take upon them an Office of such Concern and Importance? And are they not to be set above the common Temptations, which a mean Fortune is continually suggesting to humane Frailties and Infirmities? Or, is it better that the Skum of the Nation should attend the Service of the Altar, whose Morals may reproach their Master and Saviour, and their Poverty and Ignorance expose his Religion to be scorn'd and trampled upon.

Qua. Thou mayst spare thy Rhetorick, Man, for I am resolved thou shalt never perswade me, but that the Parsons are the Bane and Pests of Religion, and therefore to be kept under.

Cler. Then thou art resolved not to hear Reason?

Qua. Not when it contradicts the Dictates of the Spirit.

Cler. You mean the enthusiastick Persuasions of your own Mind.

Qua. Thou mayst call them Enthusiastick, or what thou wilt, but they are true, and I am sure they will not misguide me.

Cler. That is, your Persuasions are true, because you are sure of it; and you are sure of it, because they are true. Is not this an absurd Way of Arguing,

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guing, to infer the Premisses from the Conclusion first, and then make the Truth of the Conclusion solely depend upon the same Premisses.

Qua. If thou hadst the Light within thee, thou wouldst be better able to judge of Truth and Falsehood, than thou art now with all thy Logic.

Cler. I don't desire any such Light, which may over power and darken my Reason, which God has implanted as a Guide and Directress within my Breast; it is the Supream Court of Judicature, from which I cannot, and must not appeal. The Almighty himself has always recourse to it, when ever he makes Use of ordinary Means to convince us: And he first shows us, that it is reasonable, before he desires us to believe any Thing.

Qua. Why then, at this Rate we may resist the Motion of the Holy Spirit, if we must believe nothing without Reason.

Cler. The Holy Spirit never makes any Impressions upon the Mind of Man, to perswade him to any Thing which his Reason does not allow, without bringing his Credentials along with him at the same Time, which immediately may make his Reason strike in with the Revelation; otherwise, we should never be able to distinguish the Impulse of the Spirit of God to Vertue, from that of Satan to Vice: Whoever therefore, adhere to the Persuasions of their Minds, without Credentials, are nothing but Enthusiasts.

Qua. They may be pious Christians for all that, and if their Affections be true towards God, they will certainly be saved.

Cler. That's more than either you or I can tell, unless we know the Foundations of their Error.

Qua. You would not damn a Man for invincible Weakness?

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Cler. No certainly ; but yet I would try whether his Weakness be invincible, and endeavour to set him right.

Qua. What by a Whipping-Post I suppose ?

Cler. No, by Argument ; Force has been banished our Isle long since, and therefore you are unjust to upbraid us with that our Church does not allow.

Qua. Why then does it make Use of the Civil Power ?

Cler. To defend it self from Heresy, Schism, Prophaneness, and Irreligion.

Qua. But it does not want its Help.

Cler. No ! Does not daily Experience teach us the contrary ? Are not its Doctrines oppugned and assaulted, its Rites and Ceremonies undervalued and despised, the Object of its Worship ridiculed and contemned, and its Precepts violated and trampled upon ?

Qua. And how can the Magistrate help this ?

Cler. By his Punishments and Corrections, he may restrain their Proceedings by Force.

Qua. He may make them Hypocrites it is true, but he can never make them better Christians.

Cler. Yet still he may keep them from making other People worse, which is sufficient Encouragement to exercise his Power.

Qua. But I thought thou said'st thy Church did not allow Force and Violence to subdue a Man's Weakness; now mere Opinions are only the Weakness and Infirmities of Mankind.

Cler. 'Tis true I did, and agree with you still, that a Man's Opinions are not to be forc'd, let them be never so pernicious, but then they may be confined within the Compass of his own Breast, and then let him hug his beloved Creatures and welcome ; for when once his Will begins to be concerned, and has breathed his poisonous Tenets amidst the tumultuous Populace ; when he is not content to be mistaken himself, but must preach and propagate his Schism, and breed Divisions,

Sedi-

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Seditions, and Disorders in the State; when he is intriguing Factions, ambitious of Place and Preferments, in order to undermine and destroy the established Religion, and disturb the quiet of other Christians; then it is high time for the Ruler, who beareth not the Sword in vain, and who is bound to preserve the Peace of Society, to lay to his Hand, and punish the malicious Actions of a corrupt Fanatick, who would conscientiously, forsooth, destroy Mens Bodies, and ruin their Souls.

I am,

Your humble Servant,

PHILO-CHRISTUS.

LETTER XXX.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

Juv.

ALATE Author, in a Treatise which he has writ, endeavours to prove, that all the private Vices of Men, some Way or other, turn to the Advantage of the Publick; thus a Harlot is a more beneficial Member of a Commonwealth, than a modest Woman; and, according to his System, a Thief is, in some Sense, a much better Subject than an honest Labourer.

His Manner of proving his Assertion is a little sophistical; however, it carries with it a Shew of Reason; and it has furnished the Partizans of Lewdness, (a considerable Body now amongst us) with Arguments in Defence of the Masquerades.

I must confess, that some of the Reasons they produce to demonstrate its Usefulness to the Commonwealth, are not easily answer'd. It is granted by all, that the greatest Strength and Support of a Nation consists of the Number and Increase of its Inhabitants; and we, who are for suppressing these midnight Revels, have produced an Instance of a

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young married Lady, who miscarried by a Fright she took at seeing the Ghost of *Banco* in a bloody Shirt, at one of these Assemblies. Here is a Member lost to the Commonwealth; and who knows but it might have proved another *Newton* or a *Harvey*, or some great Genius that might have done Honour and Service to its Country.

To which the other Side answer, that indeed this Miscarriage may be a particular Grief to the noble Family to whom it happened; but it is a Grief that will not endure long. Let the Mother get more, say they, she is a Woman of Quality, and has nothing else to do. They add, that since it can be proved, if it were necessary, that there are fifty Children got to one that's lost by going to the Masquerade, the Publick certainly is no Sufferer by it.

Here we must acquiesce; and as no Man can merit the just Character of an impartial Writer, without producing what can be said on both Sides of a Question, it is fit I should enumerate all the Benefits accruing to the Publick from this *private publick Vice*.

In order to this, it will be necessary to take Notice of all the People who are Gainers by it; first then, the Count *H*—— with some Persons not far from *St. James*, who are supposed to have a Fellow-feeling in the Profit; then the Persons who let out the Habits, with the Mercers and Taylers, Milliners, Hackney Coachmen, Chairmen, the Persons who keep Bagnios, Bawds, Pimps, &c. without naming Apothecaries, Surgeons, Nurses, and Midwives, who are also Gainers by it. I am acquainted, my self, with a Surgeon within a Mile of *Covent-Garden*, who has set up his Chariot this Winter by the Masquerade; the Profits arising to him being not only for his Art in the Way of his Profession, but he is also paid *Husb-Money*, because he has to do with Persons of Reputation.

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In my Travels thro' *Italy*, I observed, that in several of the little Commonwealths and Principalities of that Country, there were certain Houses licensed and privileged by the State for the Reception of Travellers, and others, who cannot confine themselves within the strict Rules of Chastity. In these Houses Sin is carried on with so much Decency and Caution, that it is said, those who frequent them, do not run the same Hazards to their Persons which are sometimes incurr'd by those who are addicted to the same loose Amours in other Countries. If the *Chevalier de la triste Figure* pandar, since his Prices are extraordinary, he ought to insure the Constitutions of his Customers; otherwise, if an Accident should happen, he must expect to undergo the Discipline which the Rakes of the Town bestow upon those Houses in which they've suffer'd, that is, to have his Windows broke.

But to return to the Masquerade. The Conversion it occasions, and the gay and tempting Descriptions that are given of it in all Companies, so possess the Heads of our young Girls, that they can think of nothing else. They turn all their Wit and Invention to deceive their Parents and Friends, to satisfy their Curiosity, which is now set agog to see it.

As there is no pretty Girl but is liked and courted by some Man or other. Miss tells her Admirers, that she longs to see the Masquerade, but her Father won't let her go. The Gallant offers to make her a Present of a Ticket, and provide her a Habit, and she may steal out when her Parents are asleep, and be at home in the Morning before they are up. The ingenious Projector foresaw that his Entertainment would be discouraged by the virtuous Part of Mankind, and therefore took Care it should not begin till the Time when the Sober and Grave were retired to their Rest, that their Daughters might be debauched while they were asleep.

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Miss is charmed with the Proposal ; she consults her Confidant, the Maid, how it may be done ; the Maid, moved by her Intreaties, and a Guinea given by her Gallant, promises to assist her, and keep her Counsel. — So said, so done. — The Ticket and Habit come, the Parents are gone to Bed, and Miss steals out, and puts her self into a Chair, and so the poor innocent Girl is carried to the Devil.

Now imagine the poor giddy Creature in the midst of an Assembly all dissolved in Luxury ; her Spirits put into a Ferment by Dancing and Champagne ; her Ears entertained with loose and wanton Discourse ; her Mind so captivated and soften'd by the Gaiety of every Thing about her, that she is fit to receive any Impressions ; and, lest Shame should be a Restraint to the Business of the Place, (as a reverend Prelate lately well observed,) there is an Expedient found to remove that too, by putting on Masques. I say, when all this is considered, where is the Wonder that an unexperienced young Thing should suffer her Thoughts to go astray, especially when she sees such Numbers to keep her in Countenance.

Thus she passes the Night, which, indeed, is an apt Preparation for what is to follow. When 'tis time to go, she and her Gallant step into a Coach ; he tells the Coachman where to drive, either to the Bagnio, or to some other Place where he knows he can be private. When he has her alone, and no Impediments in the Way, she's in his Power, then it is that the whole Affair, for which this Rout was made, is executed. All the Maxims of Virtue and Modesty, which had been taught her from tender Infancy with so much Care, all the Lessons of her Education, the Work of fifteen Years, are here obliterated and destroyed, by one lewd Night ; in fine, the poor Thing is undone for ever.

The

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The Danger which young Girls incur in this School of Lasciviousness, puts me in mind of some Verses in a homely Ballad, which I shall quote, not for their Beauty, but for their Aptness to our present Purpose.

*Woman is a curious Thing,
Whether she's fair, or black or brown;
Great Pains are taken to bring her up,
But a little Thing throws her down.
Hey down, hey down.*

Now our Man of Gallantry having fully satiated all his Passions by the Ruin of the Girl, thinks it time to Rise and Part, while she, all covered with Blushes, is ashamed to behold the Light; young as she is, and new in Sin, she fain would shun all Eyes, fancying that every Person, who looks upon her, sees Guilt in her Countenance; she finds it is so late that her Parents must have miss'd her from home, and, of Consequence found out where she was gone, therefore she resolves to dye a thousand Deaths, rather than venture to look them in the Face again, or stand the Shock of their just Resentment: What must be done? Why, our Gallant takes her a Lodging, and if he be a Man of Fortune, now while his Fit of Fondness lasts, he rigs her up with new Cloaths, for all her Cloaths are at home, except a masquerading Habit she come out in, and so she is set up for a kept Mistress in Form.

But this lasts not long, in a Month or two he grows tired of her. — *Fresh Masquerades furnish fresh Mistresses.* — Then he puts her off to one of his Acquaintance; when this Spark is satisfy'd, he puts her off to a second, and so she is passed from one to t'other, like a Jagger's Ball, perhaps, to seven or eight of them in as many Months. At length she finds her self forsaken of them all; soon after she is reduced to such melancholly Circumstances, as her inexperienced Youth could have no Idea of, viz. to

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want the Necessaries of Life. — She has Recourse to the first Refuge in these Cases, which is to sell or pawn her Cloaths.

In the mean Time, Mother N——, or some other reverend Dealer in Beauty, hears of a young Thing newly eloped from her Friends, she makes her a Visit, pities her Condition, generously offers her House, promising to take as much Care of her as of her own Child; the poor Girl does not see the Wickedness of her Design, but thinking her self happy in meeting with such a Friend, accepts her Offer: That Night she is put off for a Maidenhead to my Lord Duke. — Next Day to Sir John. — Then to the Colonel. — Afterwards to a fanatick Al——n. — Then to a *Westminster* J——ce for conniving at the House; so when her Maidenhead has been sold about ten times over, and she is known, she falls into the lowest Degree of Misery, which that defenceless Sex can suffer, *v.z.* to stand the lewd Insults of Midnight Rakes and Bullies, her Person as common as a Barber's Chair: Thus she leads a short unhappy Life, and, perhaps, dies young, a Prey to most corroding Diseases.

But it is fit for we to return to our Text, and shew the prodigious Advantage the Publick receives from the Ruin of this poor Girl, that thereby we may be able to account why in this Age of *publick Spirit*, certain Persons are not sent to *Bridewel*; notwithstanding, that it is generally believed our *Westminster* Justices know where this *Ballum Rankum* is kept, and who the Person is that undertakes it.

First then, upon her Elopement, the Manto-Maker, Stay-Maker, Milliner, Shoe-Maker, Hosiery, &c. are employed in rigging her new; after she is reduced, the Pawn-Broker is no inconsiderable Gainer by her. — Then that reverend Matron, Mother N——, gets a fresh Piece of Goods in her Way. — And last, the Town gets a W——.

This

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This I take to be the Sum Total of the Benefits accruing to Trade by her Fall. — But as to the mournful Condition of the unhappy Parents, that is too melancholly a Part of the Story to be touched upon, and therefore we shall pass it by, and only take Notice of what some Gentlemen and Ladies urge in Defence of this their darling Diversion, That there can be no harm in it, because that such as have a Mind to be wicked will find Opportunities of being so, if there were no Masquerades.

It must be granted them, that those who are far gone in Intrigue, are not to be debauch'd by frequenting these Assemblies. — But the Innocent and Unwary here fall into the Snares laid for them, and many a Coxcomb, by these Means, has triumphed over the Vertue of some defenceless young Thing, who (were it not for the Masquerades) would never have an Opportunity of making an Attempt upon her.

As there will be a Masquerade in a few Days, I therefore give Warning to all pretty Girls, to whom these Presents shall come, against accepting of Tickets. — There is Poyson in such Presents.

Perhaps some of them will tell me, they have no Meaning but harmless Curiosity, and a Design of passing a Night in an innocent Gaiety. —

This I allow them to be true. — *So have I seen a little Fly charm'd with the Glare and Beauty of a lighted Candle, play about the Flame, the harmless pretty Insect had no Design but of diverting it self with its innocent Play. — But, yet, alas! it burnt its silken Wings at last.*

LETTER XXXI.

Dear Nath.

TAKE Pity upon one of thy constant Readers, and give me a Word of Advice; my Case is this: I am just turn'd of 30, have a good Estate, a Genius for Books, and live in a sociable Part of the World: I am neither the Jest of Men, nor the Aversion of the Women. Every Thing seems to conspire my Happiness, which, notwithstanding is still wanting. I cannot for my Soul, of late stick to any one particular Business; I can neither tarry Abroad, nor abide at Home: When I retire to my Books, I do nothing but tumble them over, running from Page to Page, and from Author to Author, without any Application or Improvement. When I retire to my Garden, the Scene of Pleasure and Contemplation, instead of walking, I rather traverse the Allies, am possessed with ten thousand fluctuating Whims, and tire my self before I know what I am doing. When I recover a little, and begin to reflect, which, by the by, is very short and seldom, I fancy all this proceeds from Melancholly; to shun which, I immediately repair to Company, where I never answer one Question directly, and never say one Word to the Purpose, and am always either breaking of Pipes, humming to my self, or drumming with my Fingers on the Table. I know all this too, and yet 'tis impossible for me to help it: I sometimes resolve to apply my self to my Studies very earnestly, but, instead of confining my self, as I had determin'd, my Horse is called for, and up I get, without ever knowing whither I am Bound, or what Intent.

Now prithee tell me, *Miss*, if it be'n't Madness, or rather worse, because I know it; I am loath

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to call it voluntary Madness, because I cannot help it; but sure 'tis the most extravagant kind of Frenzy in the World, and such as, I believe, *Bedlam* can't produce an Instance of. I am sure it does not proceed from any innate Principles of Inconsistency, because I have been able, some Years since, to stick to my Studies with the greatest Severity and Intenseness of Thought: I am confident it cannot arise from any Affectation of Wit, or Humour, for I know there is neither Wit nor Humour in it, and I despise all others that are guilty of it; neither will I allow it to proceed from any Levity of Mind, because I am sensible of it my self, and despise my self for it too. In the Name of common Sense, Friend *Mist*, what is it then? Some of my Friends tell me I must marry, and tho' I have no Inclinations that Way, yet I would do any Thing that may conduce to my Recovery. When I say I have no Inclinations to Matrimony, I would not have you think that I have any Aversion to it neither; for, as in all other Things, so in this, I am perfectly indifferent.

They tell me of many strange Cures affected by Love: But certainly if Love would do it, I need not have recourse to Hymen for a Remedy, for I love every Soul upon the Face of the Earth. But my Notions of Love, they tell me, are too general and unconfined, which Marriage will collect and reduce to one particular: And that then I shall find the Advantage of it. If it be so, with all my Heart; I will do any Thing to change a Course of Life, which I can neither cease to disallow, or to practice. So I have given them my Word and Promise to marry: But when, or how I shall be as good as my Word, hang me if I can think, or imagine. I cannot bear the Thoughts of running through the many tedious Addresses of a Courtship: When I should be talking to my Mistress, I shall be whistling, picking my Teeth, or playing a Minuet on my Fingers: And If I should

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should happen to deliver my self of a premeditated Sentence or two, as soon as ever I had spoken it, I should be for marching off, without expecting any Reply. This Humour must needs ruin me for an humble Servant with the Ladies; so that I can think of no other Expedient but of recommending my self to the Ladies through your Means, as an unaccountable sort of a Fellow that is willing to marry, if he could get an agreeable Woman, who would consent without Ceremony.

I am too much a Philosopher to stand upon the Pence, Symetry, or a fine Face or Shape will not break Squares with me; every Figure being alike useful to a Mathematician. Neither shall I insist upon Complexion, Mr. Locke having, long since, convinced me, that there is no such Thing as Colour. Let me have a little Sense, a great deal of good Nature, and I desire no more. I have therefore drawn up a general Address to all our British Females, which I desire you to publish in your next, hoping that it might hit the Humour of some or other amongst so many, and you will oblige

Your constant Reader,

And very humble Servant, H. S.

To all unmarried Ladies, Gentlewomen and Spinsters, whether Maids or Widows, old or young, rich or poor, tall or short, crooked or strait, wise or otherwise, black, white, red, yellow or blue, to whom these Presents shall come, greeting.

WHereas a good condition'd Batchelor, at present, under a Necessity of marrying, having no other Incapacities, as he knows of, but only that of making his Addresses; he hereby humbly begs the Favour of any good natur'd Female, who is willing to take Pity upon him, that she would direct to him, with some short Account of her self. He is five Foot high, aged 30, has a good Estate, of a sanguine Complexion, strong Supporters, loves roast Beef, and can procure a Certificate under the Minister and Church-Wardens of his Parish for his good Behaviour.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

— *Inter sylvas Academi quærevit Verum.* Hor.

Mr. Mist,

I READ, with much Pleasure, your Journal of February 15, in which you elegantly vindicate those Princes who have voluntarily thrown aside the Purple, after they had approved themselves able to bear the Weight of it; and have looked for that Happiness amongst the Woods and Fields, and murmuring Streams, which they despaired of finding in a Court. But you have considered Retirement only in this View, as it removes Men from the Cares and Perplexities of a publick Station; and therefore have left Room for me to reflect on it, as it assists us in our Enquiry after Truth; and as you have confined your Thoughts on it to Princes, give me leave to extend mine to the several Degrees among Men.

Now, it is certain, a Man who lives in a Crowd, *inter fumum, & opes, strepitumq; Roma*; be his Station in Life what it will, can very rarely acquaint himself with the Truth of Things, because his Mind is seldom at Leisure to make a strict Enquiry into it: The Pleasures, or Business of Life possess him alternately, and deliver him over from one Amusement to another; so that he can with less Difficulty gain Admission to a *Prime Minister*, than to *Himself*. His Understanding is *intrenched* with so many Passions, Temptations, and Impertinences; there are so many *Delays* of Brocades and Hoops, and Linnen to be broke through, that before a Man can get at it, the Inclination grows cold. Whereas the busy swarm of vain Images, which buz about the Mind in the heat of a social State, always leave it in the *Shades* of a re-
cluse

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eluse and solitary one ; there the Passions are laid, the Temptations are at a Distance, and the Impertinences chased away.

— *Tunc Famina simplex.*

The Understanding is then easily come at, it lies naked and exposed, and represents Things to the Fancy, as they really are. His own Mind was without doubt the *Egeria*, whom *Numa* courted in the Retreat of a Grove ; 'twas from his private Intrigues with that Goddess, that his Laws were received by the *Black-Guard* of *Romulus*.

It is from Mens walking so much in the Dust of publick Life, that they don't see the Absurdity of their own Notions, but let loose so many palpable Mistakes in our *Coffee-Houses*, as undoubted Truths. Their Heads are so warmed with a jumble of Stocks, Bankrupts, garbled and ungarbled Goods, the Czar, the Pope, and the Devil, that their Sentiments are really unlike those of the rest of Mankind ; and seem, as the good Women call it, *Not to be as they should be*. The Children of their *Brain* put me in mind of *Architophel's* Son in *Dryden*,

*Got when his Soul did buddled Notions try,
And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy.*

You shall hear these *Literati* affirm, till they are black in the Face, " That it's impossible for any
" Man to be honest, who has Rogues to deal
" with, that a Man's Interest is to be the Mea-
" sure of his Actions ; that the Necessity of Af-
" fairs is an Excuse for any Thing ; that a Man
" of Honour may turn Informer, take a Bribe,
" or betray his Trust, if he can produce a Pre-
" sident for it, from others, in the same Stati-
" on." Our *Divines* make heavy Complaints of
this new *Philosophy*, and tell us, they are likely to
lose

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lose many of their Texts of *Scripture*, under the No-
tion of their being *prejudicial to Trade*. They com-
plain, that many of those Texts have been dis-
possessed of their hereditary Meaning, which they
had enjoyed quietly from the Days of the *Apo-
stles*. Dr. *Sawth*, in one of his *Sermons*, takes No-
tice of these *Philosophers*, and, with a *Tenderness* pe-
culiar to himself, gives them the Title of *Corpo-
ration-Blockheads*. The gentle Dr. has, I think, car-
ried the Matter somewhat too far; but we may
learn from our most faithful and polite Allies a
more delicate Manner of reproving them; It seems
when any one of these Preachers has advanced a
Piece of Christianity which the *Burghers* don't ap-
prove, he finds a Staff at his Door the next Morn-
ing, as a modest Hint, that he may convey himself
to some other Town, they having no farther need
of his Instruction.

I fancy these *Coffee-House-Preachers* could not take
it amiss, if when they insist upon any Points con-
trary to common Sense and Honesty, one should
slide a Cane into their Hands, intimating, that
they should take a Walk into the Country, and
consider.

I am,

Your humble Servant, &c.



LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

*Fœlices animos quibus hæc cognoscere primis
Inque Domos superas scandere Cura fuit.* Ovid.

THE extraordinary Exactness our Mathematicians are arrived to, in calculating Eclipses, has, in great Measure, prevented the Terror and Amazement which otherwise would have seized the Generality of Mankind, upon an Appearance which must, in their Sense, seem contrary to the common Order of Nature. We find the Ancients in the utmost Terror and Consternation upon the like Occasions; and what even our common People now look upon as proceeding from a natural Cause, they (the Ancients) regarded as a Warning from the Gods, of some Destruction at Hand; as if Nature sympathiz'd with the Fate of Nations, and the Destruction of some Empire or Commonwealth must certainly follow an Eclipse.

Yet there were, from Time to Time, many wise Men amongst them who understood the Causes of these Things; but the Superstition of those Ages would not receive their Doctrines. As the Eclipse, which is to happen on *Munday*, engages the present Conversation, we shall give our Readers what is to be met with in History upon that Subject.

Thales, among the *Grecians*, was the first we read of, who understood the Cause of Eclipses, and how to calculate them; and after him *Anaxagoras*, who flourished in *Athens*, where he taught several new Doctrines, particularly, that the Moon was inhabited: He was Master to *Pericles*, the famous *Athenian* General. This Knowledge of Eclipses was of great Service to the *Athenians*, in a naval Expedition, the Beginning of the *Peloponnesian* War, under the Command of *Pericles*. It happened, that just as the

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the Fleet was setting Sail, the Sun was eclipsed, and it grew dark all of a sudden, which struck the Steersman of the Galley, aboard which *Pericles* sail'd, with such Horror, that he could not move, believing it to be an ill-boding *Omen*; but *Pericles* throwing his Cloak over the Pilot's Face, and mus-
fling him up with it, so as he could see, ask'd him if there was any dreadful Thing in what he had done to him? He answered, No. Why, said he, nor does that above differ from this, only, that what has caused that Darkness there, is something greater than a Cloak; and by giving those about him the natural Reasons of these *Phænomena*, he freed the *Athenians* of the dismal Apprehensions they were under, and they sailed on prosperously.

But such was the Enthusiasm and Ignorance of those Times, that *Anaxagoras* was cast into Prison, *Protagoras*, another great Philosopher, banished, and *Pericles*, with Difficulty saved his Liberty, for no other Reason, but that they were wiser than their Fellow-Citizens. The Study of Nature and Astronomy was esteemed prophane, and it was derogating from the divine Power to give a natural Account for any extraordinary Appearances in the Heavens, which exceeded the Understanding of the Vulgar; therefore the ancient Philosophers were very cautious how they communicated their *Arca-na*, or Secrets of Nature.

Cicero the Orator, and also *Pliny* the elder, make Mention of one *Sulpitius Gallus*, who was very learned in the Doctrine of Eclipses, who explain'd the Nature of them, and was very exact in their Calculation.

We find that when the Romans made War upon *Persens*, King of *Macedon*, their Army being commanded by *Paulus Æmilius*, their Consul, an Eclipse of the Moon happened the Night before the Battle; at which the *Macedonians* were so terrified, imagining it to be an *Omen* of their Destruction, that the

the Notion did not a little contribute to their Overthrow.

Plutarch gives the following Account of it, "When it was Night, and no Man after his Supper thought of any Thing but Sleep and Rest, all on a sudden the Moon, which was then at Full, and full Heighth, grew dark, and by Degrees, losing her Light, cast divers Sorts of Colours, till at length she was totally eclipsed. The Romans, according to their Custom, with the Noise of Brass-Pans, and the lifting up a great many Firebrands and Torches, endeavour'd to recover her Light, while the *Macedonians* behav'd themselves far otherwise, for Horror and Amazement seiz'd their whole Army, and a Rumour by Degrees crept into their Camp, that this Eclipse portended no less than *that* of their King; but *Paulus Æmilius*, who was no Novice in these Things, but very well understood the seeming Irregularities of Eclipses, knew that at a certain Revolution of Time, the Moon, in her Course, must be obscured and hid by the Shadow of the Earth, till passing that Region of Darkness, she is again enlighten'd by the Sun, was no Way dismay'd, but encourag'd his Army, &c."

Thus far *Plutarch*. We shall now give some Account of the approaching Eclipse, which does not proceed from any Frolick the Sun has taken of appearing Masquerade, according to the Humour of the Times, but from unavoidable Necessity.

To give a clear and easy Idea of the Nature of Eclipses, it must be known, that an Eclipse of the Sun is, that when by the Conjunction of the Moon with the Sun, the Earth is deprived of the Light of that Luminary; so, properly speaking, it is an Eclipse of the Earth, and not of the Sun, which, notwithstanding any Interposition, still retains its own natural Splendor.

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An Eclipse of the Moon is, when she is in Opposition to the Sun, whose Rays are intercepted by the intervening Atmosphere of the Earth, according to new Discoveries; and not the Earth's Body, which can never happen but at full Moon, and then only when she is near her Nodes (that is,) the Intersection of her Orbit with that of the Ecliptick, or Way of the Sun.

For the Calculation of Eclipses, we refer our curious Readers to the *Prælect. Astron.* of that ingenious Mathematician Mr. *Whiston* (we wish we could say Divine) in which all their Phænomena are clearly demonstrated.

It is a wonderful Secret in Astronomy, that this total Eclipse should return within nine Years and a Month of the like total Eclipse in 1715, when before that there had not been such an Eclipse in the South Parts of England for 575 Years, or since the Days of King *Stephen* 1140. Nor is there such another to be expected here during this Century.

This great Eclipse of the Sun, or rather the Earth, will happen on *Monday* in the Afternoon; it begins 45 Minutes past Five, and ends 32 Minutes past Seven, but will not be total here, tho' within half a Digit of it, that is, a twenty fourth Part of the Sun's Body. The Sun rises eclips'd in the *South-Sea*, in the Latitude of 13 North, at 6 Minutes past Five in the Morning to the Inhabitants of that Part of the Globe; but with us, that Time is 45 Minutes past Two in the Afternoon, from whence the Shadow of Darkness, of the Breadth of about 180 Miles, passes the Surface of the Earth over *California*, *New Mexico*, *New Britain*, *Davis's Straights*, the Sea between *Newfoundland* and *Greenland*, and so to *Ireland*, *England*, *France*, and *Italy*, till it sets at *Mantua*, and thereabouts, which is at 40 Minutes after Six. The Northern Limit of the Shadow enters *England* at *Gloucester*, passes in a Line cross the Country, by

Mal-

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Malborough in Wiltshire, Farnham in Surrey, and Shoreham in Sussex, to the Westward of which Line, comprehending the Counties of *Wilt.* *Hampshire,* *Dorset,* *Somerset,* *Devon* and *Cornwall,* the Eclipse will be total. The Center of Darkness passes thro' *Biddiford,* *Exeter* and *Weymouth,* under which Line will be the longest Duration. The Center of the Shadow from the first Interposition of the Earth's Body moves at the Rate of 2000 Miles an Hour, which is about four Times as swift as a Ball fired out of a Cannon.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. MIST,

Τῆς πρὸς Θεοκρίστου βίβλου, ἴδρι ὅτι τὸ κυριώτατον ἐκεῖν
ἐστίν, ὅπως ὑπολήψεις πρὸς αὐτῶν ἔχειν, ὡς ἱγτων καὶ
δικαιῶν τὰ ὅλα καλῶς καὶ δικαίως. Epictetus.

THE British Journalist in his Paper of April the 25th, has given us a very laborious Essay upon Blasphemy, where I think I never met with so much Sense and Non-sense together in all my Life-Time. The Author endeavours to prove, that it is impossible for any one to be guilty of Blasphemy against God, or to speak Evil of the supreme Being; the Arguments, 'tis true, that he makes Use of for that Purpose, must be allowed to be very effectual, seeing they most of them suppose him to be only a Creature of Fancy, an arbitrary Idea that depends wholly upon the humoursome Notions of a wild Imagination, and from thence very justly infer that no one can derogate from the Honour of that Being, whose very Existence is dependant upon his own Will, which may form and fashion it after what Man-
ner

ner it pleases, without the least Injury to any one.

I was at a Loss with my self, for some Time, to find out what could be the End and Design of this Paper, in bringing to Light so pernicious a Doctrine, till at length I concluded with my self, that as Ministers of State, when they have enter'd upon any Measures that are detrimental to their Country, and such as they cannot justify immediately, take Care to procure a general Act of Grace, which is particularly designed to Screen their own Actions upon any emergent Occasion; so this Gentleman being conscious what impious and heretical Tenets he himself has broach'd, with Respect to Religion and his Maker, is now very kind to all of the same Stamp and Character, by endeavouring to prove, and have it received, that no one can blaspheme God; for if it be a Thing that is possible, alas! what will become of poor Cato and Criton?

A Man, says he, who knows God, cannot speak Evil of a Being, whom he knows to be blessed and beneficent, and the Author and Giver of all Good, and with whom no Evil can dwell; and a Man who knows him not, and reviles him, does therefore revile him because he does not know him; he therefore puts the Name of God to his own Misapprehensions of God: This is so far from speaking Evil of the Deity, that it is not speaking of the Deity at all, 'tis only speaking Evil of a wild Idea of a Creature of the Imagination, and existing no where but there. This is Logick with a Witness, and such as may challenge all the Schools of Sophistry to produce a Parallel. A Man knows God to be good, therefore he cannot speak Evil of him, because forsooth, no Man can speak contrary to what he knows; if this had been true, the British Journalist had been at a Loss many a Time for a Preface to his Paper.

Again says he, When a Man reviles God, he reviles him because he does not know him, and this is only fixing the Name to his own Misapprehensions of God. How so, I be-

I beseech you, for when a Man ignorantly speaks of God, do his Words refer to the Idea he has of him in his Mind, or do they not relate to that eternal Being, which existed before the Creation of the World. Mr. Lock, very ingeniously observes, that which we talk of Substances without us, not the imperfect Image in our Minds, but the Thing it self is the Standard of our Reasoning, for otherwise there could be no such Thing as Falsehood in our Discourses of them, though we flatly and plainly contradicted one another. Thus to make Use of his often repeated Instance of Gold, when we speak of it, we don't mean the Notions we have conceived of it within us, but the Substance it self; and therefore, if we say, that it is not malleable, dissoluble, or the like, we are guilty of asserting an Untruth, though those Ideas agree well enough with the Image we have form'd of it in our Understanding: To bring what I have said therefore a little nearer to the Matter in Hand, a Person, perhaps, may take it in his Head to revile his Sovereign, to call him a Villain, Rogue, and Rascal, and afterwards may think to come off by begging his Majesty's Pardon, and assuring him, that he was not speaking of him, *but of a Creature of his own Imagination, under the Name of King, and existing nowhere but in his own Fancy*, but what the Event would be, I leave you to judge. — And now, if you please you may observe how nicely and exactly Criton's Argument squares with Truth, provided we would allow, that Supposition, which as I hinted before, he would have us imagine, (*viz.*) That God only exists in the whimsical fanciful Brain of Priest-ridden Bigots, for then it would be impossible for our Words to refer to any Thing else but our own Ideas, and consequently incapable of Malediction.

————— *If a Man says with the Eccl in the Psalms, there is no God, he cannot blaspheme what he thinks is not.* This is another Argument he makes Use of, but what though we should allow a Man's Ignorance

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rance may render him guiltless; must it be in-
 ferr'd from thence, that therefore it may change
 the Nature and Quality of his Actions, this would
 be to make right and wrong depend upon our ar-
 bitrary Notion of Things. Whatever in it self
 may be said, *Βλασφημῶν*, or to detract from the
 Honour of the Deity, may be justly and truly de-
 nominated Blasphemy, let the Author think what
 he pleases. St. Paul owns in the 26th Chapter of
Acts, that he compell'd some of the Christians to
 blaspheme, and rightly accuses himself, though at
 the same Time he was ignorant of what he did.—
He goes on, we cannot blaspheme that which we honour,
an ancient Pagan could not blaspheme Jupiter, whilst
he really believed him what he called him, Jovem op-
timum maximum. Here you find the great Crea-
 tor of Heaven and Earth placed upon the same
 Rank, and Level with a fictitious God of the
 Heathens; and it is argued, that because they
 could not blaspheme their Deity, which was not,
 that therefore we Christians cannot blaspheme
 Ours who is; though to make his Argument ex-
 actly correspond, we ought to supply his Reasoning
 with that which I observed before, he desires we
 should, *viz. who really is not neither*, and then we
 shall find the Inference will be just. But to con-
 fute him from his own Words, he, by saying,
Whilst we honour God we cannot blaspheme him, tacitly
 allows, that when we dishonour God we may blas-
 pheme him. Now God in many Places of Scrip-
 ture, is said to be jealous of his Honour, and how
 it can be said so, unless we are able in some
 Sense to rob him of that Honour, is not to be
 imagined: If the Gentleman means that no one
 can injure the Nature and Essence of God by his
 Words, I readily agree with him; but if he main-
 tains that that Nature and Essence by Words may
 not be misrepresented, I must beg his Pardon, if
 I contradict his Doctrine: The Remainder of this,
 and the two following Paragraphs are Tautology
 and

and Nonſenſe, and not worth ſpeaking to; what he ſays after, with Relation to Lunaticks and Mad-men, is nothing to the Purpoſe.

I ſhall therefore examine only the laſt Paragraph, where he lays down three Rules, which he ſays we ought to be perfect Maſters of before we can charge any one with Blaſphemy.—— *First*, ſays he, *We muſt ſettle and aſcertain all the Ideas of God*, but I can't ſee the leaſt Neceſſity for this, for if we have *any* ſettled and determind Ideas, which flow from the eſſential Properties of God, we eaſily know when thoſe Ideas are contradicted, and conſequently ſo far are capable of judging, when any Thing falſely is aſſerted of him. Thus to inſtance in our former Example of Gold, if a Man ſhould hear another aſſerting that it was not yellow, or ſpecifically heavier than Lead; to qualify him for being a competent Judge of the other's Words, there is no Neceſſity that he ſhould be acquainted with all the ſecret Properties of Gold; it is ſufficient for him to charge him with a Falſehood if he can demonſtratively prove that thoſe two Qualities inhere in the Subſtance they are ſpeaking of; but, I find according to his Method of Reasoning, we muſt perfectly underſtand every Thing, before we can be certain of any Thing.

The next Rule is, *We muſt make all Men capable of judging of thoſe Ideas with Certainty*; this, in a great Measure depends upon the other Rule, and conſequently falls with it. If I have only one Idea of God, which I have a Demonſtration for, another that denies that Idea, I may charge with Blaſphemy, though he has no certain Ideas of God at all; for though Ignorance may ſecure him before God, yet it can never juſtify him, ſeeing the Truth of the Matter does not depend upon his Thoughts, but upon the Nature of the Thing it ſelf. If a Man ſhould aſſert, that there was no ſuch Thing as the Sun in the World, that Propoſition would be

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be false, let him think what he would ; all his quaint Arguments would never be able to banish this Luminary out of Heaven, and the Assertor might be justly branded for a Liar : So likewise, he that denies the Being of a God, let him think what he will, is certainly a Blasphemer, since we have a greater Evidence for his Being, than the Existence of the Sun, according to that known Maxim, *Qua mente cognoscuntur Certiora sunt quam qua sensu* ; for I can't be so certain of the Existence of any of those Things without me, which daily expose themselves to my Senses, as I am of my own Existence ; for it is possible, that those Ideas in my Mind, which, I think, arise from external Powers, may be mere Chimeras of our own Brain, and excited there by some internal Operation ; but that I my self am, nothing can be more certain. Now upon this Proposition depends the Being of a God, since I am sure that neither I, nor any Thing else, did, or can, make it self, it evidently follows, that some Being, which either immediately or mediately made me, existed from Eternity, after the same Manner God's Power, Knowledge, Justice, and Holiness, are demonstrable : Whoever therefore impugn these Attributes, I may justly charge with Blasphemy, without diving into the *Secrets of the Heart* ; since Words, though arbitrary at first, have a determined Signification from Use and Custom ; and therefore we may judge when, according to their common Acceptation, they dishonour God, without having Recourse to the Intention of the Speaker.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

Philo-Theus aque

ac Philo-Christus.

LETTER XXXV.

THERE is no Diversion so cheap and innocent as Reading; the Man who takes Delight in Books, passes a great many Hours agreeably, which lie heavy upon the Hands of those who have no Taste that Way. Sir Francis Bacon advises Reading for Health-Sake; for Reading which is the Exercise of the Mind, is as essential towards preserving a good Constitution, as Riding or Walking, which are the Exercises of the Body. It is no Doubt, but Idleness is generally the Cause of that Indisposition, which we call the Vapours; those who are taken up in the busy Parts of Life, cannot so much as have an Idea of it, it is inconceivable to them, that Persons can be Sick, without feeling any Pain; but Ladies, Beaus, and Footmen, Persons who have nothing to do, are those who breed this Distemper: The Truth on't is, the Mind must have something to keep it in Play, otherwise it will prey upon its self; and those who have no Business or Employment in Life, to take up their Time, must either pass it in a very trifling Manner, or languish with a good Constitution, and have their Imaginations disturbed, without either Crosses or Cares to afflict them.

But it may be answer'd, it is their own Faults, for a good Book may be both their Physick and Diversion, so that they may be cured of their Distemper with Pleasure: Since therefore we think it vain, to persuade People of Fortune, to employ those vacant Hours of Life, which lie burthenfome upon their Hands, in the Study of some Art or Science, because the acquiring an Art or Science, will demand Labour and close Application, and Men of Fortune must not take Pains; however, we may prescribe to them both for their Health and Diversion,

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sion, to fill up those empty Spaces in Reading good Books; how many Men are there, who lengthen out the Time by doing nothing, and grow weary of their own dull Company; whereas the Man that reads, may know the Length of his Time, but it will never seem tiresome to him, because of the Pleasure it give his Mind.

I think it no small Part of my Happiness, that I have a strong Inclination to Books, and I am satisfied, it saves me many a Shilling, and keeps off both Tavern and Apothecary's Bills. When I am importuned to go to the Tavern, in the common Phrase, ——— to *kill Time*, ——— I frequently excuse my self, by saying, I am to meet Company at Home: ——— The Company I mean, are *Titus Livy*, or *Cornelius Tacitus*, with whom I pass many an Evening; and while my Companions (in the Poet's Phrase) are pouring a Thief down their Throats, to steal away their Health and Senses, I am improving both, by the Conversation of these two Sages.

I would not have my Readers fancy by this, that I am a Cynick in my Studies, and always for acting the wise Man, will admit no Book into my Study, where the Subject is not handled in a grave Manner; on the contrary, I can laugh with *Martial* and *Rablais*; and when I see a new Book advertised with a promising Title, my Expectation is raised as high as a Girl's of fifteen, at her going to the first Masquerade.

If I were to be ask'd, what Sort of Books I would recommend to a Man, who has nothing to do? I should answer, those which have a Mixture of the profitable and pleasant, such I count History, and also Voyages, and Travels: I have sometimes after Supper travelled throughout two or three Provinces of the *Persian* Empire, without the least Fatigue, and rise fresh the next Morning, to pursue my Journey. I have perhaps, that Day, gone over a great Part of the Mogul's Dominions, and visited *China*, and could give a better Account of the Laws,

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Policies, Trade, and Manufactures, of those several Countries, than any of our *East-India* Captains.

Books of this Kind give a prodigious Pleasure, when they are writ by Men of Sense, who understand the Business of a Traveller, and are judicious in their Observations and Remarks, and do not endeavour to abuse their Readers with fabulous and idle Stories.

I saw a new Book advertised last Week, call'd *The History of the Pyrates*, in the *West-Indies*, which I had Curiosity enough to peruse; it was not the tenth Part of the Price of a Masquerade, but amus'd me so agreeably, that when I once began I scarce had Power to lay it by, before I had gone thro' it. — I had often read of the Depredations those People had committed upon our Merchants, and knew how they were dreaded by all People who traffick'd to the *West-Indies*; but I never could have a Notion before, how a Parcel of Out-Laws, who were Enemies to all Men, and all Men so to them, whom no Land would receive, could subsist upon an Element which does not furnish the Necessaries of Life to Man, before I read this History.

But what I was still more at Loss to comprehend, was, that these Men whom I look'd upon to be no better than so many Ruffians, did not cut one anothers Throats, upon the least Division, or that there were not continual Divisions amongst them; considering the depraved Nature of Man is such, that the Possession of Wealth and Power create continual Animosities amongst us, and almost every Man would attempt to grasp all, if he had nothing to fear; and there is need of strong Laws to hinder Men from acting according to their Wills towards one another.

I had read what *Plutarch* and other Writers had mentioned, concerning the Rise of Pyrates, and also their Actions, but observ'd that none of them
had

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had ever taken Notice how they were governed amongst themselves: But this Author, who I find has been amongst them, has been very curious in inquiring into that Policy, which kept them in Peace amongst one another, and under the Title of Articles, has produced a System of Government, which I think, (considering what the Persons were who fram'd it) as excellent for Policy as any Thing in *Plato's Commonwealth*.

Their Government, like all others, is founded upon Covenant; it was Mens agreeing to be governed according to their particular Judgments, and particular Appetites, that first set up Commonwealths; and they consented for the Benefits of Society, that any Man who injured another should suffer such a Penalty: Now the Inconveniences which have happen'd in most Commonwealths are, that those appointed to Preside, have found Means of grasping a greater Power than was designed them, and of skreening themselves from the Punishment due to their Crimes, by this first Covenant.

But, I find the Constitution of the Pyrates is executed according to its primitive Intent, and the Captain, if he breaks the Articles, is as surely shot as the meanest Man in the Ships: They seem to be very jealous of their Liberties, and nothing can gain a Man Preferment amongst them, but an allowed Merit, which certainly prevents the Discontents which happen in other Commonwealths, upon unworthy Promotions, the least Imbezzlement of any Man in his Office is severely punished; and tho' they are Rogues to all the World besides, they are Men of Honour to one another.

The Power of their Magistrates or Officers, is so check'd, that the least Attempt of becoming arbitrary, will cost them their Lives; a sure Way of keeping such Men honest, and had it been so in all other Commonwealths, we should not have known what was meant by arbitrary Power.— There is

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one Thing in their Policy, which I think, grounded upon most consummate Reason, which is, that in Time of Battle their Captain is absolute and uncontrollable, and he may shoot any Man dead upon the Spot, who should in the least dispute his Commands.—— This was done to prevent a greater Mischief, for the least Dispute at such a Time must be the Ruin of them all; but, as soon as the Action is over, his Dictatorship ends.—— How these Men came to form so excellent a Plan for their own Government is wonderful, considering that this Author assures us, that most of them were ignorant Fellows, who could neither read nor write.

Some may be diverted with the Boldness of their Enterprizes, or Stratagems to catch their Prey, or the Strangeness of two Women's engaging in a Life of Blood and Rapine; but I am most entertained with those Actions, which give me a Light into the Nature of Man.—— When this Author describes the Settlement of the Pyrates upon the Island of *Madagascar*, and their making themselves Princes there; it is a diverting Scene.—— But their Contrivances to foment Quarrels amongst the Natives, the Use they make of those Quarrels, their awkward State, their wanton Cruelties, the continual Apprehensions they are in of being assassinated, their odd and savage Habitations, give me an exact Idea of the Life of a Tyrant; and at the same Time inform me, that nothing inspires a Man with so much Cunning as Fear.

We receive the same Kind of Pleasure from a Book of this Kind, as a Man does in travelling thro' a pleasant Country newly discovered, where every Thing he meets gives him an agreeable Surprise.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

HAVING lately dipp'd into the satyrical Writings of the Ancients, it put me upon the Inquiry into the Rise and Invention of that Sort of Writings, and of examining who they were that were most famous for it, fancying a little Dissertation upon this Subject will not be disagreeable to our Readers, we shall communicate what we have met with upon this Subject, for the Entertainment of this Day.

I find that that Sort of Writing which we now call Satyr, was first invented only to lash the Vices of great Men, and correct bad Writers.

Among the *Grecians* their ancient Comedy was purely invective, and it was their Custom to ridicule and expose the Vices of their great Men, upon the Stage, and to distinguish them by Name. At length, indeed, this Licence of exposing Men by Name, was forbid by a Law. Then they only described their Persons, named their Offices, and drew them so much to the Life, that the People might know them without writing their Names at the Bottom of their Pictures.

Amongst the *Romans*, their first Songs and Verses were of the same Nature, that is, invective. The Ancients were of Opinion, that this Liberty would be more effectual towards keeping great Men in Awe, than making Laws against their Irregularities; for, as an ingenious Author says, *Tho' honest Men may sometimes make Laws, it is pretty certain, that those in greatest Power will always interpret them.*

There was no Check put to this Licence till the Time of the Decemvirate. These ten Tyrants, who were subverting the Liberties of their Country as fast as they could, began by making a Law

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against satyrical Writings, which *Tacitus* calls *Libellos Famosos*, and is now become a Law Term amongst us: They caused it to be register'd in the twelve Tables, thinking then they might go on free from Reprehension; but their Tyranny lasted not long, and their End was such as they deserved: The Commonwealth was restored, and the Liberty of Writing was the same as before.

At the Feast called the *Saturnalia* even Slaves were allowed to reprimand their own Masters for all the Enormities of their Lives; and it may be supposed, that none could be so intimate with their Vices, as their own Domesticks.

The *Fescenine Verses* were of the same Nature; they were so call'd from *Fescenina*, a Town in *Italy*, where the Actors first practised the Custom of reproaching one another, as well as the Persons who made up the Audience, of their Vices and Failings. The *Sarcasms* and *Railleries* that were thrown at the *Roman* Generals in their Triumphs, were also call'd *Fescenine*, from the aforesaid Custom. There was not a Vice of their whole Lives but what they expected to have cast in their Teeth, upon that Occasion. We find that the mighty *Julius Caesar*, when he triumph'd over the *Gauls*, heard himself insulted by the Soldiers and Citizens, by such Sayings as these; *Caesar Gallias subegit, Nicomedis Casarem*; and, *Ecce Caesar nunc triumphat qui subegit Gallias; Nicomedes non triumphat qui subegit Casarem*. I shall not give the Explanation of these Sentences, because the Crime here charged upon *Caesar* is of an immodest Nature. Let it suffice, that his Intimacy with *Nicomedes* has sullied his Glory to this Day.

Lucilius liv'd in the Time of *Scipio* and *Laelius*, with whose Friendship he was honoured; his Writings, except some inconsiderable Fragments, are lost; and it is pity, because, no doubt, they would have let us into the History and Intrigues of those Times; yet thus much we know, that he writ thirty
Books.

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Books of Satyrs, in which he censured the greatest Persons of the Commonwealth by Name, with most cutting Satyr. Let us see what *Juvenal* says of him.

*Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet Auditor cui frigida Mens est
Criminibus, tacitâ fudant Præcordiâ culpâ.*

Thus *Lucilius*, with his Pen, made the Guilty tremble as much as if he had taken a Sword in his Hand; and the Man who heard him, would blush for his most secret Offences.

Perhaps it may be objected, that this Liberty may be better allowed in Commonwealths, than under Monarchies, I can see no Reason for that; however, we will examine how far it has been usually carried under arbitrary Governments.

Horace lived in the Reign of *Augustus*; it is true, he was a Court Pensioner, and therefore bent his Satyr chiefly against little Follies and Impertinences, it being his Business to spare the Court; however, we find he was not afraid of launching out, whenever he had a Mind to lash at Men in Place: Upon these Occasions he had not recourse to Hints, or private Marks to distinguish his Man by, he named him at length, and also gave his Sir-Name, and lest there should be two of a Name, and you should not know which he meant, he takes Care to name his Employments, as in the following Lines, where giving an Account of a Journey, he says;

*Fundos Aufidio Lusco Prætoris libenter
Lingui-nus, insani ridentes præmia S.r.iba
Prætex-am, & latum Clavum, &c.*

" We very willingly went away from *Fundi*,
" whereof one *Aufidius Luscus* is Prætor or Gover-
" nor, not without laughing at the Folly of the

"Fellow, who was formerly a Tax-Gatherer,
 "seeing how ridiculously he play'd the great
 "Man."

But now I am upon this Subject, I cannot forbear making a Remark of a certain Difference betwixt the Notions of the Antients and Moderns, in Respect to the Liberty we are speaking of: Among the *Romans* it was penal to reflect upon their Religion, or the Majesty of the *Roman* People, but a Man might lash the Vices of any one of the greatest Men in *Rome* without Fear or Danger; but the wiser Moderns are of Opinion, that a Man should have a Liberty of ridiculing the Gods and Religion of his Country, with Impunity, and be as bitter as he can upon the People in general; but the Vices of any particular Man are sacred Things, and must not be meddled with.

Augustus, in the Beginning of his Reign, caused an Edict to be published against Libels, not that he would have the Odium of making a new Law, but under Pretence of putting the old Law in Execution, which made it penal, to affront the Majesty of the *Roman* People: Under Colour of this Law, he thought of punishing such as should libel him, as if the Majesty of the *Roman* People had been confined to his Family alone; this Practice has obtained the Name of *stretching a Law*.

Aurelius takes Notice, that the Emperor dreaded the Pen of one *Cassius Severus*, a satyrical Writer, for his Adulteries and Prescriptions of the Nobility were become so publick, that he expected to be severely handled by that Writer. To prevent which, was the Occasion of publishing that Edict; however, towards the latter End of his Reign, when his Actions were all temperate, and his Designs tending to the publick Good, he feared no Reproach, and therefore, when any Libel came out against him, he caused it to be answered, thus making his Conduct clear to the People, which caused him to become very popular.

Persens

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Perseus lived under *Nero*, the most profligate Prince which *Rome* every saw; we find him ridiculing that Prince for pretending to Poetry, and quoting some ridiculous Verses, which all *Rome* knew to be *Nero's*: Nay, he says in the same Satyr, that he will be bold, and tell the World, that *King Midas* has Asses Ears; but *Nero* did not own the Character of *Midas*, and tell the World it was drawn for him.

I find a remarkable Passage in one of *Boileau's* Satyrs, well worth our Notice: I presume, it is not forgot, that *Lewis* the XIVth, had laid Schemes for universal Monarchy, and having rais'd mighty Armies, attack'd his Neighbours, with such an Impetuosity of Success, that he made all *Europe* tremble; it was about the Time, the inimitable *Boileau*, publish'd his Satyrs; in the 7th may be read these Lines:

*L'envrage qu'il estoit, né Roy d'une Province,
Qu'il pouvoit gouverner en bon & sage Prince,
S'ens alla follement, & pensant estre Dieu,
Courir comme un Bandit, que n'a ny feu ny lieu,
Et trainant avec soy, les Horreurs de la Guerre
De la vaste Folie remplir toute la Terre.*

I shall translate it for the Use of the *Engl^{ish}* Reader:

“ A Madman who being born King of a Province, which he might have governed like a wise Prince, thinking to be a God, must needs run about like a Vagabond, that had neither House or Home, and drawing with him all the Horrors of War, fill the World with Examples of his prodigious Folly.”

Lewis the XIVth, at this Time, was doing the same Thing, which here *Alexander* is ridiculed for, and it was a delicate Way of shewing him the Madness of his Ambition, and couching good Advice under the Appearance of Satyr.

There

There have been some others, not here taken Notice of, who have been excellent in this Kind of Writing, some of them our own Countrymen, amongst the rest, *Denham* and *Dryden*; but as we have not Room now to make a Criticism upon their Works, the Examination of those Writings, which they have left us in this Kind, shall be the Business of another Essay.

LETTER XXXVII.

AS the Wealth and Prosperity of this Nation depends upon Trade, I am never so well pleas'd as when I can hit upon any Thing worth taking Notice of to the Publick in that Way; and think my self, particularly obliged to such of my Correspondents, as help me to any particular Remark upon so useful a Subject. I know it is Trade which enables the Farmer to pay his Rent, and the Landlord to pay his Tradesmen: And though the Poor seem more immediately concerned in the Profits, yet the Rich are far the greatest Gainers by it.

Its Benefits are diffused through all Degrees and Ranks of Men. The Courtier, in his gilt Chariot, who fawns and flatters for his Bread, is apt to look with Contempt upon the Man of Trade and Industry, who lives independant, not considering, that to him are owing all the Pleasures and Conveniencies he enjoys above ordinary Men, and which render Life elegant. It is the Man of Trade who brings the Delights of all Countries to our own; 'tis he who gratifies the Palates of the Rich with the Spices of *India*, and Wines of *France* and *Italy*, and adorns their Houses with Silk and Tissues: But this is not all; he does not only provide

vide these Delicacies for them, but he also furnishes them the Means to pay for them.

This cannot appear a Paradox to any Understanding, since it is easily made out in the following Manner: The Merchant employs the Loom and Hand of the ingenious Artist, sending our Manufactures into all Parts of the Globe, bringing back the Gold of *Africk*, and the Silver of *Peru* and *Mexico*, to circulate here, and become the Standard of the Price and Value of all other Things. The Imposts and Duties he pays for his Merchandizes, maintains Fleets and Armies, and supports the Dignity of the Crown it self. And thus the Courtier, whether he has a Place or Pension, receives his Subsistence from the Industry of the Merchant. Scholars and Vertuoso's may study 'till they crack their Brains, to find out the Philosopher's Stone; but the Man of Trade is the true Chymist, who turns all Things into Gold.

Since therefore every Man is, in some Respect or other, the better for the Industry of the Merchant, it would be Insensibility not to have a Concern for their Interest. For my Part, when I hear of any ruin'd by Misfortunes in Trade, I think my self a Party in the Loss, and look upon every Man in the Place I am in, with the same Benevolence which honest Men do upon those who have serv'd and suffer'd for their Country.

The Fortunes of the Merchants are more expos'd to unlucky Accidents than those of other Men. It is not alone the Peril of Winds and Seas which threaten them with Ruin, but if the Commonwealth be embroiled in Quarrels with its Neighbours, the Merchant is the first Man who suffers; his rich Cargoes, coming home from all Parts of the World, are intercepted by the Enemies of his Country, and the Industry of many Years becomes the Prey of Privateers.

Peace,

Peace, which begets Plenty, and secures other Mens Fortunes, produces new Enemies against the Merchants; when he has no Privateers to fear, he is plundered by Pyrates, by far the worst Enemies.

I am brought into this Reflection by reading a new Book I quoted once before, viz. *The History of the Pyrates*: I find there such a List of Ships taken by these Sea Robbers, since the last Peace with France, as I believe to exceed the Number taken by our Enemies in the late War. It is a Loss scarce any Nation in Europe could bear, except our selves. And while I am admiring the Wealth and Strength of our Nation, I think it a melancholly Thing to many Families, that it should be known by its Losses; for the Ships taken and plundered, mentioned in this History, by one Pirate Crew, are computed, by the Author, at three Millions Sterling.

But what I am coming to, is, to observe how these Depredations upon our Merchants, by Pyrates, may be prevented for the future, a Method which I think is plainly laid down in that History. The Author first accounts (and I believe very well) for the Temptations Seamen have for running into that dangerous Life.

One of his Remarks I cannot forbear taking Notice of, where he says, it may seem strange, that there has not been such a Thing as a *Dutch* Pirate heard of all this Peace; yet he declares, he does not take them to be honestier than their Neighbours, but the Reasons he assigns for it is, that the *Dutch* have a Fishery where their Seamen, after a War, find immediate Employment, and as good Bread as they had before; whereas ours, for Want of such a Refuge, lie out of Business, and are reduced to great Necessities. The *Dutch* employ several hundred Sail in that Trade, and sell us our own Fish. He proceeds in these Words; "I call it our own, for the So-
"vercignty

“verieignty of the *British* Seas are, to this Day,
 “acknowledged us by the *Dutch*, and all other
 “neighbouring Nations; wherefore, if there was
 “a publick Spirit amongst us, it would be worth
 “while to establish a national Fishery, which
 “would be the best Means in the World to pre-
 “vent Pyracy, employ a Number of Poor, and
 “ease the Nation of that Burthen, by lowering
 “the Price of Provision in general, as well as
 “several other Commodities.”

But tho’ this should not be done, he conceives,
 that provided all those would do their Duty, no
 Pyrate could escape long from falling into the
 Hands of our Men of War; in plain *English*, he
 says, they would be either taken, or starved, if
 a right Method was followed.——As what
 he advances appears reasonable, I shall quote it
 from his Preface to the *History of the Pyrates*.

“’Tis strange, that a few Pyrates should ravage
 “the Seas for Years, without ever being light upon
 “by any of our Ships of War, when, in the mean
 “Time, they, (the Pyrates) have taken Fleets of
 “Ships; it looks as if one was much more dili-
 “gent in their Affairs than the other. *Roberts* and
 “his Crew alone, took four hundred Sail before
 “he was destroyed.”

“This Matter I may probably set right another
 “Time, and only observe at present, that the
 “Pirates at Sea have the same Sagacity with
 “Robbers at Land; as the latter understand what
 “Roads are most frequented, and where it is most
 “likely to meet with Booty, so the former know
 “what Latitudes to lie in, in order to intercept
 “Ships; and as the Pyrates happen to be in
 “want of Provisions, Stores, or any other particular
 “Lading, they cruise accordingly for such Ships,
 “and are morally certain of meeting with them;
 “and by the same Reason, if the Men of War
 “cruise in those Latitudes, they may be as sure
 “of

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“ of finding the Pyrates, as the Pyrates are
 “ to find the Merchant Men; and if the Py-
 “ rates are not be met with by the Men of War
 “ in such a Latitude, then surely down the same
 “ Latitude may the Merchant Men arrive safely
 “ at their Port.

“ He goes on, and says,——— That where
 “ the Game is, there will the Vermin be.——
 “ That if the Men of War will take that frequent-
 “ ed Track, the Pyrates must either fall into
 “ their Mouths, or be frightened away; if the
 “ latter be the Case, they will be reduced to
 “ take Refuge in some of their lurking Holes
 “ about the uninhabited Islands, where their
 “ Fate, would be like that of the Fox in his
 “ Den; if they should venture out, they would
 “ be hunted, and taken; if they stay within, they
 “ must starve.”

But now, as it appears by this History, that a great many of these Desperadoes are destroyed; we hope, such Care will be taken for the future, that the *British* Nation will never again have the Disgrace of seeing her honest Merchants plundered, and Tradefmen, who are dependant on them, ruined, by a Pack of Sea Banditti, who have taken up the Lives of Beasts of Prey. When old *Rome* was at the Top of her Strength and Glory, she was insulted almost at her Gates, by a Parcel of Pyrates, whose Beginnings were so inconsiderable, as not to be thought worth her Notice; but whoever will read the Life of *Pompey* the Great, will be amazed to see what what a prodigious Power they arrived to in his Time.

Our Pyrates, as we find, by their History, had they been as unanimous, might have established themselves as well, considering, that in some of the uninhabited Islands, there are Places so fortified by Nature, that a little Art might
 make

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make them impregnable. It must be observed too, that if it ever should happen that they should settle in a Commonwealth, they must no longer be treated as Pyrates, nor suffer the Punishment due to their Crimes, as such, when they are taken ; but must receive the same Usage as Prisoners of War ; for Power, it seems, gives every Thing a Sanction. — As this appears something extraordinary, I shall make another short Quotation from this History, wherein a Pirate is defined according to the civil Law.

“ A Pirate is *Hostis humani Generis*, a common
 “ Enemy, with whom neither Faith nor Oath is
 “ to be kept, according to *Tully*; and by the
 “ Law of Nature, Princes, and States are respon-
 “ sible for their Neglect, if they do not provide
 “ Remedies for restraining these Sort of Robbe-
 “ ries; tho’ Pyrates are called Enemies, yet they
 “ are properly not to be term’d so: He only is
 “ to be honoured with the Name, says *Cicero*,
 “ who hath a Commonwealth, a Court, a Trea-
 “ sury, Consent, and Concord of Citizens, and
 “ some Way, if Occasion be, of Peace and League.
 “ But when they have reduced themselves into a
 “ Government, or State, as those of *Algier*, *Salli*,
 “ *Tripoli*, *Tunis*, they then are allowed the Solemn-
 “ nities of War, and the Rights of Legation.”



LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

OLD Stories tells us, there once arose a great Tumult and Contention amongst the Members of the Body, all against the Belly; their Complaint was, that they every one of them labour'd in their several Provinces, but the Belly, slothful and idle, lay still, and did nothing but devour all the Food, which they, by their common Industry could procure: But when the Belly came to be heard, it made a very good Defence; for it said, it was true, it received all the Nourishment at first, but then she sent it back again through all the Channels of the Blood, and nourish'd even the remotest Parts of the Body; so that all she received from them, was but lent, and she paid it again with Interest.

Titus Livy takes Notice, that there being a great Mutiny of the People of Rome, which seem'd to threaten the whole Senate, occasion'd by a Scarcity of Corn: After several Means were used, in vain, to appease them, one *Menenius Agrippa* quieted the whole Sedition, and sent the People home well satisfied, only by telling them this Tale.

Considering how perswasive this Manner of couching Arguments under Parables and Figures has ever been, methinks it is a Practice which we weekly Writers should fall into. The Force and good Effect it has, must have been observed by all Men, who have the least Taste of what they read. Things seem to appear more lively to the Understanding, and to make a stronger Impression upon the Mind, when they are insinuated under the Cover of some Symbol or Allegory, especially where the Moral is good, and the Application obvious and easy.

There.

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Therefore I shall make no Apology for the Fable I am going to relate, since the good Instruction it includes, will, I don't doubt, make my Excuse.

F A B L E.

AS the Members of the Body once mutinied against the Belly, so it is said, there once arose a strange Contest among the Faculties of the Soul; the Occasion was, that not one of them would allow the Preference to any of the rest, each thinking it had a Right to be esteem'd the first, and most worthy in the Opinion of Men.

The Difference at first appear'd to be no more than the Effect of a noble Emulation, every one aspiring to an Excellence in its Kind; but they grew insensibly warm upon the Dispute, which must happen where all talk, and all will have themselves in the right.

At length it became serious quarrelling, in which a Point of Honour was concerned; and each, to make its Party good, call'd in its Heroe, to its Defence: These Heroes readily embraced the Interest of those Qualities, to which they owed all their Glory; their Number was but few, they were the Elect of the most illustrious Men. Each of them supported his particular Cause with a great Deal of Spirit, and spoke in magnificent Terms of that Perfection which had recommended him: As, the General of the Army extoll'd Valour; the Minister of State, Politicks; the Orator, Eloquence, and so of the rest.

But the Article which embarrassed them most, and which not one of them omitted in Favour of his Cause, was *Immortality*: The Candidates had all obtained it, and were so far equal to one another,

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another, therefore the Inquiry seemed to turn, which had most Right to this Immortality. As this was a very essential Point, it was contested with so much Tumult, that the lofty Dome of the great Hall of *Heroism* trembled with the Noise.

Fame and *Fortune* were present at this celebrated Dispute, where, indeed, they seemed to be Parties concerned; nevertheless they decided nothing in Favour of any Side, changing and prevaricating in their Evidences and Opinions, according to the Circumstances of Things.

Thus the Dispute went on with Heat and Peevishness, all the Competitors being stiff in their Opinions; so that there was no Appearance of seeing it come to an End, had not a certain Philosopher stood up, and with a grave Air told them, that Contention was the Child of Chaos and Confusion, therefore he advised them to refer it to some disinterested Arbitrator, from whose just Sentence there should be no Appeal: This Motion of the Philosopher met with a general Approbation, and they all consented to subscribe to the Opinion of an unprejudiced Judge.

But from one Inconvenience they now fell into another; for to what Tribunal must they repair to find this impartial Judge? This was a Difficulty not easily got over. No doubt if they had appealed to *Astrea*, who does Justice to all the World, their Business would be easily done; but, in fine, 'tis so long since she left the World, that they despaired of finding her out.

However, the Philosopher who first proposed the Arbitration, named an *Umpire*, against which none of the Parties concerned could object; it was something strange, that none of the Disputants should all this while have called upon her, but the blind Prejudice which possessed them all in their own Favours, had hindered them

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them from thinking of her. *This Umpire was Truth.*

Immediately several Persons were sent in Search of her, who, after a fruitless Inquiry, returned without being able to give the least Intelligence of her : In this Dilemma they begg'd the Assistance of the Philosophers, and the Disciples of Wisdom, who it was known were used to consult her upon all Occasions, and therefore were most likely to know where she was to be found ; and it was well they did, for without their Assistance, it is likely they would never have found her.

In fine, she was retired into an obscure Corner, resolving never to shew herself in the World more, finding how she was hated and persecuted amongst Men. The Messengers opened to her their Business, and to induce her to make haste, they told her that Kings and Princes were concerned in the Dispute : When *Truth* heard this, she even feigned an Indisposition to excuse herself, so little Inclination she had for such Company ; and when they press'd her more, she told them, that if Monarchs were concerned in it, they would not suffer her to speak ; but the Disciples of Wisdom who had conducted the Messengers to her Cell, having assured her, that they had procured for her a Passport for her safe Conduct, and a *Carte blanche* to say what she pleas'd ; she ventured to come away with them.

Behold her now standing in the midst of Perfections and Heroes, casting out Rays of Light on all around her, and tho' she was but little known, and less beloved, yet so amiable were her Looks that she was admired by all ; they were charm'd with her Appearance even in Spight of Prejudice, and not one, but secretly wished she might declare in his Favour.

Having

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Having met with this smiling Reception from the heroick Assembly, she placed herself upon the Throne prepared for her; the Competitors setting forth their several Pretensions, and expatiating on those Perfections which had made them immortal; *Truth* gave them an attentive and a patient Hearing, she descended into the particular Merits of every Qualification, and did herself set forth their Excellence and Praise in such advantageous Terms, that every one flattered it self with the Hope of having the Preference.

After this agreeable and instructive Preamble, she finished her Harangue in the following Manner.

“ Ye eminent Qualities, which have establish-
 “ ed the everlasting Honour of Heroes and Phi-
 “ losophers, I admire you all; nay more, I
 “ esteem and love you, which I suppose none of
 “ you can doubt; yet I cannot dissemble my real
 “ Sentiments, for if I did, it would destroy my
 “ self, and I must cease to be what I am. I
 “ say then, there is one Thing which seems to
 “ have been suppress’d amongst you, at least it
 “ has not laid in its Claim, and this is the
 “ Seal of all Perfections, or rather it is All in
 “ One. The Thing I mean, is what *Aristotle* calls
 “ the Glory of Humanity; *Salust*, the Mark of
 “ Immortality; *Cicero*, the Root of true Honour;
 “ *Apuleius*, a Beam of the Divinity; *Sophocles*,
 “ an inexhaustible Treasure; *Euripides*, a rich
 “ Mine; *Virgil*, the Beauty of the Soul; *Cato*,
 “ the Foundation of Authority; *Socrates*, the Ba-
 “ sis of Felicity; *Menander*, named it his Buckler;
 “ *Horace*, his Strength; *Bias*, his All; *Valerius*
 “ *Maximus*, term’d it a Thing of an inestimable
 “ Value; *Plautus*, the Price of all Things; *Cæsar*,
 “ the Perfection of great Qualities; and I in one
 “ World call it VERTUE.

Truth

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Truth having finished, refused to determine in Favour of any of them, since the Qualification, which in her Eyes, was to give the Preference to each, was wanting; and she was about to withdraw, when the Spectators flock'd about her, intreating her, before she left them, to let them know where they might find her to apply to her again upon any Emergency.——— She made a Pause, and told them, that as depraved as the Age was grown, she had met with two Men in the World whom she counted worthy of appointing her Deputies, to them (added she) would I have the Injured repair, let the oppress'd Widow and helpless Orphan fly to them for Justice, for tho' invisible, perhaps to vulgar Eyes, yet I will still attend them.——— But the Spectators seem'd to be at a Loss, to know who those Persons might be, and one in the Name of *Truth* (that none might be deceived) ordered them both to appear; they were Persons of kind and benevolent Aspects, and methought they were Faces I had often seen (for I was amongst the Crowd) and near, to satisfy my Curiosity, I plainly saw they were Sir *Pe*——*r* *K*——*g*, and *Ba*——*n* *Pr*——*ce*.



LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

Mr. *Mist*,*Hamburg, May 10, 1724.*

I REMEMBER when we parted, it was your Request that I should not fail of communicating to you whatever I met with curious in my Travels. I am now returned to *Hamburg* from *Moscow*; what Adventures I met with on my Journey, and what Observations I made, I will have the Pleasure of relating to you my self, *viva voce*, when we meet; but during my Residence at *Moscow*, having found Means of being present at one of the Czar's Entertainments, the Manner of it appeared so whimsical and strange to me, that I cannot forbear giving you a Detail of it, though I have writing Business enough upon my Hands to employ my Time.

It must be observed, that the Czar, who has abolished several of the savage Customs of his Country, still keeps up the old *Russian* Manner of Entertainment; not but that he has a polite Taste himself generally in all Things, yet he is less curious in his eating, than about any other Affair; besides, this old barbarous Way pleases several of the *Russians*, and the Czar himself is diverted with it, since some Accident happens at these Entertainments which turns the whole into a Farce.

There are twenty four Cooks belonging to his Kitchen, all *Russians*; and as they use a great Deal of Onion, Garlick, Sewer, Train Oil, &c. in dressing their Meat, and Linseed and Walnut Oil, for their Lent Provisions, you may imagine, there is no very pleasant Flavour arising from the Kitchen; nor would the Sight of those greasy Fellows, the Cooks, at all add to your Appetite. They commonly dress betwixt eighty and an hundred Dishes at every Entertainment; but the Fowls for the Czar's

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Czar's own eating, are frequently roasted by his Grand Marshal *Alfossios*, who, with a greasy Apron before him, is seen running about amongst the rest of the Cooks, till the time that Dinner is taking up, then he is metamorphosed into a fine Suit of Clothes and full-bottomed Wig, and helps to serve up the Dishes.

The Number of Persons invited is near three hundred, though there is Room for very few more than half that Number; but this occasions a Jest, for there are no Places assigned for any; but as soon as the Czar has taken his Chair, and a few others, who constantly sit next to him, who are Carpenters and Shipwrights, every Man seizes his Chair as well as he can, and those who are excluded, go home with empty Stomachs. It is certain there are frequent Scuffles happen amongst the *Russians* with Kicks and Cuffs, in contending for Chairs; but this is no Affront to the Majesty of the Place. On the contrary, the Czar is highly delighted with them; Foreigners, indeed, have complained of this Licence, and refused to be present at these Entertainments; but the Czar's Answer was, that all formal Regulations made the Company uneasy, and would spoil the ancient Freedom which always reigned at these Entertainments; and that, for his Part, he would not turn Master of the Ceremonies to please Foreigners.

When the Company is placed, they are wedged so close, that some of them have scarce Room to use their Hands. As to the Order, there is none, except, as (I observed before) that Carpenters and Shipwrights sit next the Czar; so that Senators and Sailors, Generals and Buffoons, Priests and Ministers of State, sit promiscuously together, without the least Distinction.

The first Course consists of nothing but cold Meats, as dried Hams and Tongues, &c. which not passing thro' the Hands of the greasy Cooks, are what

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Strangers like best of the whole Entertainment; Soups and roast Meats make up the second, and Pastry the third.

As soon as you are placed at the Table, you are presented with a Cup of Brandy, then, perhaps, with a large Glass of Tockay, and other strong Wines; and every now and then with a Bumper of the strongest *English* Beer, with which Mixture, he that has not a strong Head, must certainly be drunk before the End of the Dinner. Formerly, instead of Napkins, a Waiter came in with a whole Piece of Linnen, none of the finest, and cut a Piece off, of a Yard or more, for every one of the Guests to lay in his Lap, which they might carry away with them, if they pleased, as indeed they generally did: Afterwards they came into the Use of fine Napkins, but the Guests frequently carried them away too, which was not designed them, which makes the Waiters more sparing in the Distribution of Napkins, and they give no more than one perhaps betwixt two or three Persons, which they pull and haul from one another till it is in a sweet Pickle.

If the Dinner consists of never so many Dishes, the Guests have but one Plate each, from first to last, and those who are not fond of mixing Sauces, when they have a Mind to eat of something else, return what's left upon their Plates into the Dish again, from whence they took it, or sometimes upon their Neighbour's Plate, and sometimes they throw it under the Table: After which, you shall see some of them lick their Plates, and others rub them with the End of the Table Cloath in order to clean them.

There are generally three Tables, which are betwixt 30 and 40 Foot long each, but not three Foot broad, so that you have Duplicates of the same Dish served up at several Ends of the same Table, as we see at our Corporation Feasts. I have named you what their three Courses consists of,
but

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but they have also a Desert, which is furnished by the Kitchen Garden, such as Pease, Beans, Turnips, Carrots, &c. all raw, and Apples, Pears, &c. but the Czarina's Table is well furnished with Sweet-Meats, which are handsomely served up, and, they say, every Thing done with Decorum and Regularity.

As the Guests are very well plied with Liquor in the Manner before described, they are generally all drunk; in this Condition they are (which they call) very merry; but their Mirth, when I was there, was so loud and clamorous, as to overcome the Sound of the Musick, which play'd in the next Room, though that Musick consisted of Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, for it must be observed, that the Czar has no liking for Fiddles, Flutes, or any soft Instruments, which he looks upon to be effeminate Musick, unfit for the Ears of Soldiers, and only proper to divert Women and Eunuchs.

The Guests in their Drunkenness, often quarrel before the Czar, and sometimes you shall see bloody Noses amongst them, but no further Mischief is done, for none sit down to these Entertainments with their Swords on, nor are they attended with any bad Consequences the next Day, for the *Russians* are Friends again when they are sober, and think, that no Man, in his Senses, would resent an Affront from one who is drunk, and knows not what he does. ————— I have been told, that sometimes, upon a Frolick, the Doors are shut up at these Entertainments, and no Person suffered to go out upon any Occasion whatsoever, which must have an Effect not very fit to be described; however, I don't speak this of my own Knowledge, for when I was present it was otherwise, and every Person had Liberty of going when and where he pleased.

But since I have named Frolicks, I must take Notice of one which is frequently practised amongst them: In those Dishes which the *Russians* are most fond of, perhaps half a Dozen Mice shall be found tied together, with a String at the Bottom of the Dish; sometimes in a Pye, perhaps a Cat's Head, sometimes the Claw of a Wolf, or a Part of some other Animal, whose Flesh is not eat amongst them, so that what they have been feeding on for Delicacies, proves to be what they most abhor: Upon these Occasions there are great Shouts of Laughter against those who have eat them, by those who have escaped, and they are also exposed to the Scoffs and Raileries of the Jesters or Buffoons, of which there is a considerable Number.

The Czar's present Butler is one of the principal Buffoons, while he is in Waiting, which is as long as the Entertainment lasts; he wears a broad wooden Sword by his Side, the Czar has given him the Mock-Name of *Witaschi*, but if any Body else should call him so, he beats them with his wooden Sword; sometimes it happens that while his Back is turn'd, or he is busy in some Affair belonging to his Office, some of the Company, for Mirth's-Sake, call him that Name, but if he does not know from whence the Voice comes, he beats the whole Company, perhaps beginning with Prince *Menzikof*, and so going round the Table, not sparing even the Ladies, sometimes pulling off their Head-Cloaths, and snatching off the Wigs of the old *Russians*, and discovering their grey Heads, or playing any other Anticks he can think of, in order to provoke Laughter.

Besides the Employments of Butler and Buffoon, he holds two others; he is Surveyor of the Ice, and also Executioner or common Hangman, which last Post he does not execute by Deputy, but in *propria Persona*; and he is reputed worth thirty thousand Crowns, mostly gained by this last Post,
for

for the sixth Part of the Effects of all the Male-factors who fall under his Hands, is his Perquisite by Law.

Now that I've given you a Description of a *Muscovite* Feast, perhaps you'll wonder that a Person so renowned for his excellent Notions of Things, as the present Czar is, should encourage a Kind of Mirth, which retains so much of the old *Russian* Barbarity; but as this Prince is esteemed Wise in all his Actions, many are of Opinion this is not the most impolitic of them: He governs a People who are obstinately fond of their own savage Customs; yet the Reformati^ons he has brought to pass amongst them, are equal to any of the Labours of *Hercules*: He is not insensible with what Reluctance many of them submit to be polished into rational Creatures, therefore he retains this Custom, as well to keep them in Temper, as to know their Sentiments, and observe what Improvements are worked upon them, and also to discover their secret Intrigues and Designs; for when they are warmed with Wine, and softened into good Humour, by his Freedom of Behaviour, their Hearts are open, and he sees into their very Souls.

But I am running into Politicks, when I only intended to give a Bill of Fare: but I return to my Text, and I present you with.

L 3

A Course

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A Course of a Lent Entertainment.

Fish-Pasty,

**Sour Codlins,
or Grabs,**

**Raw
Onions.**

Black-Berries,

**A Pike with six
Perches unboil-
ed, as they are
taken out of the
Pickle.**

**Hafel-
Nuts,**

Cavier,

**Baked Fish,
cold,**

**Raw
Carrots,**

The Desert.

**Raw green
Pease,**

Turneps,

**Rye Ears,
parched or
fried,**

Carrots.

Cucumbers,

Parfnips,

**All the above-mention'd Garden Stuff is serv'd up
raw.**

LETTER

LETTER LX.

IT must be observed, that the Pope is a considerable temporal Prince, governing large Dominions in *Italy*; his great Officers of State, and Counsellors, are, for the most part, Cardinals; these if they are not always chosen for their Piety, yet a particular Regard is had to their Parts; most of the great Statelmen in *Europe*, for some Centuries past, have belonged to that Body: I will say nothing of *Richlieu*, *Mazarine*, *Ximenes*, and *Alberoni*, but we may take Notice that no Man has seen a Cardinal who was a Fool: Let it suffice, that *Rome* has been long called the Nest of Politicians; the Roman Catholick Princes maintain more magnificent Embassies at the Court of *Rome* than any where else in the World. The *French*, *Spaniards*, *Imperialists*, *Venetians*, &c. have Palaces at *Rome* belonging to their several Nations, for the constant Residence of their Ambassadors; and those who have served upon Embassies at that Court, are looked on to be entitled to the most profitable Posts their Masters can bestow, in order to reimburse them for their great Expences; as the Government of *Naples*, or *Flanders*, commonly falls to the Share of the Imperial Ambassador; and the Viceroyalty of *Peru*, or *Mexico*, to the *Spanish*, when they are recalled from *Rome*.

Perhaps this great Expence is not made merely out of Compliment to the Pope, as being Head of the Church, there may be more political Reasons for it.

When any Difference happens betwixt the Roman Catholick Princes, the Pope is generally apply'd to, to be a Mediator; besides, as there are constantly Cardinals of all Nations residing at *Rome*,

who, as we observed before, not being Men of the weakest Understandings, or most inconsiderable Experience, it generally happens that most of the great Intrigues which affect the Affairs of Europe, are projected and form'd in that City.

Thus, I say, there is as great an Appearance of Grandeur and Magnificence at Rome as in any City in the World, and perhaps greater: The Pope himself, if we consider the Number and Quality of the Officers of the Household, makes a most princely Figure, not like a little Prince of Germany or Italy, but a great and mighty King.

His Guards are numerous, consisting of Horse and Foot, the Horse are all *Italian*, yet one Corps of them is distinguished by the Name of the *Bolognese* Guards; the Foot are all *Italian* and *Swiss*: The Horse are finely cloath'd and accouter'd, there are fifty of them mount the Guard at a Time; besides these, there is a Body of *Halberdiers*, not much unlike our *Beef-eaters*, who do Duty upon the Stairs, and about the Apartments of the *Vatican*.

As the Pope professes himself a Peace-Maker, his great military Officers are but few; his Guards, besides their *Subaltern* Officers, are commanded in Chief by one who is called General of the Guards, yet he is not Commander in Chief of the Forces: There is a Captain General, who is stiled General of the *Holy See*, his Pay in Time of Peace is about twelve hundred Crowns a Month, in War three Times that Sum; however, this extraordinary Charge the State is but rarely put to, for they have had no War for many Reigns. —

There is also a Lieutenant General, a General of the Horse, a Serjeant Major General, (a Post not known in our Service,) a Quarter-Master General, a General of the Artillery, or Master of the Ordinance, a General of the Gallies, the *Castellan*,

or

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or Governor of the Castle of *St. Angelo*; these are all the great military Officers I can think of, for I omit taking Notice of the Governors of the Forts, or Fortifications along the Coasts, or Frontiers of the Ecclesiastical State. Tho' this Force may seem inconsiderable, yet one *Gerolamo Lodovico*, a Venetian Writer, tells us, the Ecclesiastical State is able, and has upon many Occasions, maintain'd eighty thousand Foot, and four thousand Horse.

The Governor of *Rome*, I have not reckon'd amongst the military Officers, tho' he might in some Sense be considered as such, yet he makes a much greater Figure in his civil Capacity; it is an Employment of great Honour and State; the Governor of *Rome* is allowed a Company of Soldiers for his Body Guard; it is a select Company of *Italians*, maintain'd for that Purpose, commanded by a Captain of their own, and called the Governor's Guards; part of them attend him whenever he goes abroad. The *Shirbis* are also under his Command, who are above three hundred in Number; these are a kind of inferior Officers of Justice who go arm'd, and are paid and maintain'd by the State, and who must not be resisted under severe Penalties: All Riots and Disorders committed within *Rome*, are punished by the Governor, and all Criminals are seiz'd by his Warrant: He also presides, and sometimes sits among the Judges, at the Tryals of Criminals: Another Part of his Office is to receive the Complaints of working People of all Sorts, and to take Care that they are paid their Wages, without Charge or Delay, and in most Things, he resembles the *Lieutenant de Police*, in *Paris*.

There is another Employment of great Honour, which they call *Perfettura di Roma*; we have no such Office amongst us, which is the Reason I could not give it an *English* Name; our Lord Mayor of *London* comes the nearest to it; it is an Office of great Antiquity, being continued from the

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Time of the Roman Emperors to this Day: It was first instituted by *Augustus Cesar*, and his great Favourite *Mænas*, was the first who exercised it, it was then called *Præfectus Urbis*, as may be seen in *Tacitus*. Part of their Office was to carry the Imperial Sword before the Emperor upon any Day of Solemnity; they were appointed likewise to receive Appeals from all the inferior Courts, and determine Causes between Man and Man; their Business is the same at this Day. This Office has been made hereditary by many Popes for three Generations only, it was once in the Family of the *Orsini's*, in the *Urbino's*, and if I mistake not, it is now enjoy'd by the Head of the Family of the *Barberini's*.

The Pope has many Secretaries, they are distinguished by different Names; as first, the Pope's Secretary, the principal Secretaries of State, the Secretary of the Cyphers, the Secretary of the Briefs, the Secretaries of the Briefs which are taxed.

He who is dignified with the Name of his Holiness's Secretary, is a Person always in great Trust and Favour; some of them have had Patents from the Pope, creating them Superintendants of the Ecclesiastical State, but whether they have that or no, they are always first Ministers, with a Power as large and extensive as the first Minister of *France*; they write all the Pope's Letters to Kings, Princes, and Republicks. The Commissions of all the Governors, great Officers, and Magistrates of the Ecclesiastical State, are signed by them, this Minister is always a Cardinal, and has many Secretaries under him.

The two principal Secretaries of State are likewise Cardinals, they divide the Provinces of *Europe* betwixt them, by Way of Correspondence; they appoint what Courts the *Nuntio's* shall go to, and the Letters of all the *Nuntio's Legates*, &c.
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are address'd to them: they also make out the Instructions for the said *Nuntio's*, *Legates*, &c. But it must be observed, that all the Letters and Instructions which are sent to the *Nuntio's*, in foreign Courts, are first laid before his Holiness's Secretary before named, to be by him perus'd and sign'd, which shews they are dependant upon him.

The Secretary of the Cyphers, is an Assistant to the Secretaries of State, but equal to them in Dignity, being also a Cardinal, and having the same Salary.

The Secretary of the private Briefs, is a Kind of a Register, keeping an Account of all the private Briefs issued out in the Life of the Pope; as soon as the Pope dies, all the Papers of this Secretary are laid up in the Castle of St. Angelo, there to be preserved as Records, and to be looked into and examined, as the Successor shall think fit.

The Secretaries of the Briefs which are taxed, are no less than four and twenty in Number, having large Salaries, and being Persons of the first Rank; they are under the Direction of a President, (*Prefetto*.) who is always a Cardinal. One of the most knowing of these Secretaries is generally taken into the Pope's Family, as a domestick Prelate, and stiled the Remembrancer of the Briefs (*Referendario*.)

There are other Secretaries which I omit speaking of, because they are not very considerable, as the Secretary of the private Councils, and the Secretary of the Memorials, the Secretary of the Congregation *de bono Regimine*, which Congregation (as I am inform'd) receive Complaints against Prelates misbehaving in their Benefices. — I shall likewise say nothing of the Secretary of the sacred College, because he does not properly belong to the Pope, his Office continuing only during the Vacancy of the holy See.

We come next to speak of his Holiness's Vicar, who is also a Cardinal; formerly this Office was held by Bishops, but since the Time of Pius the Fourth, who made Cardinal *Jacomo Sevelli* his Vicar, it has been constantly possess'd by Cardinals. This Prelate has a Jurisdiction over all the Priests and regular Clergy in Rome; he has likewise a Superintendency over all the Foundations for charitable Uses, such as Hospitals for Sick, Alms-Houses for the Poor, Foundations for Maintenance of Bastards and Foundlings, and Houses for the Maintenance of penitent Whores. — He has two Deputies or Vicegerents under him, and four Notaries, with each several Clerks; these Notaries have their several Districts assign'd them, who keep an exact Account of all the Persons in those Houses: The two Deputies frequently, and the Vicar himself sometimes, sit in a judicial Manner, to hear any Complaints that may be brought either against the Overseers, Stewards, Physicians, Surgeons, or any other Attendants of the said Hospitals, either as to neglecting their Duty, or for any Hardships or Oppressions exercised by them, against the Poor under their Care, and have a Power of punishing them according to the Nature of their Offence.



LETTER

LETTER LXI.

OUR young Men of Quality who visit Rome, generally during their Continuance there, are so charm'd and taken up with the Magnificence of the Buildings, and the Beauties of the fine Paintings, and other Curiosities of that City, that scarce any of them ever think of examining into its Government. On the other Side, our Men of Letters employ themselves, for the most part, in visiting the publick Libraries, and examining the Manuscripts which are there to be found, or prying into those reverend Remains of Antiquity which have out-lived the Ruin of the Roman Empire; so that none of our Writers of Travels have been curious enough to dive into the Policies and Government of modern Rome.

We do not mean in this Place to render an Account of the Laws and Government of the Ecclesiastical State; our present Design being only to give the Readers an Idea of the Grandeur of that Prince who wears the Triple Crown.

We have already taken Notice of his Guards, his Secretaries, and some other of his great Officers, we come now to his Chamberlain, he is called *Maestre di Casa*; his Office I find to be the same with that of our Lord Chamberlain, having a Command over all the Servants of the Household; he is sometimes a Cardinal, sometimes not, but always a Prelate.

The Master of the Wardrobe is also a great Employment; he has under him a Deputy-Master of the Wardrobe, and other inferior Officers. It is not the wearing Apparel of the Popes, or the Tapestry or Hangings of the *Vatican* which are in his Custody, that is a Post which belongs to an inferior Officer; but

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but he has in his Care the Jewels, Medals and Relicks of Saints, &c.

The Master of the Stables is the same Post as our Master of the Horse; an Employment of great Honour, always possessed by a Layman, and a Person of the first Quality; he has some Employments under him for a Gentleman, and has Command over a great Number of Servants; he is to take Care that there should never be less than two hundred good Horses in the Pope's Stables, besides Mules.

There is another Employment called Master of the sacred Palace, but the Business belonging to it seems not to suit with its Title, for he is, in effect, a Licensor of the Press; he has under him two Deputies or Assistants: All the Books printed in Rome, either upon divine or moral Subjects, must pass his Perusal, and be signed by him and one of his Assistants. He, as well as his Assistants, are always to be Friars of the Order of St. Dominick. They all have Apartments in the Pope's Palace, with Coaches and Servants to attend them; the Principal has a Seat in the Apostolick Chamber.

The *Camerlagno* is another great Officer; the Word signifies Chamberlain; the Title is given him because that one of the three Keys of the Treasure in the Castle of St. Angelo is always kept by him, so that he is Chamberlain of the Treasury. There are several other Things which fall within his Jurisdiction, which have no Correspondence or Relation with the Office of a Treasurer; besides, there is another great Officer who is called the great Treasurer, but it is he who receives the Reports of the Preservers of Rome (*Conservatori di Roma*.)

There are certain Gentlemen who are appointed to visit the Antiquities and Aqueducts, &c. in and about the City; and also to take Care of the publick

lick Gardens, and all such Places as are called the Walks of the Roman People: They have a Power of punishing such as deface any of the Antiquities: When they appear in their Office they wear the ancient Habit of Roman Senators.

There are other Officers who are also Roman Gentlemen, which we may call Overseers of the Streets (*Maestri di Strada*). It is their Business to take Care that the Streets are kept well paved, and the Bridges duly repaired; and in Case any Dispute should happen amongst the Inhabitants concerning who is to bear the Charge of this or that Repair, it is to be determined by them; and where the Judgment of these Overseers does not satisfy the Parties concerned, they may appeal to the *Camerlango*.

This Chamberlain is always a Cardinal, yet upon the Death of a Pope he does not enter the Conclave with the rest, to assist in the Election of a new Pope: He takes Possession of the Pope's Apartments in the *Vatican*, and, whenever he goes abroad, is attended by the *Swiss* Guards. He coins Money in his own Name, and with his own Arms; and, in fine, is a kind of Vice-Pope, governing the Ecclesiastical State during the Vacancy of the See.

There is another great Officer called *Summo Penitentiare*, which seems to be rather Honorary than of any great Use at present: It is always possessed by a Cardinal: Its first Institution is said to have been in the Time of St. *Cornelius*, Pope, two hundred Years after Christ, when several Christians, out of Fear of Persecution, in order to conceal their Faith, were wont to sacrifice to Idols; upon which Occasion, a Dispute arose amongst the Fathers of the Church, whether these People were to be admitted to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper: At length it was resolved to appoint one or two Persons of singular Credit in the Church, to receive their solemn Repentance, and, upon that

that Condition to admit them; and from thence, 'tis said, this Office has been continued to this Day, when there seems no great Occasion for it.

The Pope has four Masters of the Ceremonies, whose Office is the same as in other Courts, to conduct Ambassadors to their Audience, &c. and also Cardinals, Noblemen or Gentlemen, who are desirous of having Audience of him.

The Gentlemen of his Chamber are many, they are all called *Camerieri*, but distinguished by different Denominations, as *Camerieri di Honori*, *Camerieri segreti*, *Camerieri extra Muros*, *Camerieri Soudieri*, which last are in the Nature of Equerries. He has also a Cupbearer, Carver, &c. for his Table; and there are a certain Number of Poor fed every Day in the *Vatican*; there are two Places established called the Carver and the Cupbearer of the Poor, which are Posts for Gentlemen.

He has also a great Treasurer, a great Almoner, and a private Treasurer, which I suppose to be the same Thing as the privy Purse of our Kings.

The *Sacristan*, in Italian *Sagrista*, is a great Employment generally possessed by a Bishop, who is to be of the Order of *St. Augustin*; his Business is to administer to the Pope whenever he says Mass, either pontifically or privately; he has also a Seat in the apostolick Chamber.

There are several Gentlemen belonging to the Pope's Chappel, who may be in Priests Orders, or otherwise; they have handsome Salaries, and also Lodgings in the *Vatican*; they are called *Capellani*, they are four and twenty in Number, twelve of them are called *Capellani segreti*; their Business is to assist the Pope when he says his Office privately, making the Responses, &c. They are always Persons of the best Families; and since the Time of *Clement the VIIIth*, there is to be amongst them one of every Nation in Europe, and also one a Native of *Japan* or *China*.

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The Overseer of the Prisoners (*Prefetto di Carcere*) is an Employment I cannot forbear speaking of, most of the others seem instituted for State and Grandeur, but this is such as seems necessary in every Christian Commonwealth; his Business is to take Care that the Prisoners in the several Jayls in *Rome*, whether Debtors or others, are no Ways oppressed or aggrieved by the Jaylors, or their Assistants; and, lest this Officer should be remiss in his Employment, there is a Visitation of the Prisons once a Week; every Thursday the Governor of *Rome*, with two or three others of the greatest Men in *Rome*, visit one Prison or other, that the Prisoners who suffer any Oppressions, may make their personal Complaints to them, and if they are found to be just, the Jaylors are severely punished. — They also inquire into the Wants of the several Prisoners, that none may languish through Necessity.

The Advocate of the Poor is an Employment with a great Salary, and an Allowance for Assistants and Clerks; he is counted of the Pope's Household; his Business is to draw Petitions, *Grants*, for such poor People as have any Suit or Request to make to the Pope: He is also to solicit and sue for those who are able to go thro' the Charges of a Law-Suit themselves, when they have a Right to any Debt, Legacy, or Estate, which is kept from them by Power or Injustice.

I omit to speak of a great many other Employments of less Note; tho' many of them are Places for Gentlemen, because it would draw this Account into greater Length, than here is Room for at present; as for the several Congregations or Councils for the Government of this City, they do not properly belong to this Account (however curious they may be) therefore we shall postpone them to some other Time, when we shall have more Leisure to examine the Writers who have treated of the civil Government of *Rome*.

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By this short Review we have taken of the Pope's Household, it may be seen, that let the Pope's Humility be never so great, I say tho' Grandeur should be uneasy to him, he must undergo as much of it as any Prince in Europe.

LETTER LXII.

Et quando uberior Vitiorum Copia? ——— Juvenal.

WHATEVER Vices or Follies I meet with in Life, whatever I hear or see, which is Matter either for Praise or Ridicule, I consider and make Observations upon, and having given these Observations the best Dress I am able, I present them to the Town at the Head of this Paper.

But it cannot be expected I should acquit my self at all Times alike, there are some Subjects which are in themselves barren, and others perhaps, which I am not perfectly Master of. ——— In the latter I am sometimes assisted by my kind and ingenious Correspondents, who make good my Deficiencies. ———

There is still another Impediment to my Success, which is, that we Writers are like Lovers, we have our Heats and Colds, and perhaps Wit may not improperly be compared to a coy Mistress, ——— which you may court with a great Deal of Fondness for a considerable Time, and still find her cruel; but if you hit on the lucky Minute, she is won with little, or no Trouble at all. ——— I say, a Writer must wait for the happy Hour, when the Muses are disposed to be kind, (that is) till his Spirits are rais'd, and his Mind in a proper Cue for Thought, otherwise

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he may labour a great Deal, and produce nothing to engage a curious Reader.

But when Writings are dispersed in the World, tending to the Corruption of good Manners and Modesty, it would be a Crime to be silent.— It must be a Pain to an honest Man, to hear another speak viciously, and not controul him; in this Case, tho' a Man be unequal to the Dispute, he cannot defer or decline entering the Lists; for, *Si Natura negat, cogit Indignatio*.

But it is Time to declare what I mean by this Preamble.— In short, I have in my Eye a Thing published within these few Weeks; I will not do it the Honour to name it.— Let it suffice, that the plain Intent and Design of it is, for the Propagation of Lewdness.— And take it all in all, it is such a Composition of Dulness and Wickedness, as even this extraordinary Age has not produc'd before.

By its Stile and Argument, it seems design'd only for the Perusal of the lowest and most ignorant Class of the People; for, perhaps, the ingenious Author judg'd, that those of a higher Rank and Figure, were debauch'd enough already, and did not want his Assistance to carry them to the Devil.

But, be that as it will, I shall enquire no further, nor will I make any Remarks upon the Thing it self, it will not be worth while.— I shall only in general observe the great Beauties of Modesty, and the Mischief occasioned to it by such Writings.

The criminal Commerce betwixt the Sexes, should above all other Vices, be discouraged both by Precept and Example; for as there is a stronger Impulse and Sollicitation to it from Nature, the Desire towards it is harder to be subdued.— The Female Part of our Species are guarded and defended from it by a more innate Modesty, which among People of Condition, is always improv'd

prov'd by Education:— The least Look or Gesture which discovers in them an Inclination that Way, brands them with Shame and Disgrace. — And indeed it is but just it should be so, for we find when Modesty has once forsaken a Woman, all other Vertues commonly go along with it; and she who is given up to Shame, grows immediately regardless of all those Duties, which are the Ornaments of the Sex, and such a one can neither be a good Wife, a good Parent, a good Mistress, or a good Friend.

The Modesty of Women has heretofore been look'd upon to be of such Consequence to the Welfare of Commonwealths, that wise Governments have fram'd and contriv'd Laws for its Preservation, and severely punish'd Offences against it. — Thus in the Beginning of the *Roman* Commonwealth, it was Death for a Woman to drink Wine, lest being in oxicated, she might betray the Modesty of her Sex. — And a *Roman* Senator was banish'd only for having kiss'd his Wife in the Presence of his Daughter; it being look'd upon as a dangerous Example of Immodesty. — The Vestal Virgins were buried alive, if they violated their Vow of Chastity. — And Adultery was punished with Death.

We may see by all these Examples, that the Antients endeavour'd to dress up the Looks of their Wives and Daughters, in Bashfulness and Modesty, but sure by the License which is taken and allowed amongst us, of publishing Things tending to Obscenity, it looks as if we had a Mind to adorn the Countenances of ours with Boldness and Assurance.

I will not say, that any Sort of Order or Discipline can so far curb the whole Sex, that nothing like Vice will be seen amongst them; for human Nature, perhaps, is not capable of so great a Degree of Perfection; but we may venture to pronounce, that there is an Example and Discipline, which

which may render them extremely dissolute. — Women have not so large a Portion of Reason assign'd them by Nature as Men, wherefore they are more easily seduc'd into Vices, as well as preserv'd within the Bounds of Modesty, and all Sort of Example is more catching and prevailing amongst them. — The Writings of vicious Authors are above all Things most dangerous to them, for a Girl perhaps will venture to read what she would be ashamed to hear, and lascivious Books like tainted Air carry Infection with them wheresoever they go.

When a Man of Wit and Parts engages in the Cause of Vice, he is capable of doing a great Deal of Mischief, but when I speak of Wit, I would not be misunderstood as if I meant Judgment. I grant there is no Vice which does not carry a manifest Inconveniency and Deformity in it, which a sound Judgment does not both see and condemn, and am of their Opinion, who say, that all Vices are begot of Folly and Ignorance; yet are there Men of glittering Parts, who from Vanity, and an Affectation of being taken Notice of in the World, run into the most vicious Absurdities. These are the People whom I count dangerous; there is a Sophistry and false Eloquence in their Writings, which may be called the Tinsel of Wit, and, like the Gilding upon Gingerbread, dazzles the Eyes and Fancies of vulgar Readers: when one of these starts into the World, and is well received by the Publick, tho' his Fame be always short, he is always followed by a great Number of awkward Imitators.

The Treatise Intituled *The Fable of the Bees*, perhaps, has as much good and bad Reasoning in it as ever were seen in the Writings of the same Author. This Gentleman I take to be the first amongst us who has argued for a publick Toleration of Vices. He seems a great Admirer of the Policies of the *Dutch*; but as there is no Government without some Errors, he has (for the Ostentation of shewing his
 Parts)

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Parts) chosen to recommend the Licence which is given to publick Lewdness amongst them, imitating herein a Lawyer, who is Council for a Felon at the Bar; he knows his Client is a thorough-pac'd Rogue, and will certainly be found guilty; however, he has the Vanity of making the most of a bad Cause.

One of the wretched Imitators of this Author has occasion'd our talking upon this Subject to Day; but I can scarce call him an Imitator; he is rather an Insect bred out of his Corruption, without the least Tincture of good Sense; but, however, there is more Sin and Impudence in his Work, which perhaps, may do as well for these Times.

Young People should beware of the Poison communicated by such Writings; the loose Ideas they raise, are Temptations to loose Actions, and a strong Provocation to Lewdness is within a Degree of the Thing it self. — I shall not take upon me to dictate to my Superiors, what Course to take with those who draw their Pens against good Manners and Modesty; but this I know, that Vertue never flourishes more than when Vice is removed out of Sight. The Ancients had so great a Veneration for Modesty, that *Epimarcus*, a *Sicilian* Poet, was fined for dropping a wanton Word in the hearing of his own Wife. No doubt all People are sensible of the beautiful Effects it has upon the female Sex. The *Italian* Proverb says, *Modestiate Madre d'ogni buona Creanza*. Modesty is the Mother of all good Behaviour; we may add, that it is of all Vertue too. The Story of the *Locrine* Women is worth remembering. These Ladies had a Custom, upon every Affliction or Disappointment, of killing themselves. — The Senate consulted long upon a Method to put a Stop to this Mischief, but no Punishment could reach the Dead; at length the following Cuorse was thought of; — An Edict was publish'd, that every Woman who, after that Time, should lay violent Hands upon her self, should be expos'd naked,

in the Market Place, to the View of all the People.

— This Edict had so good an Effect, that there was not one *Suicide* amongst them from that Time. — This Story is recorded for the Honour of those Ladies who seem'd to consider Life and Death, Crosses and Afflictions; as trifling Things, in respect to Modesty.

I observe when a young Lady is seen to blush at a *double Entendre*, it is, by some, construed as a Mark of Guilt; for my Part, I understood it quite otherwise, and can't help thinking, that blushing at an Immodesty is a certain Sign there is Vertue in the Heart: It is such a Credential as cannot be counterfeited. — Those who are far gone in Sin, and practis'd in Impudence, are unacquainted with that beauriful Flushing and Confusion which rises in the Countenance of the Innocent, when their Eyes or Ears are shock'd with any Thing immodest. — I will add, that there's a silent Rhetorick in a Blush which perswades us into a good Opinion of the Person in whom 'tis observ'd; and Vertue has something in it so charming, that it is reverenc'd even by those who never practis'd it. — Whereas on the other Side, even Rakes and Libertines treat the unhappy Prostitute with Scorn and Contempr, let her Rank be what it will; as if Lewdness in Women, like Treason in Men, had tainted and debas'd the Blood.

— I will conclude with assuring my young Readers, that she that has a Mind to be handsome, must be chaste; for the Graces have fix'd their constant Residence in the Countenance of the modest Maid.

P. S. As no Writer has offer'd any Thing in Defence of Vertue or Modesty, in answer to all the impudent Things which have lately come abroad against it; we thought fit to begin by this little Essay, in hopes of tempting some abler Hand to assist and second us in so good a Design.

LETTER XLIII.

IN our Paper of May the 23d, we had a short Essay upon the Pleasures and Advantages a Man enjoys by Reading, in which we occasionally happen'd to mention a Book lately published, call'd *The History of the Pyrates*; some Time after, viz. speaking of Trade and Merchants, we had again Occasion to fall upon the said History, when we came to observe the vast Losses a trading Nation must suffer, when these Pillagers are not suppress'd before they gather Head.

In both these Papers, we treated these Gentlemen, I confess, with some Familiarity, for we term them the common Enemies to Mankind, (*Hostes humani Generis*) and used such other contemptible Terms towards them, as we thought the Nature of their Crimes deserv'd; but we little thought at that Time, that this would have given Offence, or that any Person or Party should have risen up in their Defence: But now to our great Amazement, are told, that there is a great Deal of sly Satyr lies lurking within the Meaning of these two Papers; and that I have made a Feint, and gone to Sea to attack People under the borrowed Names of Pyrates, whom I dare not look in the Face on Shore, in their proper Posts and Characters.— In fine, I am told my Pyrates never fired a Gun in their Lives, unless at a Patridge or a Woodcock; that they don't know the Stern from the Stern of a Ship, and that I am found out in my Roguery, notwithstanding all my Cunning.

But to make this Matter more plain to my Readers, I shall present them with a Letter I have received upon this Subject.

S I R,

S I R,

WE who live a great Way from *London*, see but few News-Papers; yours is the only One which comes to our Hands; we have it sent to us for the Entertainment of our Club once a Week: — It will be of no Consequence to you, to have our Club describ'd, or to know the History of its Members; let it suffice, that we have some honest Souls amongst us, who love our Country. — But there is one Member we have taken in out of Charity, for no Body else will keep him Company, whose Character I must bring you a little acquainted with. — He was originally a Fanatick and a Tradesmen in *London*, and having acquir'd a Fortune by his Trade, he has done us the Honour to purchase, and settle amongst us. — While he was in his Business, he went thro' the several Offices of Constable, Scavenger, Church-Warden and Overseer of the Poor, by which Means coming acquainted with Parish Business, he fancies himself a vast Politician: Upon this Knowledge he is very over-bearing in Conversation, and when ever any Point is disputed or reasoned upon in the Club, he delivers his Sentiments in a most decisive magisterial Manner, as if there was to be no Appeal from his Opinion, and insults us all with his Learning and Parts.

Perhaps you will imagine by this Description, that he is a very ignorant and ill-bred Fellow, you may think what you please; however, I can assure you he is a Justice of Peace, and perhaps makes no inconsiderable Figure upon the Bench, for he can both write and read; — add to this his natural Sagacity of smelling out Disaffection or Treason, as he calls it, which is beyond any of his Brethren: This wonderful Talent has inspir'd him with a strong Aversion to Fiddlers; he is for having all Fiddles burn'd by the Hands of the common Hangman,

and an Act of Parliament against the Importation of Cat Gut, because of a certain Tune which keeps up the Spirit of Disaffection in the People.——

He is, moreover very ingenious at finding out new Crimes, and giving Things new Names, for he committed a drunken Cocker the other Day, for speaking Blasphemy—— against the G——— : ——

He likewise bears a very great Respect for the Memory of old Nol, and he hates the Clergy.

Now that I have prepar'd you with his Character, I give you an Instance of his deep Penetration and Insight into Things, in a Circumstance in which you are concern'd.

You must know, we hold our Club on a Post-Night, when we constantly meet once a Week, expecting your Paper, and with the Curiosity natural to *Englishmen*, are eager of knowing what the whole World has been doing for a Week, as well as discovering what comes forth new from the Commonwealth of the Learned, by reading your Advertisements.—— It happen'd some Time since, in the Essay at the Beginning of your Paper, you took Notice of a Book lately publish'd, call'd the HISTORY of the *Pirates*; it is the Custom amongst us, as soon as the Paper comes in for one of the Company to read it out for the Benefit of the rest; it was observ'd while this Paper was Reading, Mr. *Justice* often frown'd and shrug'd up his Shoulders, as in a Kind of Admiration; we expected some notable Remark would come from him according to Custom; so when the Reader had finish'd and laid down the Paper, we ask'd him his Opinion, he shrug'd again, made no Answer, but look'd exceeding wise all the Night.—— We parted without finding out the Cause of Mr. *Justice's* Wisdom, and thought no more of it, till some Weeks after meeting at the Club on our accustomed Night, and the Paper coming in, we found you again upon the *Pirates*.—— We took Notice of some unusual Agitations in his Worship's Countenance,

nance, while the Reader was engag'd.—He swell'd and bit his Lips, and seem'd struggling with some mighty Passion; at length, when you came to name the Pyrates, *Roberts, Black-Beard, &c.* he was able to hold out no longer, but giving Vent to his Rage, broke out into this Soliloqui.—This Rascal will never have done abusing the M——— We were a little started at first, but we fancied that his Worship had been engag'd with his own private Thoughts, and that this Sally had no Relation to the Paper, therefore we proceeded, when the Gentleman, who read came to that Part where the two female Pyrates, *Mary Read, and Anne Bonny*, are spoke of, his Worship interrupted him again, and ask'd us all, did we understand now what the Fellow meant? We star'd at one another in Amaze, without making any Answer, upon which, his Worship told us, that he saw at first where the Fellow was driving at,—— wherefore we beg'd him to explain himself, for we were not able to comprehend what he meant.—Why don't you see, says he, that all this sham-sham Story of Pyrates is an impudent Libel upon great Men?—— We protested we could never have found it out.—Whereupon he snatch'd the Paper, and told us, who was meant by *Roberts*, who by *Black-Beard*, and so on.—But as for the two female Pyrates, he said, it was so plain that you might as well have writ their Names and Titles at length;—— and that he wonder'd even we could not see,—— adding very civilly, that any Fool might have found that out.

We all seem'd to admire his Worship's discerning Talent at discovering Mysteries, which did not a little tickle his Vanity; however, I give you Notice to take Care of your self, for if you should come into this Country, he threatens to put you in the Stocks.

LETTER XLIV.

S I R,

I HAVE, in a former Paper, consider'd the natural Capacity of the Soul for Immortality, but as it is not worth contesting for, *unless it be of Bliss*; I shall do fair in recapitulating those Objections of the Epicureans, and other Philosophers, that seem to deny the Soul this Privilege; and then again, the Foundation Man has to withstand them; that so he may foolishly agree to the one, or wisely accept of the other; be careless of Events, or pursue immortal Expectations with becoming Fervency and Zeal.

First, If the Soul be allow'd naturally immortal, as it is *material*; yet it may be ask'd, What Comfort can there arise from the Prospect of retaining to this Globe for ever, under any insensible Species, Air, Earth, Fire, or Water? Our temporary Existence with the Faculties of Reasoning, Understanding and Reflections, are Benefits infinitely greater than such longest Duration of Incogitancy.

Secondly, If immortal, by its Immateriality it is difficult, nay, past our Conception to know what Advantage such Immortality will be to us, whose Existence necessarily consists in Soul and Body: The Soul, separate, we cannot apprehend will have any Self-Consciousness, and consequently be of no Relation to us; it will then, its urg'd, be a Nihility, and neither capable of Misery nor Happiness.

From this General, let us proceed to what is more particularly objected. All our Knowledge proceeds from a few Ideas in the Beginning, which by variously combining, separating, or comparing, we improve to Ratiocination and Reflection; but the Generality of Men, who neglect this Exercise

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of the Mind, which should create Knowledge, we find to exceed Beasts only in a few Respects, and shew, in many Countries, no greater Elucidation, or Presences to Immortality than those; and therefore if the most Knowing and Wise, may assume this Prerogative to their Souls, yet the Argument must fall when the Superiority of Sense is seen in the Animal, as undeniably it does when we compare the wisest of theirs with the silliest of our own Species, particularly Ideots, (the most mortifying Aspect of humane Nature) such not seeming without Arrogance to challenge any other Immortality than that of their Species here on Earth.

Secondly, Sleep, that Image of Death, is reputed an Affection of the whole Man, Soul as well as Body; it is plain, and it is as strange, the Soul should have such quick and transitory Tastes of Mortality: We are in that State forgot to every Thing; our Being, in a manner, forsakes us, *Nec Vestigia Gestarum rerum ulla tenemus*. Those bright Faculties that can immortalize Men on Earth, that, awake, can survey the Universe, search out the Secrets of Nature, invent and make curious Discoveries, argue so acutely in Metaphysics, Astronomy, or other abstruse Studies, we find lie at the Returns of Sleep as dead, i. e. without thinking; seeming in this, its known Existence to be less susceptible of satisfactory Objects, and enjoying them, then Immortalists suppose it to have in its Separation; wherefore, say the others, the Presumption is strong against its so subsisting; for if the Soul be a distinct Substance, but a finer Part of the Body, a Result from Mechanism, then, like that, it is corruptible; they are supported alike, and neither can subsist without the other.

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Thirdly, It is objected, that the Soul grows to * Perfection, like the Body, from Childhood and Simplicity, to Manhood and Reason, that it † sympathizes in its Sufferings; is weak or strong, mild, furious, or enraged, as the Body is disposed in its Make and Temper.

Finally, Every Sense (which is the Soul acting corporally) can be maim'd or ‡ obliterated, all strongly evidencing such a Relation as must partake in the Fact of it.

To these Objections, which contain the PRH. of all the Argument Man can muster up for his Destruction, might be oppos'd, many and convincing contrary ones, of the Soul's being a Substance entirely distinct from those Affections of it mention'd, when join'd to the Body; but having reserv'd this for some future Essay, I shall only here insist and confront these atheistical Objections with a Paragraph or two on God's Omnipotency and Mercy, to shew, at present, not so much, perhaps, the Certainty as Possibility of Resurrection and Immortality, and strike out a Path for displaying hereafter the glorious Advantages we enjoy by the Gospel, which, on the other Side, comes not so much to confirm the Possibility as the Certainty of it.

That Immortality could not be the Gift of an Omnipotent God to Man, would be audacious, as well as silly, to deny; for, cannot he who made us, preserve us, a Time, or for ever? Cannot an

* *Præterea Gigni pariter cum Corpore, Et una Crescere sentimus, pariterque senescere Mentem:*
Nam velut infirmo pueri, &c. Lucret. Lib. 3.

† *Sæpe aliqua tamen è causa labefacta videtur Et quasi supremo Languescere tempore Voltus.*

‡ *Dissolvi sensus Animi fateare necesse est, Atque Animam, quoniam Conjuncta est causa duobus. Nec refert utrum pereat dispersa per auras, An Contractis in se partibus obrutescat.*

Almighty

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Almighty Power, if he pleases, raise us to Glory, how undeserving and incapacitated soever the Ingredients of our Nature seem for it? If the Causes are weak, the Effect, it is to be consider'd, is with Omnipotence, who can make them to a firmer and everlasting Duration; and to this his Mercy will incline him for rectifying his Inequalities here. God has given Man the peculiar Faculties of Reason and Reflection, that seeing and admiring the stupendous Fabrick and Superintendency of the World, he might be led to praise and magnify, and observing his own Excellency among the Creatures, might adore and worship, and be animated to endeavour and aspire after so rich an Inheritance; for as there is no Advantage accrues to God in Worship, our Aspirations and Prayers are doubtless implanted for our own Good, and by natural and just Consequence will be the Terms of attaining eternal Life, and which, as no other Creature has a Capacity for, he is from such Hopes rightly defined and distinguished *Animal Religiosum*.

This Power that creates and preserves, that can uphold or destroy, is a sure Foundation for religious Worship, were there no such Thing as Revelation in the World, a Stone worthy building our Warfare and Contention on for Immortality: *S. Paul*, (whom I cite as a Philosopher) Reasons admirably fine on our Resurrection to it; — *Thou Fool, that which thou sowest is not quickned except it die: — And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that Body that shall be, but bare Grain. — But God giveth it a Body as it has pleas'd him. — So also is the Resurrection of the Dead, it is sown in Corruption, it is raised in Incorruption. —* In Chymistry, how common is it to see the Powers and Essences of perishing Vegetables extracted; nay, which could not be without first putting them in a State of Corruption, and Simples reviv'd; why, therefore, is raising the Dead incredible? What humane Art daily effects in those, it is Folly and Madnes

to deny from the Finger of God in greater Matters.

Further, we are utterly ignorant in the Nature either of spiritual or material Substances: Of material Substances, the incomparable Mr. Lock observes, we have no clear Idea, we join the simple Ideas of Colour, Weight, and other sensible Properties, observ'd in any Parcel of Matter, and call it Substance; but what the internal or real Essence of the Thing is, in which these Properties subsist or inhere, we are entirely ignorant.— The same of spiritual Substances; which we come to no other Notion of than what we can form from the Make and Fashioning of our own Souls; we discover its Operations in thinking, reasoning, and the various Passions, and not being able to apprehend how they can belong to, or can be produc'd by any Body, or subsist by themselves, we are led to ascribe them to the Actions of a Substance without Matter, call'd *Spirit*, but don't know what Contexture it is that can subsist and produce such Operations no more than if we had not the Word *Spirit* in our Language: Seeing then our insuperable Ignorance in Things within our View and Examination, let us learn Humility and Wisdom, by pitying the Scorners, and thinking his grossest Absurdity is denying the Possibility of Resurrection and Immortality from the Hands of Omnipotence.

For a Conclusion, I shall venture (now we are talking of spiritual Substances) on one Position and Inference: I take it, that Man can have no Conception, no informing Idea of Spirit, entirely devoid of Matter; the Manes and Shades of the Ancients, and the *Apparitions* of all Times, do in Sound and Signification, shew this to have been the Sense of the wisest concerning them, and that Matter is not wholly exclusive in the Notion of them. I hope therefore it is neither impious nor heretical to suppose God himself to have something of, or like to Corporeity; those whose dismiss this, we
find

find talk in a bewildred and unintelligible, and the Prophets only and Followers of their Steps, (who represent him with Arms, Hands, &c.) in a consistent and rational Manner.—— I am yet persuaded, that he is Ubiquitary, *i. e.* his Power or Providence exists thro' the Universe, in every Part of Space or Matter; but that this Nature or Providence is *something without him*, which if it be lawful to compare great Things with small, is in the same Manner as the Art and Artist on Earth. He who makes the Springs and Movements in Clock-Work, Water Works, or other Machinery, is not continually wanted, either with his Head or Hands to support the Design, but they operate and move according to the Laws of Impulse, whether the Artist and that he present, or many hundred Leagues asunder: Thus I imagine God may, notwithstanding his Ubiquitariness be (as he is denoted in the Creed by the Word Person or Substance) in some circumscribed visible glorious Form, preheminent in the Heavens; but whether like what is in *Ezekiel's* Visions, or the more vigorous Portrait of the Incarnations is unsearchable; yet either Way the Inference is good, *viz.* That it is not sinful to paint the Deity: The Law and the Prophets, in several Places, describe and ascertain his Appearance, and the Gospel, the Incarnation; Descriptions, whether in Painting or Words, are, when unlawful, equally unlawful.



M 3

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

I THINK the main Reasons that were offer'd by that Party of the Proprietors, of the *South-Sea* Company at their late General Court, who were for the Question of carrying on the *Greenland* Fishery, were such as these, 1st, That it must certainly be an advantageous Branch of Trade under good Management, otherwise our Neighbours the *Dutch* would not employ so great a Stock, and so many Hands in carrying it on; and that therefore there was all the Reason imaginable we should endeavour after a Share of it. 2dly, That the Company were rich and powerful enough to erect and establish, support and carry on any Scheme whatever, which should be found necessary for the more advantageous directing such a Trade. That, 3dly, Supposing it should not produce a Profit sufficient to increase the Dividend of the Company so much as might be expected from Trade in general, yet better it is to play at small Games than stand out, which, 'tis alledged, is the Case of the Company, with a great Sum of Money. 4thly, That suppose no Profit should arise to the Company at all, yet in as much as the Employment of so many Hands, thro' Increase of Shipping, and Stock of Sailors, must be a great Advantage and Security to the Government and Nation in general, they are bound by all the Ties of Honour and Gratitude to engage in it; especially since his Majesty has, in his most gracious Speech, recommended the enlarging of Trade, and endeavouring to equal, if not gain the Ascendant over our Neighbours in it.

Now in order to pass a Judgment on the Probability, or otherwise of this Trade's answering all, or some of these good Purposes, nothing can be more proper than to give an History of it, as far as such Materials can be found for that Purpose that are

are of Credit, which therefore I have here endeavour'd to do with all the Brevity, Truth, and Matter of Fact will admit of.

In the Year 1553, *Philip* and *Mary* gave Commission to certain Merchants to Trade to *Russia*, and erected them into a Corporation; by Virtue of which Patent they traded to the Coast of *Greenland*, and none other Nation whatever frequented those Seas till the Year 1578, when a *Dutch* Ship came to *Cela*, and, about two Years after, another came to *St. Nicholas*; but that either of these attempted any Fishing, is not mentioned: So that if the great *Mr. Selden's* Doctrine of *Mare Clausum* be true, the Company had the sole Propriety, and that quietly enjoy'd for twenty five Years at least, without any Intervention or Interruption.

The Company being informed of the vast Number of *Morses* in those Parts, they sent two Ships thither, which kill'd many of them; what Profit they made by them, is not mentioned. 1610 they sent out the Ship *Amity*, in order for Whale Fishing, whose Commander landed upon a Country that had been discover'd before, but not much regarded, and gave it the Name of *Greenland*; whether from the great Quantity of green Moss growing on it, or from the extraordinary Greenness of the Sea thereabouts, is not known, neither is it much to the Purpose; however, he seiz'd it for the Company's Use: He made some Oil, but we are not told how much. In 1611, the Company sent two more Ships, where they kill'd several Whales, and five hundred *Morses*; but as to what Profit was made of them, our Authors are silent. In 1612, they sent two more Ships, which kill'd as many Fish, of one Kind or other, as produc'd almost two hundred Ton of Oil. The next Year, viz. 1613, they sent seven Ships, with an Order to discharge all Ships of other Nations from Fishing on their Coast, of which they esteemed themselves sole Proprietors; and accordingly, the Commander in Chief, whose
Name

Name is not mentioned, compell'd some of the foreign Vessels to compound for half their Fish; others he forc'd quite away, taking from them all their *Engl^{ish}* Sailors; and some obtain'd Leave (by what Means our Author does not say) to Fish; nei- is there any Mention made of this Power being at all disputed.

In 1614, the Company sent thirteen large Vessels and two Pinnances, but the *Dutch* sent eighteen great Ships likewise, four of which being Men of War, they were too powerful for the Company to attempt to restrain them from Fishing; but, however, they came home as poorly laden as the Company's, whose Men in this Year discovered the Country to 80 Degrees Northern Latitude; they took Possession of several Parts of the Country, and set up the King's Arms: But the next Year the *Dutch* came and set up the Prince of *Orange*, their Stadholder's Arms, in the same Place. In the Year 1615, the Company sent out two more large Ships, as likewise two Pinnances, but the *Dutch* being likewise there with fourteen Ships, the Company could not get Lading. That Year the King of *Denmark* sent three Men of War to demand Custom for fishing on his Island, but it was denied him, and the *Engl^{ish}* asserted their Right.

In 1616, the Company sent eight great Ships and two Pinnances, which went to several Harbours, and by that Means came home fully laden; when at the same Time the *Dutch* sent but four Ships, and came home but with half Lading. In 1617, the Company sent fourteen Ships and two Pinnances, they met 11 Sail of *Dutch* Ships, from whom they took all their Fish, as a Kind of a Contraband, or rather stolen Goods, and their *Engl^{ish}* Sailors, and then pack'd them off, as those who had been trespassing on their Right. And this Year the Company's Ships made nineteen Ton of Oil. In 1618, the Company's Ships drove the *Dutch* away a second Time from *Horsebound*, and took from them
some

some of their Goods, Ordinance, &c. continuing thereby their Claim of Right.

Some Time after this, a new Company of *English, Scotch, and Zealanders*, procured a Grant to Fish in those Seas, upon which the old Company join'd with the *East-India*, and sent out thirteen Ships and two Pinnances, but they were overpower'd by twenty three *Zealanders*, by which Means it must be supposed they were considerable Losers by that Voyage: And to finish all, the Year 1619, they sent out nine Ships, but the *Dutch* being there before them, they made another losing Voyage on that Account, tho' at the same Time, they did indeed, lose one of their great Ships by an accidental Falling of the Ice; so that the *Dutch*, who at this Time came home fully laden with their Spoils, being able to undersel them by a great Disproportion; they were disabled from prosecuting the Undertaking any longer as to Company. Notwithstanding, some enterprizing People of the Company had such a Notion of the Advantage which might be made of this Trade, with good Management, that they agreed to turn Adventurers, (the Principal of whom was Mr. *Ralph Freeman*) and in the Year 1620, sent out seven Ships, which return'd but half laden, for which our Authors have not assigned any particular Cause; however, there is no other Mention made of any Loss or Blockage. But they were not so discourag'd, but that the next Year they sent out again eight Vessels, which notwithstanding the Hindrance they met with from, and other Damage done them by the *Dutch*, brought home eleven hundred Ton of Oil. The next Year, being 1622, they sent out nine Ships, and notwithstanding one of them was lost in the Ice, they brought home thirteen hundred Ton of Oil. I find nothing more of this Undertaking worth mentioning, till the Year 1630, when the Company sent a Ship commanded by one *Goodles*, who quickly made up his Lading, and sending eight of his Men,

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on Shore to kill Deer, they were lost in a Fog, and forc'd to stay in that dismal Place all the Winter. How they subsisted there, and the like, might properly enough be inserted here, were this Account given with any View to the Description of the Country; but my Design being merely to relate what has concerned the Trade only, it is foreign to my Purpose, which was only to give every one a fair Opportunity of considering (as is already premis'd) how far this Trade is likely to answer the Ends propos'd; and since the Prosecution of it is resolv'd upon, to put those upon their Guard, who are now going to undertake it, against such Inconveniences as have so much frustrated the Designs of former Adventurers, and which I think are so visible in the whole Course of the Story as to need no Indication.

Let us then hope the best, and suppose for once, that the Success should answer the Expectations of the most sanguine Friends to this Undertaking; yet I presume there is another Fishery which would much better answer all other Ends propos'd by the Prosecution of this, exclusive of the Consideration of Profit, and in that Article exceed it beyond Comparison; and that is the Herring-Fishery on our own Coast: This Trade has been written of, talk'd of, and various Ways projected for near a Century; but there were two insuperable Difficulties always in the Way, viz. the Opposition of the *Scots*, who, by the by, acted in this Case like the Dog in the Manger, for tho' they were utterly incapable of raising a Fund themselves for carrying it on, yet they would not let us; however, the Union has entirely remov'd this Obstacle. The other was the want of a sufficient Fund to provide all Necessaries for the Undertaking; for we could not hope to be able to sell our Fish, when caught, at such a Price as our Neighbours the *Dutch*, while we paid five, six, and seven *per Cent.* Interest for our Money, and they could

could borrow at three; but now this Objection is intirely remov'd likewise, for the Company is so far from being under any Necessity of borrowing, in order to establish a Fund, that they have Cash more than sufficient, and lies dead and produces no Interest for want of Employment. These two main Obstructions then, being now taken out of the Way, let us consider the Trade it self, as we have done the other, that from hence we may be the better able to judge of the Rationality of the Proposal; and this I shall do, first from Observations of such Persons who have already treated on this Matter.

First, Sir *William Temple*, a Person inferior to none in the Justness of his political Observations, and in Truth of his Accounts of Things, tells us, that the Trades among the *Dutch*, have each their Centre in some particular Town or Province, as *Flushing* for the *West-Indies*, *Middleburg* for *French Wines*, *Rotterdam* for the *English* and *Scotch Trade*, *Amsterdam* for the *East-India*, *Leiden* for *Stuffs*, *Silks*, &c. yet the whole seven Provinces apply themselves diligently in the *Fishing Trade*, on the Coast of *Great-Britain*, which employs an incredible Number of Ships and Seamen, and furnishes all the southern Part of *Europe* with a rich and necessary Commodity, and that they have no less than thirty Place-Arts relating to the Curing, Pickling, &c. of Herrings.

And in *Pitt's Atlas*, we find such an Account given of the particular Care taken by the Government, to preserve the Credit of this Trade, as would induce any one to believe it to be one of the middle Pillars of the Commonwealth: To prevent (says he) Frauds to the Fishing Society, there is an Order, that none should begin to Fish till the 24th of *June*, that no Person shall sell any Herrings until they have been salted ten Days at least: They have also Searchers in every Fishing Town, to see that their pickling Barrels be sound, and their Salt good, and to take Care that their Herrings be salted a-

new,

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new, as soon as they are brought home, in some publick Place; to prevent all Fraud, they have Packers who attend the Searchers, who pick out all Herrings that begin to decay, and that they may secure this Trade to themselves, they allow no Foreigners to take the like Care in their Harbours, but oblige them to carry them out, as they bring them in; and so valuable is this Trade found to be, that there is a fine Monument erected to the Memory of *William Buckhold*, a *Flandertin*, who first found out the Art of curing of Fish.

Sir *John Burroughs* says, that in the *British Seas* at all Times in the Year, there may be taken Herrings, Pilchards, Coar-Ling, and other good Fish; that not long before he wrote, which was in the Year 1633, in one Day, there was taken on the Coast of *Devonshire*, five hundred Tun of Fish; another Day there was taken to the Value of three thousand; near *St. Ives* in *Cornwall*, twenty Last of Herrings were taken at one Draught; that ten thousand foreign Ships, fourteen hundred of which belonged to *Emden* in *East Frisland* only, were maintain'd by this Trade alone; that the *Hollanders* employ eight thousand Fishing Vessels on our Coast, by which they maintain fifteen thousand Mariners by Sea, and treble that Number of People by Land, in Trades, that relate to that Fishery; and that this Trade occasions the Building of a thousand Vessels in a Year, by which they make Returns of the best Commodities of *Europe*, *Asia*, and *America*; while this Trade is neglected by the *Britains*, for whom Providence seems chiefly to intend it; that by Computation the *Dutch* have made five Millions a Year by this Trade, the Custom of which, and the tenth Fish brought into their Treasury, makes 80000 *l.* Sterling in a Year. And one *John Keymour* wrote a Book on this Subject, which was published in King *Charles* the Second's Time, wherein the Author demonstrates, that the *Dutch* and others raise more Money out of our Seas in one Year, than the King of *Spain* does

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out of the *Indies* in four; that there were twenty thousand Ships, and 400,000 People employ'd in this Trade; but that which is most remarkable is, that in the Proclamation put out by the States in 1624, they call the Fishing Trade, the Golden Mine of their Provinces: Thus far these Authors, now if they make this almost incredible Advantage of it, what may not we do, who are so much better situated for it, for the *Dutch* are forc'd to begin their great Fishery every Year two hundred League from home, and to do all at Sea; they send out Doggers or Busses, from seventy to a hundred and twenty Ton, or upwards, with fourteen or fifteen Men on Board, and Provision for at least three Months; and these drive in the Seas, and are forc'd to cure and pack their Fish, and dry and mend their Nets on Board, so that computing the Expence of sitting out, Wear and Tear, Provision and Wages, every Barrel of Herrings as they fall from the Net, costs them at least six Shilling; whereas the Fish being not only on our Coast, but in our Havens and Bays, our Men can be at home some of them with their Wives and Families, every twenty four Hours, and in Boats, call'd five Men and 3 Men Cobbles, having Persons ready to take off their Fish to cure and pack, wil catch as many Herrings in a Month, as a *Dutch* Dogger of a hundred Ton and fifteen Men shall do in three Months, lying all that while at Sea; so that had they Persons to take the Fish off their Hands as they catch it, they could deliver Herrings at 12 d. nay 6 d. per Barrel, so that there would be 80 or 90 l. per Cent. sav'd in the prime Cost: The Company might man their Vessels with *Scotch* Sailors, as the *Dutch* in a great Measure do, for such a Gain would enable the latter to outbid them in Wages, or however, with the Assistance of the Government, they might be compell'd to leave their old Masters, and then they would be glad to hire themselves to new Ones; nay indeed, the old Ones would soon have little or no Employment for them.

I hope

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I hope by this Time, it is sufficiently apparent which of the two Fisheries is likely to bring most Advantage to the Nation, and Profit to the Undertakers; how much the Dividend of the Company might probably be increas'd, and consequently its Credit rais'd, and in that the Nation's Credit likewise; the Loss of which has been lamented, so much that one would think it impossible any should oppose the Prosecution of the Design, but such who are willing to sacrifice the Interest of their own native Country, to that of a foreign One, and One, which is naturally and necessarily our commercial Enemy. But the Vigour wherewith the Company seems to go about the new voted Project, gives Encouragement to hope they will not despise so seasonable a Memorandum; however, if they should think themselves too wise to take Notice of the Suggestions of a private Person, (a Fault too common in publick Societies,) 'tis to be hop'd some Men of Spirit in Trade, may endeavour like Mr. Freeman and his Companions, to set such an Engine at work. I could flourish much upon this Topick, but as I am not willing to be too prolix for a Place in your Paper I shall conclude for the Present.

Your old Friend,

PUBLICUS.



LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

ONE would think, Mr. *Mis*, if a Man had kept his Heart his own, till he was past his grand Clymasterick, he might, without Danger, venture himself in any Company; but we ought always to be upon our Guard, and never think our selves secure when we are in Company with the fair Sex. I was, not long since, invired by *Philander*, to commemorate his Birth-Day; we had in our Company three Ladies, which, upon entering the Room, I in Civility, but with Indifference, saluted. I had been three or four times in *Amanda's* Company, and always thought her agreeable, but never felt such Emotions in my Breast as I did then; but, doubtless, the Joy she conceived in seeing her *Philander* in perfect Health, who was but just recovered from a dangerous Illness, and so gay and pleasant, added to her Charms; for you might perceive a more than ordinary Satisfaction in her Face: I will not be particular in describing her, its sufficient for me to tell you, her Person is what I like, and she had the Thanks of the whole Company for her agreeable Conversation; for she entertained us with the News of the Town, and, with her Eye fix'd on *Philander*, ingeniously described a polite fine Gentleman; and then, turning to one that shall be nameless, drew the Picture of an affected opiniative Beau; 'twas observed by all but me, who was too deeply engag'd in admiring *Amanda*, the Pleasure that appeared in his Face, at the Applause the Company gave his dear *Amanda*: A particular Friend of his desired to know who that Lady was, when, with a great deal of Pleasure, he told us, she was a near Relation that was unhappily married when very young, but had been a Widow this seven Years. I was pleas'd to hear
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she was a single Woman, and taking *Pedro* aside, conjured him to tell me where she lived; but he artfully evaded, and desired to know the Reason of my Enquiry: I assured him my Design was honourable, and that if *Amanda* would except of my Fortune, which, though not great, was a genteel Sufficiency, she would make me the happiest Man upon Earth; *Pedro* smiled, and bid me be careful how I let *Amanda* know her Power, for though she was an ingenious agreeable Companion, she was an insulting Mistress, and if once she knew I loved, she would make me a Slave to her haughty Temper, but assured me, he would acquaint his Cozen with it, and that I should shortly see her at his House; but I, not satisfy'd with this, applied to *Philander*, and begged him to be my Friend in this Affair; *Philander* was alarmed at my Discourse, but as he has a quick Genius, and can command his Passion on any Occasion, he quickly recovered himself from his Surprise, and, in the most obliging Manner possible, thank'd me for the good Opinion I had of his Kinswoman, but advised me to think no more of her, for that himself had interceded in the behalf of a particular Friend, that would have been a very advantageous Match; but *Amanda* was averse to a second Marriage, nor could any Thing he was able to say, make her the least inclineable to it; but *Philander's* publick Employment obliging him to leave England, I was quickly informed by *Pedro*, of the true Reason for his refusing to be my Friend to *Amanda*, for whom I shall ever retain a grateful Value, but would advise her to be careful of *Pedro*, for though she is secure of her *Philander's* Heart, yet it is a dangerous Enemy that will take all Advantages to ruin her, as she has already experienced; for he declares 'tis not the View of Interest to himself makes him her Enemy, but a secret Revenge, for he values not who is possessor of *Philander's* Fortune, so he could once bring him about to hate and scorn *Amanda*, and Chance might

as well have presented her to his View, on the 12th of this Instant, as it did to mine, if her good Genius had not that Day guarded her. As you, Mr. *Mist*, are a Favourite of the Ladies, and more particularly so of *Amanda*, I beg you will insert this in next *Saturday's Journal*, and let her know I can no longer be serviceable to her, by giving her any farther Intelligence, for I shall shortly leave the Town, and spend the Remainder of my Days in a Country Village, and since none but *Philander* can make her happy, I shall be truly glad to hear of his Return, and their happy Union, for I shall ever retain a true Value and affectionate Respect for the agreeable *Amanda*; and she would lay an eternal Obligation on her faithful Friend, if she would answer this in your Paper, and so will you, in complying with the Request of your constant Reader,

GALLENICUS.

LETTER XLVII.

Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus. Hor.

AMONGST the many Parts of Learning, with which I have instructed and entertained my Countrymen, I have often thought, if I understood one better than another, it was Divinity; and yet, I profess, in Letter xlv. which begins my *Journal* of September 5, I have over-look'd a great Mistake in that Science. The Truth is, when I received the Letter, finding the Author very much a Philosopher, I was so mightily satisfied with his Reasoning, that I unwarily nodded over the last Paragraph: Going afterwards to the Coffee-House, where I am a constant Reader of my own Paper, (as he who sells Tobacco always takes in publick out of his own Box) I was surprized with this

this Piece of *false Doctrine*: I returned back to the Title, fancying I might, by Mistake, have taken up the *British or London Journal*; but there I found, in large Letters, THE WEEKLY JOURNAL; the Case being then too plain to be disputed, I thought my self obliged in Justice to Truth and to my self, to tell over the Tenets of this Philosopher with more Care; and to return him publickly those Pieces of bad Money, which, though they would not be taken singly, yet he fancied might go off in a Sum: The Pieces which I chiefly except against, are what he calls a *Position*, and an *Inference*.

His *Position* is, "That God is Ubiquitary, i. e. "his Power or Providence exists thro' the Universe, "in every Part of Space or Matter; but that this "Nature or Providence is *something without him*, "which, if it be lawful to compare great Things "with small, is in the same Manner as the Art and "Artist upon Earth; he who makes the Springs "and Movements in Clock-Work, Water-Works, "or other Machinery, is not continually wanted, "either with his Head or Hands to support the Design, but they operate and move according to the "Laws of Impulse, whether the Artist and that "be present, or many hundred Leagues asunder: "Thus I imagine God may, notwithstanding his "Ubiquitariness, be (as he is denoted in the Creed "by the Word Person or Substance) in some circumscribed visible glorious Form, pre eminent in "the Heavens".

But if that by which God is said to be Ubiquitary, is *something without him*, in my Apprehension God is not Ubiquitary. The Artist, who made a Clock, when he is 100 Leagues from that Clock, is not present with it; the Springs are broken or decayed, the Wheels clogg'd by Dust, or obstructed by the Moisture of the Air; in either of these Cases, how can the Power or Providence of the Artist, at such a Distance, exist in the Clock, so as to keep it

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in Motion? Were he always upon the Spot, watching all its Movements, he might then continue it in Motion so long as he thought fit.

Besides, what an uncomfortable Idea is this of the Omnipresence of God! When we consider the jumble of Elements, of which every Thing is composed; and that each of these is always striving to be restored to its simple Essence: That God * *hægeth the Earth upon nothing: That he bindeth the Waters in the thick Clouds, and the Cloud is not rent under them: That † he gathereth the Waters of the Sea together, as an Heap:* Which Observation is founded on the Convexity or Roundness of the Surface of these Waters: When we consider the jarring Interests and Inclinations amongst Men in general, and the perpetual War between the Passions, the Understanding, and Will within our selves; must it not be a dreadful Reflection, that God had put the Wheels of this vast Machine in Motion, and then left it to it self? In this Case the *Husbandmen* could take very little Pleasure in the *Vineyard*, when they knew that the *Lord* of it was gone into a *far Country*.

How much more reasonable and delightful is this Conception of God's Omnipresence, that his Being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole Frame of Nature; that he is not only near every Thing, but in every Thing. *Jovis omnia plena.* His Substance is within the Substance of every Being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that Being is to it self. Every Creature from the *Leviathan* down to the minutest Insect, he essentially inhabits; and this Omnipresence of God (if it be lawful to compare great Things with small) is pretty well illustrated by *Minucius Felix*; *in solem adeo rursus intende; celo affixus, sed terris omnibus sparsus est; pariter presens ubiq; interest, & miscetur omnibus.* As the Rays which are diffused over the

* *Job* 26. 7.

† *Ero.* 33. 7.

Globe, are inseparable from the Sun in the Firmament, so is God in the Creatures, inseparable from God in Heaven. *Celo affixus*, answers to that most bright Representation which God makes of himself in the highest Heaven, but leaves no Room to suppose, that he whose Centre is every where, and Circumference no where, can be in any *circumscribed*, however *glorious Form*; because from the Sun, a finite Being, we cannot draw any Parallel with God, who is an infinite one.

But why is my Correspondent so very solicitous that God should be circumscribed? Why it is, it seems, for the sake of an *Inference*, which is that therefore it is not sinful to paint the Deity, God is in some circumscribed visible glorious Form, pre eminent in the Heavens; therefore it is not sinful to paint the Deity.

If by Deity he means (as I'm afraid he does) the Divine Nature, its needless to enquire whether that is sinful or not, which is impossible to be done, what Painter in his Senses ever attempted to draw the Picture of an immaterial Substance, a Thing invisible? Such an Absurdity seems well enough exposed by *Ausonius*, speaking of one who would have pictured *Echo*:

— *Similem si vis pingere, pingere sonum.*

If by Deity he means his Attributes or Perfections, which he would express by Picture, his Consequence is not to be admitted, because the Word Deity is *equivocal*, signifying the Divine Nature in the *Antecedent*, and the Divine Attributes in the Conclusion. Whatever he means his Consequence must be false, because God has expressly forbidden us to paint the Deity. This Prohibition we find *Deut. 4.* with this Reason for it, *because ye saw no Manner of Similitude on the Day, &c.* It is sinful to paint the Deity, because God has not discovered to us any *similitude of himself*, and it is impossible

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impossible we should frame any adequate Idea of him our selves: We must therefore in presuming to paint a Likeness of him, *change the Truth of God into a Lye.* Thus *Deut. 4.* gives us another Reason, why it is sinful to paint the Deity, which is, lest we should corrupt our selves, and worship this Picture, the Work of our own Hands.

For which Reason I cannot agree with this learned Gentleman, that *Description, whether in Painting or Words, are, when unlawful, equally unlawful:* For if I presume to make larger Discoveries of God than he has been pleased to make of himself, and to describe him beyond what is written, I shall certainly dishonour him by a Description, which is no Resemblance; but I'm in no Danger of drawing my self, or any one else into Idolatry, for who-over erected Altars to a *Thought*, or offered Sacrifice to a *Semi-colon*? But if I paint the Deity, and presume to draw the *Similitude* of him, of whom I have not seen any, I may dishonour God in a double Respect; by representing him different from what he is, and by tempting my self or others, to pay that Worship to the *Creature*, which the *Creator* has reserved entirely to himself; therefore *Descriptions, whether in Painting or Words, are, when unlawful, not equally unlawful.*



LETTER XLVIII.

*Marriage is a bold Venture at the best,
But when we please our selves we venture least. South.*

IT is a Dispute which will never be ended, whether the married or single State of Life are attended with the greatest Comforts and Conveniences.—— When the married Man is disturbed with the Noise and ill Humours of a clamorous Wife, he envies the Pleasures of a single Life, and thinks all Happiness included in the calm Tranquillity and undisturbed Condition of a Batchelor.—— On the other Side, when the single Man beholds the kind and tender Offices which naturally pass betwixt a faithful Husband and a vertuous good natured Wife, he is charm'd with the sweet Society, and looks upon himself as a barren helpless Creature, shut out from all the Comforts of the most delightful Union in the World.—— The Care, Respect, and Attendance which he sees paid to the Master of a Family, makes him look contemptible in his own Eyes, and to despise a Condition void of so many Happinesses, and which he thinks renders him inconsiderable in the Eyes of Men.

When we consider Man as a sociable Creature that stands in need of the Assistance of others, to make his Life convenient and easy, we must certainly give the Preference to the married State. It is an old Complaint, that Friends are inconstant and false, but he who is join'd to a good Wife, has certainly found out a faithful Friend, one who has no View or Interest different from his, and makes his Joys and Sorrows all her own.

Solomon,

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Solomon, in the *Proverbs*, has given us the Description of a good Wife in a more beautiful Character than I am able to draw; from him we shall borrow it.

" Who can find a vertuous Woman? For her Price is far above Rubies.

" The Heart of her Husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of Spoil.

" She will do him Good, and not Evil, all the Days of her Life.

" She seeketh Wooll and Flax, and worketh willingly with her Hands.

" She is like the Merchant's Ship, she bringeth her Food from afar.

" She layeth her Hands to the Spindle, and her Hands hold the Distaff.

" She stretcheth out her Hands to the Poor; yea, she stretcheth forth her Hands to the Needy.

" Her Husband is known in the Gates when he sitteth among the Elders of the Land.

" Strength and Honour are her Cloathing, and she shall rejoice in Time to come.

" She openeth her Mouth with Wisdom, and in her Tongue is the Law of Kindness.

" She looketh well to the Ways of her Household, and eateth not the Bread of Idleness.

" Her Children arise up, and call her Blessed, her Husband also, and he praiseth her, &c."

Sure no single Man can read this Description, and not wish himself married.——One Thing we may say of the Ladies, that they are either Man's greatest Comfort, or his greatest Plague.——This, perhaps, in a great Measure, depends upon their Education, and the Behaviour which they observe in their Parents, while they are young, which we may take Notice of upon some other Occasion.——

We shall only observe here, that Marriage is of great Service to the Commonwealth, and therefore all wise Governments have encouraged it.—— In

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Sparta, those Citizens who did not marry by a certain Age, were debarr'd of certain Privileges, and at the publick Games and Sports, the young People were allowed to scoff at them. *Plutarch* mentions a Circumstance of Contempt shewn to a single Man of the first Rank in that City, in the publick Theatre; when he enter'd, the young Men did not rise to do him Honour, as it was customary to do to Persons of his Dignity: He ask'd a young Man who was next him, why he did not rise? *Because*, answered the young Man, *you have never a Son who shall do me the same Honour when I am old.*

LETTER XLIX.

— In Solitude,
 [*What Happiness? Who can enjoy alone,
 Or all enjoying what Contentment find.* Milton.

I FIND it is a Complaint among Men of Business, that the Town is very thin, and, indeed, a Man who is accusom'd to walk the Streets, may perceive the Crowds of Passengers considerably lessen'd, from what they are at the more busy Times of the Year; so that a Man may now come to Town to be retir'd, as others go into the Country for more Company; for it is pretty certain that those Multitudes which the *Bath* and *Tunbridge* at present draw from this Town, don't all go to drink the Waters, the far greatest Part of them are only invited by the Crowd, and to amuse themselves with that busy Idleness, which are the Diversions of those Places.

This

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This Reflection leads me to consider the Nature of Retirement, and of a busy Life.

" Solitude (says a certain Author) promises fair,
 " and is a strong Entertainment to a melancholy
 " Fancy; but were the Notion driven up and try'd
 " in its furthest Extent, most of us would quick-
 " ly change our Opinion; like a great many o-
 " ther Things, it is better in Prospect than in
 " Possession; like a Summer's Cloud, in an Eve-
 " ning, it looks soft and fine at a Distance, and
 " presents us with a great many pretty Figures;
 " but when you come close to the Object, the Co-
 " lours are rubb'd out, and the Substance shrink,
 " and there's nothing remaining but empty Air,
 " nothing that will either please the Eye, or
 " fill the Grasp. Man was never designed to
 " be perfectly detach'd, and live independant of
 " his Kind, he was not made big enough for that
 " Condition."

Mr. Dryden is of the same Opinion with our Au-
 thor, and gives the Preference to a sociable Life,
 by the following beautiful Comparisor.

*If Solitude were best, th' All-wise above
 Had made no Creature for himself to love,
 He would not be alone, who all Things can,
 But peopled Heaven with Angels, Earth with Man.*

And Cicero tells us, if a Person of Sense and Pro-
 bity was furnished with all the Blessings of Life,
 and had never so much Wealth, Leisure, and Large-
 ness of Understanding, yet if he was barr'd all
 Manner of Company, and never allowed so much
 as to see a Man, he had better throw up his Being,
 and fairly take Leave of the World.

It is certain, the Man who would shun Society,
 and lead a Life of Solitude, should have a more
 than ordinary Fund of Reason, he should have
 something to entertain himself from within, in-
 stead of that Variety of Objects we meet with in

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the great World, which amuse the Senses, and keep the Mind from preying upon it self.— Business seems absolutely necessary to some Constitutions, as well for the keeping Melancholy out of the Mind, as the Preservation of Health in the Body: Too much Ease is what few Men can bear, it is like a perfect Calm at Sea, which, if we may believe the Reports of Seamen, is as troublesome as a Storm: The People who complain most of the Spleen, are those who meet with nothing to ruffle or discompose them in this Life; the little Rubs and Difficulties which Men in Business are obliged to encounter, have so good an Effect upon their bodily Healths, that I never knew such a one complain of the Vapours: The Distemper so called, I take to be begot of Idleness, not that I would insinuate as if I thought that idle People only fancied themselves sick; I am satisfied their Constitutions are really disordered, for when the Mind wants both Exercise and Entertainment, it forms imaginary Evils, and ingenders black Melancholy, which affecting the Blood, is the Cause of the Distemper, called the *Vapours*.

What should an illiterate Man do in a Solitude? We find, that when the Emperor *Domitian* was alone, he pass'd his Time in nothing but catching of Flies; it is true, he might have come into Company when he would; but had he led a Life altogether retired, he would have grown weary of his royal Sport of Fly-catching; and what would he have done then? Why, no doubt, he would have fallen sick of the Vapours.—It is certain this sort of Life might have given him Time for Reflection; but what signifies Reflection to a Fool, he had not the Capacity of looking into the contemptible Condition of his own Nature, and of Consequence it could not have made him wiser.—In fine, Fools and Madmen are not to be trusted alone.

A Man

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A Man may venture sometimes to be more at Leisure to look into himself, to correct his Life, and to be out of the Way of bad Example. —

This is a good Motive, yet, I believe, it has not always the desired Effect, especially in those Men whose Passions are strong; we lie more exposed to Temptations, when we are alone; many a Man is awed from Vice, when he knows that others have their Eyes upon him; in publick, if a Person be inclined to do Good, he will be both praised and encouraged, and he may often be hindered from doing Mischief: He that is alone has Leisure to meditate, and Opportunities of committing Sin, if he be that Way inclined. *Cleanthes*, the Philosopher, seeing a Man walking alone, and talking to himself, said to him, beware Friend, you are not conversing with bad Company. — And the *Italians* say. — *Chi facitate tentato da un Demonio, chi sta in Otio da mille.* — He that's employed, is tempted but by one Devil; he that's idle, by a thousand. He that is wicked, will hardly grow worse by Company; and he that is good should not live out of the World, to hinder others from profiting by his Example.

Some Men think it a wise Part to retire when the Times are like to be troublesome; when they see the Clouds begin to gather, they think it convenient to provide a good Shelter. — Thus it may be prudent in a Man at Sea, when he sees foul Weather approaching, to go into his Cabin, and endeavour to sleep out the Storm, that he may avoid the Fright and Fatigue which is to follow; but it would not be very fair, his Assistance may be wanted upon Deck, and the Community has a Right to all the Help he can give, and he ought to share the Labour by which he is preserved. — The Reason is the same, as to those Storms which disturb the Commonwealth, every Man should lend a helping Hand, and even run some Hazards to restore publick Peace, and put

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Things upon a right Bottom: He that retires upon such an Occasion may love his own Quiet and Safety, but is an unworthy Member of the Commonwealth, and had he lived in *Greece* of old, would be treated as an Enemy to his Country.

Other Inducements to a solitary Life, are Crosses, Vexations, and Disappointments, in worldly Affairs; here a Man in great Employments, is surrounded with Flatterers, but as soon as he is stripp'd of his Posts, his Flatterers leave him; and those who in the Insolence of his Power he had wrong'd or insulted, find Means of doing themselves Justice. ——— This puts him out of Humour with the World, and he resolves to retire. ——— But such a one shall not find that Tranquillity, which he looks for, he carries two ugly Companions with him, who will disturb his Quiet, these are *Envy* and *Pride*, which will haunt his Thoughts, and make him more uneasy than his Adversaries in Power could have done.

In fine, none but Men of good Parts, and a particular Turn of Mind, are fit for a retired Life: There are some of ingenious and melancholy Constitutions, who are capable of being very easy in themselves, and of doing the World more Service in a Retirement, than others in the most active and busy Station of Life. A solitary Life is, no doubt, most convenient for Study; even were a Man to make Remarks upon the World, he should retire to digest his Observations, as he who has a Mind to see what passes in a Crowd, must get out of it himself. It is certain there are Men of melancholy Temperaments who embrace this Sort of Life; but it would be Ingratitude not to own the Benefits Mankind has receiv'd from them: It is by them that Learning has been enriched, and Arts and Sciences invented and improved.

I shall

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I shall conclude with Part of an Ode which I have some where read upon Melancholy.

*First-born of Erebus, and gloomy Care,
Prime Minion of black Night,
Th' unhappy Lover's sole and choice Delight,
And elder Brother to Despair;
To thee, Oh sacred Melancholy, 'tis we owe,
Whate'er we fondly think the Muses can bestow,
From the Retired
In peaceful Shade,
In Learning, Man his mighty Progress made:
From thee arose all Arts,
And Man, unthankful Man, from thee acquired
His philosophick Skill in Nature's darker Parts.*

LETTER L.

THE Affair of the Netherland East-India Company, was at first, by many here, look'd upon to be like an *English* Project, that is, a Contrivance of some Persons behind the Curtain, to lay hold on the Peoples Money; but it seems the Steps taken in it, both before and since the paying in the first Subscription, have been so much to the Satisfaction of the Adventurers, that they seem convinced there is something more in it, than a meer Bubble or Chimera.

As it is an Affair which concerns the Interest of other Nations, and as it is often the Subject of Conversation amongst the busy and trading Part of Mankind, who, like other Men, are apt to judge by Inclination; we shall consider according to an impartial Way of thinking, whether it may be likely to succeed, or no.

In order to this, it will be necessary to examine their political Circumstances, in respect to other Nations, and also the Genius of the People.

Flanders is now become a Province of the *German* Empire, by the Occasion of which, as well as of *Milan*, *Naples*, and *Sicily*, the Emperor makes a greater Figure in the World, if you consider his Riches, Strength, and Extent of Empire, than any Prince of the House of *Austria*, since *Charles* the Fifth, nor is he insensible of it; for we find upon any little Contest or Dispute with other Princes, he carries it with a high Hand, and his Behaviour is truly imperial: 'Tis certain, his Power is inconsiderable by Sea, and should those Nations, who are likely to suffer by the Success of this Project, resolve to suppress it, at all Hazards, they might ruin it in its Infancy, by their Ships of War; but, perhaps, this would raise a Tempest at Land, which *Holland* would hardly be able to weather, so that if ever it be done at all, it must be by some Nation, which has nothing to fear from any Land-Power upon Earth.

If it be objected, that the Emperor will at length yield to the joint Sollicitations of the maritime Powers, and cancel this Patent, when he sees that otherwise they will oblige him to do it by Force; it may be answered, that all Sollicitations already have been tried, and proved ineffectual; that the Emperor could not but foresee the Opposition this Patent would meet with, and the Uneasiness it would cause among some of his Neighbours; that therefore it is rational to suppose that before he put the last Hand to it, he strengthened himself with such Alliances as might awe his Neighbours, and hinder them from disturbing this Trade; this, I say, is not only rational to suppose, but there are late Circumstances which make it pretty plain it is so.

We

We find the general Reason of Princes, for all the extraordinary Steps they take, is Interest. The Emperor has stronger Inducements of this Kind, to support and encourage this Trade, than he can have for any Thing in his present Circumstances: First, neither he, nor any of the Princes of *Germany*, can use a Grain of Pepper, or any *East-India* Goods, but what they must buy of the *Dutch*, at their own Price, which no doubt is extravagant enough, as Monopolies generally are; he has now found out a Way of purchasing these Goods at a cheaper Rate, one Part of his Subjects are to sell them to the Rest, they are to bring them from the Spot in their own Bottoms, which will employ a great many Hands, carry off their own Manufactures, and increase the Revenues by the Duties on those Goods.

The Northern Countries, as *Denmark*, *Sweden*, and *Muscovy*, who have no *East-India* Company of their own, will be very glad to encourage this new Company, as it will lessen the Prices of *East-India* Goods in *Europe*, whereby they will come to them cheaper than heretofore, and no Doubt they will expect to deal with the *Flemings*, upon much more advantageous Terms, than with the *Dutch*: The Czar of *Muscovy* will be very willing to supply them with naval Stores, and it is supposed that some Treaties have already been made with that Prince, which are look'd upon to be of great Advantage to the Company.

France, whatever Countenance she puts on, must be secretly pleas'd at seeing any Thing go forward which may clip the Wings of the *Dutch*. *Holland* has got the Start of the whole World, in Point of Trade, which has given her so great a Strength by Sea, that what by her Industry and the Fear of her Power, she has in a Manner excluded the whole World, (the *English* excepted) from the Benefits of Trade in their own Bottoms,

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as if Providence, in its Wisdom, had made the Ocean only for *Dutchmen*.

The *French East-India Trade* is inconsiderable, they supply only their own People, which they may do still; and the maritime Power of the *Flemings*, who are not Masters of one Ship of War, cannot look terrible to *Europe*, at least for many Years to come; for which Reason, I conceive, that *France*, whatever Pretences she may make, will not in earnest take any Measures to suppress this Company.

As to the *Portuguese*, they have found the *Dutch* to be none of the best Neighbours in the World, I mean in the *East-Indies*, they are every now and then jostling for Elbow-Room, and have by Degrees edged them out of great Territories.

That Part of Scripture, which forbids a Man to remove his Neighbours Land-Mark, may, perhaps be expung'd out of the *Dutch Bible*, or at least, may be look'd upon by the People, as *apocryphal*, and therefore they may believe it, or let it alone; however that be, it is certain the *Dutch* have behaved to the *Portuguese*, as it is said the Cuckoo does to other Birds, which never builds a Nest of its own, but having found one made by some weaker Birds, she beats her out of it, sucks her Eggs, and applies it to her own Use. The *Dutch* could pretend no Right to the *Portuguese* Possessions in *India*, the latter being the first Discoverers and Settlers there; but they wanted a warm Nest in those Countries, and perhaps it might be easier to take one ready made, than be at the Pains of making one themselves.—— But let their Sentiments upon that Head be what they will, the *Portuguese* have lost all the *Molucca* Islands by them; they have taken from them *Macassar* on the Island *Borneo*, and *Solor*, and another Island, and many other Settlements whose Names do not at present occur to me; they are charged with spiriting up the

the Massacre with the Natives of *Japan*, committed upon the *Spaniards* and *Portuguese* settled there, some Years since, but whether the Accusation be just, I cannot determine: Immediately after which Massacre, a Law was pass'd in that Country, which made it Death for any Christian to land there, or to attempt to settle any Trade or Commerce with them; immediately after which, it was observ'd, the *Dutch* settled a Factory at *Magasaqui*, the Capital of *Japan*; ——— and, it is said, being questioned at their first Coming, what Religion they were of, they answer'd they were *Dutchmen*? And, it seems, that to this Day the *Japanez* observe the Formality of searching every *Dutch* Ship which comes in for Christians, according to the Law before-mention'd, I cannot learn that ever they found any.

These may be the Reasons why the *Portuguese* may be willing to favour the Interests of this new Company, as their Trade must lessen that of the *Dutch*, to whom it is plain they owe no Service. Next, if we come to consider how the *Spaniards* stand affected towards them, we shall find many Reasons inducing us to believe, that *Spain* would do any Thing to humble the Power of this new Republick; she has not forgot that they were once her Subjects, and she still looks upon them as in a State of Rebellion: Add to this, the Plague and Trouble they have given *Spain* since they first threw off her Dependency, insomuch that *Holland* with Respect to *Spain*, has often been compared to the *Sword-Fish* pricking the Belly of the *Whale*, or the *Serpent* twisted about the Leg of the *Elephant*, which galls and wounds her in Spite of her unwieldy Strength. It is certain, she has weaken'd *Spain* more than all the powerful Princes in *Europe* together; she has taken from her the Island of *Tidor* on the *Indian* Coasts, and also the Settlements of *Machian* and *Bachian*, which she still possesses; and her Strength by Sea is so considerable, that *Spain* at Times has Reason to apprehend Mischief from
it,

it, wherefore since this new Company is likely to weaken *Holland*, we may presume that *Spain* will do nothing against its Interests.

Thus, as far as we can see, it does not concern any Power in *Europe* to attempt the Destruction of this new Company, except *England*, and *Holland*, and the latter perhaps dares not at this Time strike so bold a Stroke for fear of incurring the Emperor's Displeasure.

But it may, perhaps, be urged, that the Emperor will have no great Reason to be fond of this Project, since an *East-India* Trade is a Disadvantage to any Country; that the Persons concerned in the Company may get by it, but the Publick must lose, because of continual Draughts of Silver which must be made to carry on that Traffick, since very little besides *Bullion* is used in this Commerce, and that the *Dutch* are the only People who can Trade to *India*, to the Benefit of their Country, because they are Sovereigns of the Spice Islands, and also of a rich Tract upon the Continent; so that all the *East-India* Goods imported by them into *Europe*, are the Growth, or Manufacture of their own Territories; and the *Dutch* in *Europe* only exchange Goods for Goods with the *Dutch* in *India*, as we trade with the People of *Jamaica* and *Barbadoes*, for their Sugars, and that all they sell out of *Holland* turn to the Advantage of the Commonwealth.

To this we shall answer, that it cannot be denied, but the Ballance of Trade with the *East-Indies* is against *Europe*, and that if Men were to live in the simple State of Nature, we might be easy and happy without the Things brought from thence; but Luxury and an ill Habit have made some Superfluities almost necessary, and it is certain the Rich in all Countries will have these Superfluities, let them cost what they will; therefore the Emperor had better buy these Goods at the best Market, than purchase them of the *Dutch* at second Hand, and at an advanc'd Price, (as has been
before

before observ'd) besides his Subjects may have the Advantage of disposing of them to other Countries, and thereby bring in the Money that's carried out upon this Trade, as is practic'd by our *East-India* Company, otherwise this Trade would soon suck away the Wealth of any Nation that had not Mines of Silver within itself.

LETTER LI.

SOLOMON tells us of four Things which are small, yet full of Wisdom, these are the *Pismire*, the *Grasshopper*, the *Coney*, and the *Spider*; to all these Things have the *Hollanders* been compared.

First, They resemble *Pismires* for their Providence and Forecast: The *Pismire*, with infinite Patience and Labour, lays in a Store of Provision, and fills his little Granary to provide for Scarcity and bad Weather. The *Hollanders* are, in this Respect, the *Pismires* of human Race; they make their Country, for Provision, the Store-House of *Christendom*; Nor is there a Nation in *Europe*, that, some Time or other, when a Scarcity has happened, but has been obliged to buy their own Corn back again from the *Dutch*, at an advanc'd Price; nay, which is more, tho' they have not Materials of their own Growth for the building of one Ship, yet do they sell Ships to almost all the trading People in *Europe*.

Next, they imitate the *Grasshopper*; for as it is the Custom of these little Creatures to swarm abroad in the Summer, so do the *Dutch*, with their Ships going to all Parts of the World, and lying as thick upon the Seas as *Grasshoppers* in the Fields,

In their Self-Preservation they follow the Caution of the *Coney*, which burrows under Ground, and works into a Fortification amidst Rocks or Hills; ——— and tho' Nature has made no Rocks in *Holland*, or scarce so much as a Stone, yet have the People built artificial Rocks for their Defence, in which they have secured themselves against all the Powers of *Spain*; ——— I mean their strong Holds and Fortifications: ——— Nay, they have done more, for they have invaded *Nep-tune* in his own Territories, and gained a considerable Tract of Land of him, which they maintain and keep Possession of, by strong Mounds and Banks, so that great Numbers of the *Hollanders* live as low as the Fishes in the Sea.

Lastly, They may very properly be compared to *Spiders*; for, as this little Emblem of Industry having no Materials of its own, yet works a most curious Manufacture (if I may be allowed that Term) out of its own Bowels; so the *Dutch*, in a Country which produces nothing of its own Growth, can furnish Strangers with the Product of the various Climates of the World, which they procure with so much Pain and Labour, that it may reasonably be said, they work it out of their own Bowels; ——— and one of the Maxims by which they've thrived, is, that *no Moisture manures or fructifies like the Dew of Sweat*.

Thus, by Industry and Labour, they arrived to a greater Pitch of Strength and Grandeur from the Year 1579 to 1652, which is seventy three Years, than the Commonwealth of *Rome* did in the same Space of Time. ——— I mention these two remarkable *Æra's*, because that in the Year 1579 they petitioned Queen *Elizabeth* to accept of their Fealto, and take upon her the Sovereignty of the poor distress'd Provinces, offering to become her Subjects; and, in the Year 1652, they fought the *English* Fleet, under the Command of Admiral *Blake*, upon our own Coasts, with a Force much greater

greater than his, and were the first, that I could hear, who refus'd to pay the *English* the Honour of the Flag; and tho' they were compelled to do it some Time after, it was not so much by superior Strength, as superior Valour.

I take Notice of these Circumstances only to shew in how short a Time this Commonwealth, from *The Poor and Distress'd*, grew to be *The High and Mighty States*, and all this by Trade and Industry, for it cannot be said they grew great by War; for tho' they were engag'd in long and tedious Wars, these Wars were altogether defensive, being against the *Spaniards*, in Defence of their Liberties.

But Providence has set Bounds to the Grandeur of all Nations, and Kingdoms and States have their Rises and Falls as well as Men; and if we may judge by the Circumstances of Things, *Holland* is arriv'd at its *Zenith*, and if its Rise was more sudden than that of old *Rome*, its Glory is not like to last so long; I speak from Appearance and Probability. There seems to be a Disunion among their Provinces; the People are not thoroughly pleas'd with their Magistrates, and, perhaps, they have Reason; and there appears a Disposition in them for electing a *Stadholder*; an Officer which their great Statesman *de Wit* dreaded so much, that, it was his Opinion, the Loss of Liberty must begin whenever such an Officer was created; for being vested with so great Power for Life, it is not doubted but he will have Ambition enough to attempt making himself King; ——— I say, if the Person so elect'd be a Man.

But it is our speaking upon the *Ostend East-India* Company which has drawn us into these Reflections on the present State of the Commonwealth of *Holland*, and therefore we shall return from whence we have digress'd.

We

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We have, in our former, given our Opinions how we conceived the other Nations of *Europe* might stand affected towards the Interest of this Company; now we shall examine the Genius and Disposition of the *Flemings*, in order to form a Conjecture from thence, whether a Trade may be likely to thrive or not in their Hands.

I find that *Antwerp* was formerly the greatest Mart in the Christian World, and that more Ships went in and out from thence, than from any other Port in *Europe*, till the Haven and Access to it was interrupted by the *Hollanders*, who filling the Hulks of several great Vessels with Sand, caused them to be sunk in the River *Scheld*, which spoil'd the Navigation of that River, so that no Vessel of Burden has ever gone up so high as *Antwerp* since. — This was done, indeed, in a Time of War, when they were defending themselves against the *Spaniards*, which, in some Measure, may justify it.

The Reasons of its being so great a Market, was not owing only to its supplying *Flanders*, and *Germany*, with foreign Goods, but also to its abounding with several considerable Manufactures of its own; it was the great Staple of *Europe* for Woollen Cloth, and from them it was we learned the Art of making it, for which we are obliged to *Philip* the Second of *Spain*, who, upon his Marriage with our Queen *Mary*, brought over a Breed of *Spanish* Sheep here, which refined our Wool, and also Artists to teach us this Manufacture, which has been so well carried on and improved since, that it has proved to be a greater Discovery than a Mine of Gold, and been the great Support of the Nation ever since. — So that Foreigners have not always been unlucky to *England*.

From the *Flemings*, we also learned the curious Art of making Clocks and Watches, which has brought considerable Profit to *England*. — They are likewise the finest Workmen in Tapestry, and

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and what comes from *Flanders* is valued above any in *Europe*; they are famous for their Manufactures of Lace, Linnen, Arras, Silk, and also Brocades and Velvets, so that there is scarce any useful Manufacture but what they are Masters of.

They are not only excellent at improving, but they are likewise ingenious at inventing.——

The Invention of laying Colours in Oil, was theirs, and also that delicate Art of painting upon Glass.

—— *Flanders* has also produced many excellent Painters, and Men skilful in Musick, and tho' these last Things are of no great Service to a Commonwealth, yet they shew a People to be ingenious.

The Men are generally of indefatigable Industry, and the Women modest and careful of their Household Affairs.—— As to the Country, the Soil is generally rich, and the Pasturage excellent, as may be judged by their Oxen and Horses, which are larger than any other Country in *Europe*; they likewise abound in Flocks of Sheep, and there is a great Plenty of all Manner of Provisions, and I think by the Number of Canals which are made in that Country for the Conveniency of Water Carriage, we may judge that their Genius inclines them to Sea Affairs.

With all these Advantages, I think we may pronounce, that there is a Probability of their succeeding in this new Undertaking, unless the Force of some other Power in *Europe*, whose Interest it may be to have them ruined, should be employ'd against them, for it is certain they are in no Condition to defend themselves by Sea.—— Another Objection which some raise against their Success, is, that they are under a *German* Government, but to this I shall make no Reply.

Upon the whole, I conceive, this new Enterprize forebodes no Good to *Holland*, and as they are a People whose Wit lies altogether in Hieroglyphicks, I fancy we might present them with one to describe their present Circumstances.—— I

would

would represent *Flanders* by a Cow, with the *Emperor* riding her with Spur, or a *Chinese* feeding her, and a fat *Dutchman* dragging her by the Tail, and endeavouring to pull her down, but she kicks him off and disengages herself.

LETTER LII.

I HAVE heretofore taken Notice, that whatever I meet with curious, either in the Commonwealth of Men, or that of Books, I make some Reflections on, in order to communicate to my Readers.

I lately perused the *History of the World*, where, in the Space of a few Hours, I pass'd over the Rise and Fall of mighty Kingdoms. When I beheld the precipitate Fate of some of these States and Commonwealths, it caused me to reflect on the Folly and Infatuation of their Counsels, which were generally the Occasion of their Destruction.

When an ambitious and enterprising Prince starts up in the World, he immediately falls upon his weaker Neighbours (for Princes never want a Pretence for War;) when this has happen'd, how often have we seen a Nation smile at the Ruin and Desolation of its Neighbour? whereas the Invasion of an ambitious Prince should be look'd upon as a raging Fire, which having consumed one House, will, at length, reach the last, and reduce all to Ashes if it is not extinguished in Time.— All wise States should take Care to pare the Claws of their neighbouring Lion, before they grow too long, otherwise they must expect to be worried in their Turn.— In former Times *Asia* and *Africa* sat quiet Spectators of the *Roman* Conquests, 'till the Thunder at last came to their own Doors, and they were involved in the common Ruin; and
some

some Ages after that, the once potent Kingdom of Hungary was so infatuated as to remain quiet and beheld the Ruin of the Greek Empire; the Consequence of which was, that it soon after lost the Dignity of a Kingdom, and became, part of it, a Province of the Turkish, and part of the German Empire.—— Therefore this Sentence of Tacitus should be well remember'd, (*Omnibus perire, quæ singuli amittunt, & singuli dum pugnant, universi vincuntur.*)—— What one loses, is lost to all; and, while particular Nations fight a Quarrel, the whole Community is conquer'd.

Tho' the Review of a Country which has suffer'd Conquest from another, yields a dismal Prospect, yet the Condition of a People who have lost their Liberty by the Corruption of their own great Men, is still more deplorable. France, Germany, and Britain, suffer'd not so much from the Romans after they were conquer'd by them, as Romans did from Romans, upon the Subversion of the Commonwealth.—— Let us look into Denmark, Sweden, and other Countries, which once enjoy'd Liberty, and observe the slavish Condition of the Inhabitants, we shall find they are Natives who oppress Natives; and it was the Corruption of some of their first Magistrates or Lawgivers that brought them into this miserable State; for, let a Prince be never so ambitious, he can do nothing without his Tools, and none can betray the Peoples Liberties but the Persons with whom they are entrusted.

If we consider the present State of Poland, we shall see something doing there worthy of our Notice: I suppose we may, at this Distance, venture to say, that the Court has long been pushing at a Design which will alter the fundamental Constitution of that Kingdom; if ever it should take Effect, and, in order to pass, the Power of Bribery will be try'd.—— If the Majority of the Polish Diet have Vertue enough to resist the private Offers, which, no doubt, will be made them, the
People

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People are safe, if they fall under the Temptation, as others have done, we may see them in as bad a Condition as their Neighbours.

It was perusing the *History of the World* which led me into this Way of Thinking, and the Behaviour of those vile Senators who join'd the first *Cæsars* in subverting the Constitution of *Rome*; and the Fate which some of their Posterity met with from the Monsters who succeeded, so possess'd my Mind as I lay in Bed, that I no sooner fell asleep than I fell into the following Dream:

Methought I found my self placed in the midst of a beautiful and spacious Theatre, among a numerous and polite Audience, who seem'd to wait for the Beginning of some dramattick Representation.—— In a little Time the Curtain was drawn up, and discover'd to us a magnificent Scene; it was *Cæsar* sitting in the midst of the *Roman Senate*; some Time after enter'd the *Chorus*, (for I found the Play was writ after the Manner of the Ancients) and, by some Lines repeated by them, I understood that those on the right Hand, which were indeed the smallest Number, were the Band of honourable Senators, who had stood up for the Liberty of *Rome*, and oppos'd the Designs of *Cæsar*, and those on the left (the largest Body) were those, who, thro' a most greedy Avarice, and insatiable Ambition, of accumulating large Possessions and great Titles to themselves and Families, had promoted *Cæsar's* Tyranny; after some Dialogue, which consisted mostly of abject Flatteries, besides Fawnings and Cringes to *Cæsar*, the Scene closed.

The next Scene represented the Triumvirate of *Augustus*, *Antony* and *Lepidus*, where we beheld many of those honourable Senators who had made a Struggle for the Liberty of their Country, both now and in the Time of *Julius*, barbarously massacred by the bloody Proscriptions of this cruel Triumvirate, while their Goods and Estates were
given

given to the Band of corrupt Senators, who stood by and saw the Tragedy.—— Never was Sight more deplorable, the whole Audience at once burst into Tears, and, as it were, sunk under the Weight of so bloody a Spectacle; such a Power has Vertue in Distress over the Passions of Men, before they have lost the Sense of their Humanity.

The Scene chang'd, and this Play went on historically to the Reigns of *Tiberius*, *Nero*, *Domitian*, &c. when Tyranny was fix'd and establish'd. The Band of corrupt Senators before-nam'd, were still kept upon the Stage, as if to produce some remarkable Event, and indeed it did.—— For in the Scenes, which represented the Actions of those Monsters who succeeded the two first *Cæsars*, the red Hands of Tyranny were continually stain'd with Blood, and among the Members who fell under their Resentment, the corrupt Senators, who stood upon the Stage, saw some of their own Posterity butcher'd, and cast into Banishment among the rest; for a *Tiberius*, or a *Nero*, had not a Sense of Gratitude to consider the Son for the Favours which the Father had bestowed on *Julius*, or *Augustus*, tho' he enjoy'd the villainous Fruits of those Favours.—— And these Creatures having new Vices must have new Favourites, and under such Governments no Man could be safe that was not of the Emperor's Factions.—— The Truth on't is, some of the Posterity of these Men did not inherit their Father's Villanies with their Estates, and they were not bad enough for the Councils of these Tyrants.—— They were not willing to submit to entire Slavery, and therefore were continually conspiring with other honest Senators for the Relief of their Country; others of them had taken the Liberty of talking like Freemen in the Senate-House, not considering the Chains they wore. Any of these Things

was

was Cause enough to draw upon them Death or Banishment, when it was only saying to a corrupt Senate, *do this*, and it was done.

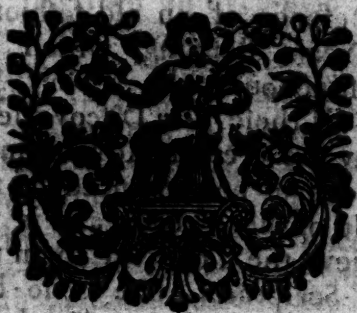
When these Abettors of Tyranny beheld the miserable Condition of their Posterity, Remorse and Anguish seized them, (which, perhaps, will scarce be believed, but the Reader is to consider it was only in a Play;) they ran with Tears in their Eyes to embrace them, but their Sons with outstretch'd Hands, and forbidding Looks, spurn'd them from them.—— This was a more sensible Mortification than what they had seen; however, one of them spoke for the rest to the following Purpose.

“ It is but just, we own, that you regard us
 “ with angry Looks, and use us with such Dis-
 “ dain, nor should Toads and Adders be more
 “ offensive to your Eyes.—— For to these
 “ curs'd Hands of ours you may impute those
 “ gaping Wounds; to our Corruption and Avarice,
 “ that Tyranny which has render'd you so mi-
 “ serable; and to our senseless Ambition the Ca-
 “ lamities which oppress your Country.——
 “ It seems as if our Repentance were only given
 “ us to increase our Afflictions, since it is too
 “ late to redress the Mischiefs we have done.——
 “ But by this Scene of Blood too late we learn,
 “ that nothing can make Republicks last but
 “ Peace and Concord among its Citizens,——
 “ that nothing gives a sweeter Consolation than
 “ the pardoning Injuries.—— Whereas by our
 “ prosecuting our Brother Senators, who no Way
 “ injured us, but in opposing our Measures while
 “ we were promoting the publick Ruin.—— We
 “ left the Commonwealth without Friends, who
 “ were able to serve her.

“ In fine, by the Blood which flows from your
 “ Veins, we are convinc'd, that he who has the
 “ Good of his Posterity at Heatt, should endea-
 “ your

"vour to qualify himself for the Employments of
 "the State by Vertue and Honour, not unhappily,
 "as we did, by promoting Fashion and Seditioun;
 "for now it is demonstrable that there cannot be
 "a more barbarous Piece of Folly in the World,
 "than for a Senator, out of the vain Hope of ad-
 "vancing himself and his Family, to adhere to a
 "Tyrant, who will be his Friend no longer
 "than while he is promoting the publick Sla-
 "very. — — —

He was going on with his Speech, when I was
 waked by a Noise in the Street of a Woman, who
 was crying a full and true Account of the appre-
 hending and taking of *Jack Shephard*. — I was very
 sorry I did not hear the End of a Speech which
 had so good a Beginning; — but I was comforted
 to find my self awake in a Country where the pub-
 lick Liberty was so well preserved by the uncorrupt
 Integrity of those to whom it was entrusted, that I
 might be in no Fear of seeing the same Scene any
 where but in a Dream.



LETTER LIII.

*Amatorem quod Amica**Turpia decipiant cecum Puto, aut etiam ipsa hoc
Delectant.*

Mr. Mist,

I AM honoured with the Friendship of a most agreeable young Lady, whose Conversation is always extremely engaging, unless when it turns upon Religion and Politics; in both which her Notions are so extravagant, that I must desire you to publish the following Sketch of them, hoping that when she sees how wild a Figure they make in Print, she will conform a little to the Taste of the Times, and not make such an unreasonable Noise about her *Orthodoxy* and *True Britishism*.

It is really amazing, that a Person of so nice a Discernment, as she is acknowledged to be in all other Matters, should be so egregiously mistaken in those two grand Points: It would make one blush to hear a Lady of her Politeness so zealous in the Defence of an old-fashioned Religion, above 1700 Years standing, which People of Figure and Distinction make a very Jest of: Notwithstanding all those new Discoveries which have been made by the present Advancement of human Reason, she cannot be convinced of the Absurdity of any Article of her Creed, and is still so credulous as to believe the Truth of them upon the bare Testimony of Scripture. She is so bigotted to Episcopacy, that she thinks no Hands duly qualify'd for the Conveyance of the Means of Grace, but theirs who derive their Commission from the Apostles; and is so fond of the very Lawn Sleeves and Surplice, that she can't so much as bear the Sight of a short Cloak, and Band; nay, she calls those that

wear

wear them, instead of *Shepherds, Thieves and Robbers*, only because they enter not in by the Door, but climb up some other Way, as if there were no more Ways to the Wood than one! She superstitiously adheres to the Church of *England*, meerly because it is founded upon the apostolick Model, and has such an Opinion of the Excellency of its Liturgy, that she can hardly forbear believing it to be of something more than human Composition, and cannot be perswaded but that it inspires a truer Spirit of Devotion than the most pathetick *extempore* Effusions, though poured out in never so Saint-like a Manner, and though never so full of *Soul-saving Words*. Every Body knows that 'tis fashionable now to hold all Communions indifferent, but she still retains her old horrid Notion of Schism, and looks upon those who have a Fancy to leave the Church, to be in a very bad Way: I don't think she would communicate with a Dissenting Pastor for all the World, for she thinks he is not sufficiently authoriz'd to perform the Priestly Office, even though he was to go exactly according to Act of Parliament: Nay, I very much Question, whether any Arguments could prevail upon her to be so much as once present in any of the Assemblies of the Godly, for she has such an over-nice regard to Decency and Order, that she can't bear the least Irreverence or Confusion in religious Worship.

These and a great many more such musty old High-Church Apostolical Principles, she contends for with the greatest Vehemency; but how bitter soever she may be at present against the poor Dissenters, should Presbyterianism once become the national Religion, I durst lay fifty to one that she would be a Dissenter her self.

Nor is she less absurd in her Politicks than in her Religion; I have heard her even declare, that she should rejoice to see again the same hopeful Management of Affairs as was so blameably carried on in the last Reign; but as to that Particular, we must

make some Allowance, because her Sex may prejudice her in favour of Petticoat-Government. She would have all the poor Non-Conformists, forsooth! turned out, and be no more admitted than Papists, having been taught by a famous Person of the disaffected Party, that *there is as much Danger from these who would pull down the Church, as from them that would blow it up.* She finds grievous Fault with the Management of our Elections, and tho' a Candidate is so generous as to lay out 3 or 4000*l.* upon such an Occasion, she likes him never the better for it; and if afterwards she hears that one of those Patriots received but the Encouragement of a Pension, or any Thing of that Nature, she presently gives up all Hopes of his doing any Good for his Country.

It would be endless to enumerate all the Grievances of this fair Malecontent, for she has got a Humour of finding Fault with almost every Thing.—

Pray, Sir, be pleased to allow this Room in one of your next, and you will do a very seasonable Piece of Service, not only to this Lady, but many more of your female Readers, (for many of them I have observed to be of the same Hackle) as well as particularly oblige,

Your humble Servant,

T. T.



LETTER

LETTER LIV.

IT is a common Cry, that all Things in this World are grown worse and worse; yet one Thing we are sure of, that the Stage, which is, or ought to be, the Representation of the World, has, of late, suffer'd a most shameful Decay; I speak not this from my own Observation alone, but from that of all those who have any Taste for those elegant Entertainments which ought to be its Support.

It is now a considerable Time since this Paper has touch'd upon Theatrical Affairs, and what leads us into it at present, is a Humour that lately took me of reviewing all the Tragedies which have been writ for about ten or twelve Years last past.

I design'd it at first for a Diversion, but I am sorry to say, that it did not prove so; I scarce met with any Thing that gave me the least Entertainment, or deserved the Name of a Tragedy, except *Mariamne* and *Belisarius*. ——— It is not my Design in this Place to give a Criticism of these two Plays; I shall only observe, in few Words, that the Stories of both these Drama's seem happily cut out and disposed for the Stage, yet the Beauties of them, as they now appear, are very different; the first delights, and almost charms the Ear, with the Harmony of its Numbers; but the last does more, for it goes to the Heart; and, I may say, that I have not seen any Thing work'd up with greater Skill and Mastery than many Scenes in *Belisarius*, especially the whole third and fourth Acts. The Tragedy of *Cato*, no doubt, abounds with fine Things; and that of Sir *Walter Raleigh*, which seems to be an Imitation of it, is elegantly writ, and I could read them both with Pleasure, if I could persuade

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my self they were only Poems, for we can scarce call them Plays.

I am not insensible how hard a Task it is to please the elegant and understanding Part of Mankind in such a Thing as a Play.——A good Fable or Story is the first Thing to be consider'd by Writers in Tragedy: If an Author is so lucky to find one fit for the Dignity of the Stage, it will require a great deal of Art, and a most exact Judgment to lay his Plot, to form his Scenes, and to contrive his Incidents; and if all this should be well executed, yet still he will not succeed, if he wants the divine Genius of a Poet, and is not able to adorn it with fine Sentiments and beautiful Expressions.——An Architect that is to build a fine Palace, may chuse a good Foundation, lay his Architraves right, and give the Fabrick Proportion; but if his Pilasters and Columns are ill disposed, and clumsily made, if his Ornaments are poor and ill chosen, how will such a Building look? He may boast, indeed, that there is Solidity and Order, but it will never please a curious Eye when Beauty is wanting.

Good Writing is, no doubt, the Beauty of the Drama, and that which must give an Ornament to the whole.——The *French* Criticks have laid a Charge upon our *English* Writers, which I think a little unjust; they accuse us of having no Way of raising Terror or Pity, but by shedding Blood upon the Stage, which they suppose is for want of a sufficient Force or Tenderness in Sentiments and Expressions; but, I find, that none of them who made this unjust Remark, understood our Language; for had they read *Shakespeare*, *Otway*, and some others, they would have found as great Strength and Beauty of Expression as in any of the Ancients, and, perhaps, more than in any of their own Writers.

Corneille

Corneille, indeed, was born a Poet; the Strength of his Genius was equal to Tragedy, and he has left the *French* something to boast of. — Who can read his *Œd* without being charm'd. — There cannot be a more moving Distress than what is there wrought up; and as his Sentiments are always fine and just, they are supported quite thro' by the Dignity of the Phrase, and the Beauty of the Language.

I lately said to a Friend, with whom I converse upon these Subjects, that I was sorry this Play had not been taught to speak our Language, having a Notion it might appear to Advantage upon our Stage; for I take our Tragedies to be generally better than those of the *French*. — He answer'd me, that it had been attempted, and lent me a printed Play, under the Title of the *Heroick Daughter*, which he desired me to read.

I began with the Preface, and perceived the Author, in very bad *English*, was immediately falling foul on the *French* Man, his Benefactor, (I mean *Corneille*;) and extolling his own Performance. — As it is the distinguishing Mark of Ignorance to admire it self, I was afraid to make an end of the ridiculous Preface, lest it should have put me out of Humour before I began the Play.

Thus, with all the Temper I was Master of, I began and went thro' the Tragedy, and, I think, it was one of the most unpleasant Journeys I ever met with in my Life; in fine, the Thing was so defaced, that *Corneille* could not be seen in it: It appeared to me in the same Degree of Wretchedness as the Copy of a capital Picture of *Raphael* or *Michael Angelo*, drawn by some Sign-Post Dawber; if a Man had not seen the Original, it could not give a Man so much as an Idea of its Beauties.

As soon as I had finish'd, I was willing to know who the modest Person might be who had offered this extraordinary Piece to the Publick, and I found it was signed by the Name of *Gibber*. As I don't

know the Person of this Mr. Cibber, I take it for granted, that he is some Parish Bellman, who being once a Year accusom'd to salute his loving Masters and Mistresses in melodious Doggerel, had a Mind to give them a further Touch of his Talents in the sublime Way.

There is a Phrasiology peculiar to all Ranks and Degrees of Men, and, I think, I could know a Man's Profession or Calling by his Terms and Phrases, with as much Certainty as I could a Mechanick by the Tools of his Trade; and whoever takes the Pains to peruse the Productions of these Parish Poets, (as I constantly do once a Year) will discover such a Similitude of the Style with that of this Tragedy, as will leave no Room to doubt from what Quarter it must come.

But before we give any Quotations from this Work, let us see what *Aristotle*, *Horace*, and others, who are the Masters of this divine Art of Writing, have said concerning the tragick Style.

The tragick Style should rise above the ordinary Expressions, as well as Sentiments of Mankind. It must be animated by lively Figures, beautiful Images, and strong Passions; all that is expressive and powerful in Words; all that is harmonious and passionate, and all that's great and sublime must be employ'd to set it off. — So that it has been esteem'd the Language of the Gods.

We shall see how well our Author has come up to this Definition, by a few Lines we shall quote.

Don Sanchez, speaking of his Mistress and his Rival,

'Tis true, I see *Ximena's* Heart is given,
But then her Person's in a Father's Power.
He, I've no Cause to fear, will slight my Offers;
Thou know'st the Aversion that he bears *Alvarez*
Darts like a Rock their Wishes from their Harbour;
While *Carlos* has a Fear, shall I despair?

Has

*Has not the Count his Passions too to please?
And will he starve his Hate to feed her Love?*

O e would expect with such miserable Metre, that there should be a little common Sense. — But no; this Gentleman, tho' he will imitate our common Writers in nothing else, he is resolv'd to do it in his Contempt of Sense. — That a Fear is fine English; but he knows, by a mechanick Rule, that a blank Verse should consist of ten Syllables, and so a is lugg'd in to fill up a Gap. — Then *starving his Hate*, he look'd upon to be a notable Piece of Eloquence, no doubt.

Now I shall quote two or three Lines, which, in my humble Opinion, are the best in the whole Play, because there seems a little Meaning in them.

Belzarra, reproaching Don Sanchez, concerning a Report of his Infidelity to her, says,

*Such false Reports should perish in their Birth,
I've done my honest Part, and d'sbelieved them,
Do yours, and by your Vows perform'd, destroy them.*

These Lines are very musical, but you must hear what the Lover answers;

*You urge the solemn Contract sworn, — I own
The Fact, but must deny the Obligation.*

Now, according to my Rule of judging, I should have sworn that this Heroe had been bred an Attorney's Clerk, not only by his Terms, but by the Rogue's Prevarication. — Upon the whole, I think the Line would have gone as well thus;

———— I own
The Bond, but must deny the Obligation.

Ximena, speaking of the Quarrel betwixt her Lover and Father, is pleased to say,

*One gave Life, Shall I not revere him ?
The other is my Life, can I survive him ?*

Here's fine hobbling Work. ---- A Man had as good ride in a Waggon or a Carr, as be obliged to go over these Lines. ---- But the Page I think in this Play is an Original. ---- *Ximena* and *Balzare* are questioning him whether he had seen the Lover, or Father of *Ximena*. ---- The Page says, he was informed that *Don Carlos*, the Lover, was seen to go out alone.

Xi. Alone ?

Pa. Alone, and after soon, my Lord wrapt in His Cloak, without a Servant, followed him.

Xi. O Heaven !

Bel. No Servant, saidst thou ?

Pa. None ; and as

My Lord came forth, the Soldier standing to His Arms, he sign'd Forbiddance, and reply'd, Be sure you saw me not.

How stiff and labour'd is this Nonsense ? One would think that the Author had a Notion that it was against the Rules of the Drama for a Question to be answered in Language that were intelligible.--- It was well he did not make this an *Irish* Page, for the Language he has put into his Mouth, might have been taken as a national Reflection, and have drawn upon him some unlucky Stroke.

The King is just as eloquent as his Subjects, speaking of the Victory gained by *Carlos*, he says,

*Our ablest Bounties Bankrupt to his Merit,
Our Subjects rescued from so fierce a Foe ;
The Moors defeated, e're the rude Alarm,
Allow'd us Time to order our Defence :
Our Crown protected, and our Scepter fix'd,
Are Actions that secure the Acknowledgement.*

This is the King's most gracious Speech, and it may be seen how the Dignity of the Character is kept

kept up, with *Bounty's Bankrupt*, and such mean Terms and Epithets as are neither natural to the Character, nor fit for Tragedy.

Here the Translator or Imitator, or whatever I shall call him, had the Plot and fine Sentiments of *Corneille* to work upon, yet what a strange Hotch-Potch has he made on't! There is no Matter can ingage and draw Attention, when it is so scurvily drest up. --- In fine, the Scene of this Play should have been laid in *Vinegar-Tard*, from whence the Style and Language seems to be borrow'd.

Since I finish'd the last Paragraph, I cast my Eyes on the Bellman's Verses of our Parish, and am, from something I meet here, induced to believe, that he is the Author of this Play. --- There are some Lines which I think plainly allude to the Tragedy of *Cesar* in *Egypt*, now acting in *Drury-Lane*, so that he must be as *Horace* terms it, *promissi Carminis Auditor*; however, I shall leave this Matter to the Decision of the Curious, and only repeat the Lines.

The Lines are something better than what we have already quoted, but it must be considered, that in Poetry a Man will sometimes exceed himself.

The EPILOGUE.

THUS have I finished with a free good Will,
And beg for Favour from my Masters still:
I hope these harmless Lines won't give Offence,
I'm sure they can't, when read by Men of Sense.
I wish the Criticks may their Censures spare,
Or else to read these well-meant Lines forbear.
Farewel, most worthy Sirs, in Health remain,
I hope next Year to visit you again. [Vide Epilogue
to the Bellman's Verses of *Castle-Baynard Ward*.

LETTER

LETTER LV.

*Ut Mala quem Scabies, aut Morbus regius urget
 Aut fanaticus Error, & Iracunda divina
 Vesanium tetigisse timent fugiuntque Poetam
 Qui sapiunt.* ————— Hor.

HERE Horace tells us, that Men of Sense avoid a bad Poet, as they would a Mad-man, or one who was infected with a Leprosy or Jaundice.

In another Place, he advises us not to give the divine Name of Poet to every one whom Idleness or an Itch of Scribbling has provoked to play the Fool in Sonnet or Madrigal.

If a Person who had not the least Knowledge in the Art of Musick, and whose whole Skill amounted to no more than playing some miserable Tune, upon a vile Bag-Pipe, should attempt to sound the Trumpet or touch the Lute, should we not laugh at the ridiculous Vanity of such a Fellow?

No doubt, we should; ——— yet, the Folly of some Writers is just of a Piece with this, ——— A Ballad to *Phyllis*, ——— A Copy of what they call, Verses to a Friend, ——— or succeeding in a Comedy every Word stolen, shall make a Person of no Judgment giddy, and provoke him to run his poor Head against the Stage, by attempting the sublime Task of Tragedy, which *Aristotle* tells us, is the most perfect of all Kinds of Poetry.

As in our last, we took Notice, how many Perfections must concur towards the making a good Tragedy, we shall in this more particularly dwell upon the Style and Diction, which are some of its most material Beauties, and the only which are required in those who are beholding to others for the

the Model, the Plot and the Sentiments of their Plays.

A Man of tolerable Understanding, may, by reading the Ancients, and a little Study, make himself acquainted with the Rules of the Drama,—by frequenting the Theatres, and observing what pleases and what disgusts the People, he discovers their Taste, and may acquire what we call the Art of the Stage.— *But to write well, a Man must be a Poet.*

I don't say, but a Person may have excellent good Sense, and yet have no Power or Capacity for this Kind of Writing.— Yet, on the other Side, we may maintain, that no Man was ever a good Poet who was not a Man of Sense.

Scribendi recte, sapere est, & principium & Fons, Hor.

But to return to our Subject.— The greatest of the Roman Orators tells us, that in a Speech or an Oration, — *The Words must humour the Pleasure of the Ear.* — *Voluptati autem Auri in moderari debet Oratio.* — Cicero de Orat. ad Brutum.

Now, if in a Speech, or an Harangue, a judicious Arrangement of apt and easy Words, goes a great Way towards persuading, and working upon the Passions, how much more would it do so in Poetry, which is the most perfect and sublime Kind of Rhetorick.

Boileau says,

Le Vers le mieux rempli, le plus noble Pensée
Ne peut plaire, a L'Esprit, si L'Oreille est blessée

The most noble Thought cannot please the Understanding while the Ear is offended. — And, in another Place, he gives this Advice to his Poet.

Ayez peur La Cadence un Oreille severe.

To observe with a strict Ear the Cadence of his Words.

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In Musick, which has but few Notes, we know that it is a judicious and an elegant Combination of those Notes, which gives us so much Pleasure.—Whereas in the most ravishing Air, let its Notes be transposed, and we shall find it disgust and wound our Ears.—So in Poetry, its Discord or Harmony, must arise from the different Cadences of Words.

Neither the Ancients or Moderns, who have treated on this Subject, have left us any Rules to judge it by.—Yet, all those who have a delicate Ear, can, without Instruction, discover Musick in Poetry.—In fine, the Ear must try Words, as the Palate does its Food.—But we may as well talk of Colours to a Man who came into the World blind, as on this Subject, to those who were born without this distinguishing Faculty.

But we shall explain our selves by Example, and our *English* Dramatick Writers, are many of them excellent for their Numbers.—I have but few of them by me, however, I shall make a Quotation from the first I lay my Hands on, which happens to be *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*.—It is in the first Act, where *Phædra* has confess'd to *Lycan*, her Love for *Hippolitus*.

Lyc.—did you e're try
To gain his Love?

Phæ.—Avert such Crimes ye Powers!

No, to avoid his Love, I sought his Hatred,

I wrong'd him, shun'd him, banish'd him from
Crete,

I sent him, drove him from my longing Sight;

In vain, I drove him for his Tyrant Form,

Reign'd in my Heart, and dwelt before my Eyes;

If to the Gods I pray'd, the very Vows

I made to Heaven, were by my erring Tongue

Spoke to Hippolitus.—If I try'd to sleep,

Strait to my drouzy Eyes, my restless Fancy

Brought back his fatal Form, and curs'd my Slumbers.

I shall

I shall produce a few of the Lines out of the *Heroick Daughter*, which will set those above in a better Light.

Gomaz is ruminating with himself on the Choice the King has made of a Governor for the Prince his Son.— *Don Sanchez* sees him, and speaks of him in this eloquent Manner.

—— He comes, and seems to ruminate
With pensive Grudge.——

But the Reader shall hear him grumble.

Go— The King, methinks, is sudden in his Choice,
'Tis true, I never fought (but therefore is
Not less the Merit) nor obliquely hinted
That I desired the Office.— He has heard
Me say, the Prince his Son was now,
Of Age, to change his prattling female Court,
And claim'd a Governor's instructive Guidance;
Th' Advice, it seems, was fit,—but not the Adviser.

I shall go no farther with this Thrash——, nor will I make any Remark upon its Obscurity and Nonsense.— For were I to handle him thereabouts, I might quote every Line in the Play.— But this Prose, as bad as it is, is put upon us for blank Verse.

But since I'm upon the Subject of the Beauty of Versification, I cannot forbear quoting a few more Lines out of the same *Phedra* and *Hippolitus*, which, perhaps, may give the Reader an Idea of what we mean, when we speak of the Beauty of Poetry.— They are spoke by *Thesens*, and finish the third Act.

Sorrow and Joy in Love alternate reign,
Sweet is the Bliss, distracting is the Pain.
So when the Nile its fruitful Deluge spreads,
And genial Heats informs its slimy Beds,
Here yellow Harvests crown the fertile Plain,

There

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*There monstrous Serpents fright the lab'ring Swain,
A various Product fills the fatten'd Sand,
And the same Floods enrich and curse the Land.*

Thus must the Poet write who would please the Ear, as well as satisfy the Understanding. — Here the Phrases are turn'd, the Verse smooth and easy, and the Sense plain and intelligible. — In Opposition to this we shall give you two Lines, which finish the fourth Act of the *Heroick Daughter*. — They are spoke by *Carlos*, of his Mistress *Ximena*.

*Her Duty then may, with a secret Tear,
Confess her Vengeance great, and glorious my Despair.*

If I had not a little Credit with some of my Readers, I am apprehensive they would think that I made this ridiculous Poetry my self, and contriv'd it so on Purpose to turn the Laugh of the Town against a Person I did not like. — For, I don't doubt, but there are many who will scarce believe, that any Thing so wretched should ever be presented to the *English Stage*. — To such I would answer, that I set my whole Reputation upon the Truth and Fairness of the Quotations I have made.

Thus a Man who would make himself well understood in Matters of this Kind, must give Examples of bad, as well as of good Writing. — I have the Example of *Horace* to plead, which will be allowed as a good Precedent in a Court of *Parnassus*. — This judicious Critick not only quotes *Homer* for a certain beautiful Passage, but warns those that write against imitating a certain ridiculous Poet who began his Poem thus :

Fortunam Priami, cantabo & nobile Bellum.

As we are for proving, that a certain Harmony of Words must make up one of the Beauties of the tragick Style. — I beg the Reader would cast his
Eye

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Eye once more upon the first of those two Lines last quoted, and observe how they run, and whether they are not perfect Prose.---- Now if he had only turn'd it thus :

Then may her Duty with a secret Tear.---

I say, that little Alteration would have made it something like a blank Verse, but, as it now stands, it is nothing.

I must put him in Mind of what *Horace* says of *Quintilian* his Advice to bad Poets :

Delere jubebat

Et male turnatos Incudi reddere versus,

He was for having them blot out, and bring all their ill-turn'd Lines once more to the Anvil.

I believe, by this Time, the Publick is convinc'd, that the Author of this Play has a total Incapacity for this Sort of Writing. If he had an Ear that was capable of distinguishing, the Alteration of a Word or two would make the Line go off with a tolerable Grace, and there is one Happiness so peculiar to his Writing, that let him turn or transpose his Phrases as he will, he is sure he cannot hurt the Sense.

I know the common Defence of bad Writers is, that Plays were made to be seen, and that, like Pictures in Perspective, they must not be view'd too near. To this I answer, that Poetry was first invented to please : Philosophers and Lawyers were the first Poets ; they found this delightful Way of seasoning the Severity of Precepts and Instructions, absolutely necessary towards making the People attend and receive them. A good Moral convey'd under a beautiful Allegory, and in easy Language, is like a wholesome Medicine given to a Child ; -- we make it sweet, that it may be agreeable to the Palate, while our Design is to restore the Health ;

Health; ——— and I will venture to say, that whenever Tragedy ceases to please, it will cease to instruct.

LETTER LVI.

D ID I place the same Faith in Fortune with the Vulgar, I should be apt to believe, that there were two Gates opposite to each other, which gave Entrances into her Palace; I should imagine, that one of these Gates was built of Marble more white than Alabaster, and the other of a Stone blacker than Jet. That the first, rais'd majestically high, shew'd the Work, of the Chizel in the utmost Beauty and Art; whereas the other, being low and ill design'd, presented nothing to the Eye but a gloomy and frightful Prospect. That in the first, *Honour, Plenty, and Repose* take up their Residence. In the last, *Shame, Poverty, and Discontent*; for this Reason, that one of them is named the Gate of Joy, the other of Sorrow. All Men, in going into the Palace of Fortune, must enter at one of these Doors; and that it is a Rule generally observ'd, that whoever goes in at the Gate of Joy, comes out at that of Sorrow; and, on the other Side, whoever enters at the Gate of Sorrow, makes his Exit by that of Joy.

Thus it is the ordinary Fate of those we term the Happy, to begin their Race with Success, and to end it with Affliction and Disgrace. At first they are smil'd upon, and at last insulted by all. Even the sincere Applauses which are given to their first Rise, only serve to make their Catastrophe not only more observ'd, but more miserable. It is not therefore sufficient to enter upon a great Employment, as it were, with the Suffrages of Mankind, unless when a Man quits it, it is with the Regret of all the

the World, whether he resigns by his own free Will, or is oblig'd to it by some other Means. How many of these Stars have we seen in the World, whose rising has been very different from their going down. The Birds of happy Omen have saluted their Mornings with their sweetest Accents, while their Evenings have been troubled with the lamentable Shrieks of the ill fated Fowl.

To Day *Timander* is preferr'd to a good Post; he is, as it were, over-loaded with Praises, and Flattery is pour'd in upon him by a Sett of depending Sycophants. Some are mov'd to this by the Pleasure they conceive in the Retreat and Disgrace of his Predecessor, who was universally hated; others, because they expect some Favours from *Timander*; and a third Sort, that they hope some Benefit may accrue to the Publick from his Administration. *Timander's* Credit sinks, and there's an End of his Triumph. He would have been happy if his Fall had made no Noise, and that Men would take no Notice of it; but he hears himself loaded with Curses, perhaps by his former Flatterers, for they are the most forward to make their Court to his Successor.

It is the same Thing with all Honours that are moveable. An Officer is named to Command in Chief; either Fear or Hope immediately brings a Number of Subalterns to pay their Adoration to this new *Demi-God*; but how long does this Court last?

— As long as he keeps his Command. As soon as he is stripp'd of his Dignity, he must not expect to escape the Clamours of Malecontents and Sycophants; the latter now change their Tone, and they knew he would not keep his Honour to the second Campaign.

To cease being employ'd, is, (in the Opinion of Flatterers) to deserve not to be employ'd; it is being disgrac'd by a just Title; it is therefore that those Praises, of which they were at first so profuse, are turn'd into Murmurs and Revilings. Is he

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to blame? No Matter; his Employment is at an End, and that's to reproach him, or at least to abandon him, and give him up to his evil Fate.

Those who speak as if they believ'd there was such a Thing as Fortune, tells us, that she caresses People at their first coming into her Palace, but takes a Pleasure in treating them scurvily at their going out. She robs them of their very Friends, as if she were not a Party concern'd in the forming of Friendships. Thus the principal Attribute of Fortune is to be ever in Extream. At her first declaring in our Favour, her Countenance is adorned with Smiles, and shews nothing but Joy. No sooner does she grow cold, but she shews a Look of Terror, as well as Sorrow. But the Man who can prepare himself with Temper, to behold her pass from one Extremity to another, has learn'd the Art of being happy, let her smile or frown.

It is the highest Point of Prudence, to employ our earliest Cares towards the well finishing of our Course. Let us forget the flattering Applauses of those, who *clap* the Minute we appear upon the Stage; or if we remember them at all, let us consider them only as Encouragements to induce us to act our Parts in such a Manner, that we may be regretted when we make our *Exit*. *It is the End that crowns the Work*; therefore a Man should never take his Eyes off the Goal. The skillful Pilot governs the Ship by the Stern, not by the Boltsprit; and upon the well-managing this Part depends the Success of his Voyage.

Some are too successful at their first setting out, not to be unlucky at last. The Beginning of their Fortune cost them so little, it takes them off from their Guard, as to their End: Wou'd they aspire to a great Employment? They find the Way mark'd out: Wou'd they be introduc'd into the Favour of great Men? The Avenues lie, as it were, open to them, and they scarce know by what Means. Good Fortune seems to find them out, and conduct their Steps.

Sept. The Happy of this Sort continue not so long; the Reason is, their first setting out is so successful it dazzles their Eyes, and hinders them from looking towards their End, and taking Precautions against unlucky Turns. Their Lives are like some distasteful Potion, or physical Draught, which standing in a Cup, leaves the Top pleasant to the Taste, for all the Bitterness is sunk to the Bottom, and comes at last.

The Model to begin and end well must be that of the wise Roman, who says, *He had arrived at Honours before he sought them, and quitted them before any Man wish'd him to do so.* — These two Sayings include all Praise. — They are themselves a compleat Panegyrick. Yet the first appears to me less worthy than the second, because Fortune has a Hand in that, but the last must be the Result of a most consummate Prudence. A Fall seems to be a natural Punishment for a hasty Desire of rising, and, when it happens, a Man has the Mortification of finding himself regretted by None. It is something glorious to descend from Employment, without waiting for being *thrust down*, or surviving ones Honour. The wise Man comforted himself by saying, *He had left his Honours before his Honours had left him.*

A Man in his good Fortune may behave himself so as to give Content, and gain the good Will of his Fellow-Citizens; and another may succeed in his Employment, without his appearing to have been unworthy of them; and then he may be lamented, and wish'd for again, when he has taken a Resolution of retiring from publick Affairs; but this Retreat must not be the Result of ill Success in the Management of Affairs, of Disappointment, Pique, or ill Nature; for these are Marks of Weakness, which must prejudice his Reputation, and subject him to great Mortifications.

How pitiful a Figure does a Man make when it is plainly seen that the Employment was useful to him,

him, and he no Way useful to the Employment. — But, yet it is worse when it is discover'd, that his Capacity was equal to the Charge, but his Vertues were not. — Avarice, or an Affect of Injustice, draw ill Will upon a Man, even from those who are no Sufferers by him; whereas, when a Person exercises the Vertues of Benevolence and Justice in the Discharge of his Office, tho' he has to deal with few, he will certainly gain the Love of all. — Some great Men in Office will gratify their Passions, at the Expence of their Reputations, and comfort themselves with the Notion that they are fear'd. — I remember a Sentence of *Pliny* the Younger, which I would have these Gentlemen conn over some Times, — *Malé Terrors Veneratio acquiritur: Nam Timor abiit, si recedas, manet Amor; ac sic, ut hic in Odium, hic in Reverentiam vertatur.* — *Plin.* in *Epist.* which we may English thus: — Respect is but ill acquired by Fear, for Fear ceases with a Man's Power, but Love survives it, so that the first turns into Hatred, and the last into Reverence. — And *Tacitus* has another Sentence, much to the same Purpose, speaking of the People. — *Cum timere desierint, odisse incipient.* — When they cease to fear, they begin to hate.

Machiavel names a private Man of *Syracuse*, who, in his Opinion, was a greater Man than the King of *Persia* then reigning, for that King, he said, had nothing great, or royal belonging to him, except his Dominions, whereas the other was a Person of singular Merit. — If we look into the Affairs of the World, we shall, sometimes, see one Man bring Honour to an Employment of inconsiderable Profit, while another shall disgrace a great One: When the latter is the Case, and a Person goes off the Stage of publick Affairs, with the Infamy of Corruption, or any other base Action, he must expect that Contempt and Hatred will pursue him w ere so ever he goes.

It is in vain for a Man of base and degenerate Principles, or another, who is, in himself, insignificant to the commonwealth, to affect Popularity, let their Ranks or Stations be what they will. —

If a giddy Fool courts the Applause of People, we shall find them to have Sense enough to despise him him. — His Vanity is uppermost in every

Thing he does, and they scorn a Man who does not act from more generous Motives. — The corrupt

Man in a great Station, will sometimes make loud Pretences of acting for the publick Good, but he is soon discovered, and Men see plainly, that all his Views and Designs center in his own Interest. —

If any Thing be propos'd to him concerning the Commonwealth, he takes Time to consider on't, and then he only examines what Profit directly, or indirectly, this will bring to his own Coffers, and accordingly takes his Resolutions; indeed, he gives it another Turn in his Answers to the World; —

but what then? — No Body is deceived hereby. —

It is by his Actions, not his Words, we judge him; — and tho' his Power may be such, that we may be afraid of reproaching him, while he's in Place, he must expect to hear of it after.

He that would gain the good Will of his Countrymen, must set before his Eyes the Example of the most noble *Timon*, nor will it be sufficient to imitate his Conduct alone, unless a Man also partakes of the Goodness of his Nature. — *Timon* gained an universal Applause without either courting or desiring it. — *Timon*, in doing Good, did but follow the Dictates of his own generous Heart, and Popularity surrounded him whether he would or not. — He was the Benefactor and Lover of Mankind, and therefore it is no Wonder that Mankind should love him. — What *Pliny* the Younger says of a Prince, in his Panegyrick on *Trajan*, may be applied to any Man in a great Station. — *Amari Princeps, nisi ipse amat, non potest.* — Unless the Prince loves his People, the People will not love the Prince.

But

But such a Man as *Timon* is envied by none, let his Station be never so high, for Men look upon his Advancement as their common Interest, and he will find this Consolation in any Change of worldly Affairs, That his Reputation is able to support him against the Malice of his evil Stars. — Fortune may, indeed, deprive him of her Favours, but she cannot rob him of the Love of his Fellow Citizens, so that tho' the Man should sink, the Patriot cannot fall.

In fine, he who cannot have the good Word of the Publick, while he is in Power and Employment, must behave wretchedly indeed, for Power of itself, does in a Manner, force Respect. — But, to have the Voice of the People, for your Advancement, before you are preferred. — To be honoured and beloved in Place; — and, (which is more than all, because it so rarely happens) to have Respect and Love double upon you, when you decline Employment, is owing only to the singular Merit and excellent Conduct of a *Cowper*, or such other Patriots who have acted like him.

The End of the Fourth Volume.



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